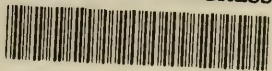


LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00017229710



Class E427

Book 1

Copyright N^o H 48 F52

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS

Dec. 22, 1919
Chas. F. P.

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

ALEXANDER HAYS

Brevet Colonel United States Army
Brigadier General and Brevet Major General
United States Volunteers.

EDITED AND ARRANGED WITH
NOTES AND CONTEMPORARY HISTORY BY
GEORGE THORNTON FLEMING
FROM DATA COMPILED BY
GILBERT ADAMS HAYS

"Above the dust of the beloved dead
Who passed to immortality this way,
We bare our head and reverently tread,
And tenderly our heartfelt homage pay."

PITTSBURGH, PA.
1919.

IV

E 467

.H 8 F 52

DEDICATION.

To the Soldiers of Alexander Hays, living and dead, who followed their dauntless leader under the Red Patch and the Blue Trefoil, 1861-1864.

DEL 15 1919



Copyright, 1919.
By Gilbert Adams Hays.

©CIA559661

14⁰⁰

no 1

INTRODUCTION

Nearly fifty-five years have passed since General Alexander Hays, in the zenith of his career, fell in the tangled thickets of the Wilderness. Conscious that they are nearing the age when the expectation of life shortens, his children have determined to publish a biography of their honored father, and show to all the world who may care to know, what manner of man he was.

Treasured as precious memories throughout the long years, the family have preserved the letters he wrote from the front during the three years in which he gallantly served, until that fatal day when he fell as a soldier often falls, in action, on the advanced line.

Alexander Hays was a plain man, a man of simple tastes, a man of action rather than words. He was thoroughly averse to ostentation, and wanted no eulogies. He was therefore a modest man. Modest, though dignified in bearing, he sought not praise. He went his way to duty and performed that duty well, whatever it may have been. Large of frame and large of brain, Alexander Hays had all the characteristics of the true soldier. Endowed with a liberal education, he was therefore a man of refinement and education. Schooled in the grim school of war, he knew the value of obedience, and the necessity of discipline. Obedience to authority and courage in the hour of danger are the main attributes of a soldier, and the men that Alexander Hays led possessed these characteristics in common with their chief, and the laurel has been placed upon their tattered standards, and history has written their deeds in the records of the great war.

Had General Hays lived to read his own biography he would have cut out all superlatives—"illustrious son of Pennsylvania," "gallant hero," "brilliant commander." Such phrases would not have appealed to him; and why speak of loyalty, patriotism and allegiance to duty? Are these not imposed on all citizens? "Courage, sagacity and discrimination,"—these are mere attributes of a successful commander. Alexander Hays would never have consented to be written down as a military genius. He preferred that his deeds should speak, and they do speak, and in the subsequent pages the man as well as the soldier will be considered, the gentleness of the man at home as well as the man of arms in the din of battle and amid the crash of guns.

In the career of Alexander Hays there is much that is incentive to the young men of our land—much in his character worthy of commendation and emulation. The story of his life can be made a simple and unpretentious chronicle, or there can be used the

adjective with liberality. The written story has been aimed to be true to the man. We find him in early life in a country home, struggling to obtain even the rudiments of an education and early overcoming obstacles. We note his prominence in boyhood sports and athletic feats; his excellence as a marksman, and his marvelous horsemanship. We hear of his academy and college career, where always manly and popular, he goes next to the great Military Academy at West Point. And here he is the classmate and fellow-student of those whose names have been written in the history of the world for all time, and with whom when Valor and Genius were placing the unfading laurel, some fell also upon himself. We find him a subaltern in Mexico, dauntless and tireless, serving through that war. We behold him in California in the days when the realism of the times has faded any romance of the most brilliant novelist in the intensity of action, and in the marvelousness of truth. And he had crossed the trackless West, too, and won the title of "Argonaut." We see him return to his own fireside and engage in the pursuits of civil life. We observe him in the bosom of his happy family. We see him a pioneer in railroad development, a builder of railroads, the great civilizers of the greatest century since the dawn of time. We hear the boom of the Sumter's portentous guns, and the great Lincoln calls, and Alexander Hays puts his love of home away, and his great work away, and springs to arms among the first. His title is Major now, literally great and greater he became. He goes to the very front. He stays there and dies. At Fair Oaks he has sprung into prominence. At Gettysburg his name is indelibly written upon the "High water mark of the war." In the Wilderness he falls—and his name is henceforth written on his Country's flag, but in deeds, not letters.

Pennsylvania furnished the Union many distinguished names, and not a few of these died as did Alexander Hays. They are known. Their services have long since been appreciated and their deeds marked by statue and embellished in story and song.

"Micat inter omnes," is a simple Latin sentence, and when all those who struggled through the four years of desolating war are considered it can be truthfully written of Alexander Hays, "He shines among them all."

Pittsburgh, Pa., January, 1919.

G. T. F.

CONTENTS

| Chapter | Page |
|---|------|
| I. Boyhood, School and College..... | 1 |
| II. Cadet Hays, U. S. M. A..... | 8 |
| III. Some Fellow Cadets..... | 16 |
| IV. The West Point Class of 1844..... | 32 |
| V. Lieut. Alexander Hays, U. S. A..... | 41 |
| VI. Alexander Hays' Own Story of First Service and Some Letters | 53 |
| VII. Lane's Brigade in Mexico..... | 66 |
| VIII. Across the Plains..... | 98 |
| IX. Before Sumter..... | 113 |
| X. Letters from Camp. The 12th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Three Months' Service..... | 121 |
| XI. The 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. Around Washington. | 137 |
| XII. The Peninsular Campaign..... | 198 |
| XIII. Letters from the Field. Harrison's Landing to Second Bull Run | 247 |
| XV. Gettysburg | 401 |
| XIV. After Gettysburg. Efforts for Promotion..... | 470 |
| XVII. When Grant Came..... | 557 |
| XVIII. The Wilderness..... | 596 |
| XIX. Honors to the Fallen..... | 610 |
| XX. Alexander Hays in Song and Story..... | 626 |
| XXI. Monuments | 640 |
| XXII. Some Testimonials | 652 |
| XXIII. Immortelles | 672 |
| XXIV. Conclusion | 678 |
| Appendices | 681 |

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS

| | Page |
|--|--------------|
| Portrait General Alexander Hays..... | Frontispiece |
| Lieutenants U. S. Grant and Alexander Hays, Camp | |
| Salubrity, La..... | 50 |
| Victory Monument, West Point Military Academy..... | 120 |
| Memorial Tablet, Cullum Hall, West Point..... | 200 |
| General Hays' Headquarters, Winter, 1863-4..... | 270 |
| Soldiers' Monument, Franklin, Pa..... | 350 |
| Gettysburg Battlefield Monument..... | 450 |
| Wilderness Battlefield Monument..... | 650 |
| Grave and Monument, Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburg..... | 650 |

Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

ALEXANDER HAYS was born at Franklin, Venango County, Pennsylvania, July 8, 1819. He was the fifth child and the fourth son of Samuel Hays and Agnes Broadfoot Hays. This worthy couple had six children, viz.: Eleanor, John Broadfoot, David Brown, Samuel B., Alexander (the subject of this memoir), and James P. Mrs. Agnes Hays, the mother of these children, died in November, 1839, when the future general was in his 21st year, and about to enter the Military Academy at West Point. Samuel Hays, the father, died at his home in Franklin, July 6, 1868, in his 85th year, surviving his illustrious son four years and two months.

Samuel Hays, known in his home community as General Hays from his commission and service as such in the early Pennsylvania militia, was a man of high standing. Born in County Donegal, Ireland, September 10, 1783, at the age of seven, with his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Hays, he emigrated to the United States and located in Venango County, Pennsylvania, then an almost unbroken forest just opening to settlement. Eleanor Hays died in 1822. A sketch of the life of General Samuel Hays will be found in the appendices.¹ Suffice it to say here that General Samuel Hays served as treasurer and sheriff of Venango County and in both branches of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and was elected to the

¹ Vide Appendix A.

2 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

Twenty-eighth Congress of the United States, entering that body in 1843. He later served as United States marshal for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and was associate judge of Venango County, and all these positions he filled with honor and integrity.

On his maternal side Alexander Hays was of Scotch lineage, the Broadfoot family having come to Pennsylvania early in the last century, and they, too, found a home in its north-western corner. The family name is chiefly known and localized in Wigtonshire, though frequently met with in other parts of Scotland. The Broadfoots were a numerous family that came from a distinguished Scotch ancestry, of which they were very proud.

Alexander Hays grew up in a wild and picturesque region where he passed a happy boyhood. Beautiful today, the scenery around the now thriving and handsome little city of Franklin, was in Alexander Hays' boyhood even more beautiful and inspiring. A century of progress has tamed its rugged nature, but the native beauty of the river and hills cannot be taken away. One can speculate on the relation of environments to the development of character, and he who knows the upper Allegheny region must believe such environments are an inspiration, even to this day. What then were they ere modern improvement came in the march of progress, when hill and valley were yet unmarred? Could anyone say that the magnificent outlook up the river from Franklin to the lower bluff, crowned with the changing colors of the deciduous trees and the dark-hued evergreens, the stately pine and the towering hemlock, the gently flowing waters, or the torrent's rush of the river below, were not an inspiration and an incentive to higher things? In the pure air of these everlasting hills Alexander Hays saw their verdure and their flowers come and go, and the autumn tint the leaves, and the snows fall and melt, but the beauty and glory of the region was ever present though the seasons changed. Such a wealth of natural beauty could not fail to appeal to the youthful imagination and find response in a youthful heart such as his, so there grew in the young Alexander Hays a love of the true and the beautiful and an appreciation of the sublime, that ever characterized his utterances and were manifest in his letters both to family and friends—and throughout his whole career this is true. At school and in

war, as an "Argonaut," a designer, or a constructor, the aesthetic nature of the man was always apparent.

Young Alexander Hays was a robust child. He was cheerful and companionable, strong and decided in his likes and dislikes. In following his subsequent career in whatever situation, condition or emergency he was placed, this characteristic was marked. He was a courteous and well-behaved boy, and a dutiful son.

Into all boyish sports and the athletic exercises of that day he entered with zest and enthusiasm. In these he invariably excelled, and always by force of his own will and character, and generally in these boyish diversions he was the recognized and logical leader, and hence the unanimous choice of his classmates and associates.

Alexander Hays early evinced a liking for good books and developed a taste for reading. Standard literature as recognized, the classics, history, poetry, military science, and the stories of heroic achievements appealed to him with equal strength. Reading makes a ready man—and the early impressions were strengthened and his boyish propensities increased as he grew, and even under unfavorable circumstances, oft fortuitous and unforeseen, and conditions that were disheartening, his ready mind could call up a precedent and furnish a fit and appropriate quotation from some favorite author.

The youthful Hays was from young boyhood a lover of flowers and this trait was prominent throughout his life and many floral mementoes are cherished yet among his children, sent from the battlefield and the plains, and far off California and Mexico. When the story of his life has been developed, these traits now adverted to and others as noticeable and commendable, will be taken up more in detail in the final estimate of his character, after his life had been given to his country, along with encomiums of those who knew and loved him long and well and were thus qualified to speak of him as they have.

Two accomplishments of Alexander Hays seemed to have come to him naturally and with little effort on his part. When yet a boy he was a "dead shot" with pistol or rifle, and he could ride any horse, and both accomplishments stood him in good need frequently throughout his eventful life.

Another inspiration which came to young Hays was that which arose from hearing the oft-told tales and legends

4 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

of his Scottish ancestors, as he sat at his Grandmother Broadfoot's and his mother's knees. These near and dear ones he loved with all the affection of his nature, and their stories of heroism and adventure were such as would sink deep into the soul of any boy.

To sum up the boyhood of Alexander Hays, it can be said—he was always manly and popular, he was studious and looked on the beautiful in nature with keen admiration. He was a reader of the best thoughts of the world's greatest writers, and a lover of the sublime in poetry and art. He was obedient and filial. Strong in frame and contented in mind, he drank deeply the traditions and glory of his ancestry and exulted in their truth, and hence was true to himself and his teachings. When through with the training of a gentle home and his preparatory education had been completed, he entered upon the higher education with a superb young manhood and a gifted mind, and that one was a poor prophet who could not predict his rise.

Young Alexander Hays' opportunities for a rudimentary education were the same as those of any of his associates. The school system of Pennsylvania, previous to the adoption of the present system in 1835, was not a generous one. Subscription schools were common, that is, each head of family subscribed for as many pupils as he would send, and paid the pro rata cost of their teaching. Thus, early in Samuel Hays' family life, in the history of Venango County he is listed as one of the subscribers to such a school and for one pupil only. John Broadfoot, Marcus Hulings and Samuel Plumer are down also for one pupil each. Broadfoot, (the maternal grandfather of Alexander Hays,) Plumer and Hulings, are well known Venango County families to this day. The teacher of this school was Alexander McCalmont (who married Margaret Broadfoot, Alexander Hays' aunt) also one of the first board of trustees of the Venango Academy in which Alexander Hays was enrolled as a pupil previous to going to Mercer to a like institution.

The Venango Academy, in its checkered career of more than fifty years, represented a system of educational work long since relegated to the past. It dated back to 1815 and was part of a general plan of higher instruction, wherein each

county had its academy to which state aid was directed, the greater sources of revenue being local. With the introduction of the so-called "free school system," these academies passed out of existence.

The exact date that Alexander Hays went to Mercer to live cannot be given. Judge Pearson tells all that is known of his young brother-in-law's stay in Mercer in a letter to Alden F. Hays, of Sewickley, under date of August 27, 1883, when the venerable judge was in his 83rd year:

"Alexander Hays, your father, lived with his sister Ellen and myself in Mercer, I think in 1832 or early in 1833, and went to school there (Old Mercer Academy) for perhaps two or three years, when he went back to Franklin to his father's, and soon after went to college in Meadville (Allegheny College) where I think he remained until he graduated."

Judge Pearson is in error as to the graduation, for the records of Allegheny College show that Alexander Hays did not graduate, but was so keen to enter West Point, he left college in his senior year, as soon as he received his appointment.

"Mr. Pearson," says Dr. Eaton, a local historian, "was one of our best citizens and ablest attorneys. He married Ellen, a daughter of General Samuel Hays, and after some years removed to Mercer, thence subsequently to Harrisburg, where he died."

In 1849 he was appointed by Governor Johnston to the office of president judge of the twelfth judicial district, composed of the counties of Dauphin and Lebanon, the duties of which he discharged continuously for a period of thirty-three years, having been frequently re-elected without opposition. During his residence in Mercer he was twice elected to office, first to the Congress of the United States, and afterward to the Senate of Pennsylvania for the counties of Mercer and Beaver, three years of which term were spent as chairman of the judiciary committee. Judge Pearson's second marriage was solemnized with Miss Mary H., daughter of Joseph and Caroline Briggs, of Harrisburg. Politically he was for many years an ardent Whig, and later, in 1856, he joined the newly-formed Republican party, with which he remained identified until his death in the spring of 1888.

6 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

Alexander Hays entered the freshman class in Allegheny College in 1836, in his 17th year.¹

The curriculum of Allegheny College was similar to all colleges of the time. It was divided into the usual two courses; Classical and Scientific. The Classical included the old time Latin and Greek classics, most of which are customary and accepted as standard today; present day text books, however, have English notes instead of Latin.

Upon the registry of students of old Allegheny, 1836-1840, there are few names familiar to this generation. Appearing as seniors in 1839 occur Patrick A. Farrelly and Jonathan Hamnett, of Pittsburgh, and Francis H. Pierpont, of Middletown, Va. Patrick Alden Farrelly, a grandson of the celebrated Timothy Alden, was a step-brother of Miss Annie McFadden, afterward the wife of Alexander Hays. Farrelly followed him to West Point, entering in 1841 and graduated No. 20 in the class of 1845.²

Other familiar names of students when Alexander Hays attended college are his eldest brother, David B. Hays, a junior in 1837-1838; Samuel Griffith, of Mercer; Frederick C. Bierer, of Greensburg; Alexander Hays' lifelong friend, John S. McCalmont, of Franklin, a freshman in 1836-1837, of the West Point class of 1842, first colonel of the 10th Pennsylvania Reserves, and later judge of Common Pleas in Venango and adjoining counties; John Fleming Dravo, of Pittsburgh, and John Wesley Fletcher White, a sophomore in 1839-1840, registered from Washington County, Pennsylvania, whom old Pittsburghers will recall as Judge White of Common

¹This class graduated in 1840, and was as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------|--|
| Martin B. Atkins, | Crawford County, Pennsylvania. |
| A. E. S. Bailey, | Watertown, N. Y. |
| John H. Bailey, | Perry, N. Y. |
| Benjamin Bassel, Jr., | Harrison County, Va. (now W. Va.) |
| Gordon Battelle, | Newport, O. |
| James Porter Brawley, | Crawford County, Pennsylvania. |
| Moses Crow, | Smethport, Pa. |
| Darwin A. Finney, | Rutland County, Vermont. |
| Francis A. Hall, | Lima, N. Y. |
| J. B. Johnson, | Meadville, Pa. (also registered from Pittsburgh). |
| William A. Kelly, | Venango County, Pennsylvania. |
| Johnson Pearson, | Mercer, Pa. (also registered from New Castle). |
| M. G. (or M. J.) Porter, | Venango County, Pennsylvania. |
| Sawell J. Stewart, | Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. |
| J. J. Sykes, | Ogdensburg, N. Y. |

² For memoir, Vide Appendix B.

Pleas Court No. 2 of Allegheny County. Ephraim Buffington, freshman, 1838-1839, registered from Kittanning, has a homelike sound. Alfred B. McCalmont, of Franklin, was a freshman that year, a boyhood companion of Alexander Hays.

Of Alexander Hays' classmates of 1840, Rev. Moses Crow, D. D., died in Geneva, N. Y. in 1859; Gordon Battelle died in 1863, a chaplain in the Union Army; Darwin A. Finney, registered from Rutland County, Vermont, spent his after life in Meadville and was a member of the Fortieth Congress. Ridgeley J. Powers, of the class of 1843, was for many years a practicing attorney at the Allegheny County bar and noted for his resemblance to Abraham Lincoln.

While a student in Meadville, Alexander Hays boarded with a family named Kennedy. Thomas Rustin Kennedy, a member of this family was on General Hays' staff during the former part of 1863.

CHAPTER II.

CADET HAYS, U. S. M. A.

THERE came a day when the schoolboy dreams of Alexander Hays were realized. July 1, 1840, he reported to the adjutant and went through the preliminaries for admission as a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point, in four years to become graduate No. 1225, in the class of 1844, there taught by famous professors and fellow cadet with future makers of history; soldiers of fame triumphant, soldiers immortal.¹

Alexander Hays' appointment came to him at the hands of Judge Thomas Henry, of Beaver, then member of Congress from the Mercer and Beaver district, of Pennsylvania, who served in the Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Congresses. Young Alexander Hays passed a creditable entrance examination. He was leaving Allegheny College, 21 years old, and in superb physical condition. He entered upon the entrance examination without preparatory study. The examination was not rigid then as now, but all nominees for entrance were compelled to undergo it. Dr. Coppee states that it included the common branches only—arithmetic through decimals and that Grant's scholarship was respectable and no more and Grant admits it. Alexander Hays, however, was well prepared.

One of Grant's biographers gives an amusing and succinct account of Grant's experience when first a plebe at the

¹ The official register of Cadet Hays is as follows:

"Admitted July 1, 1840. Age at date of admission, 19 years and 11 months. Legal residence, Mercer, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. Father's name, Samuel Hays. Place of residence of parents, Franklin, Venango County, Pennsylvania. Where born, Pennsylvania. Time and manner of leaving the Academy, promotion brevet second lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, July 1, 1844."

There is an error of one year here in the general's age; how occurring, not known.

old Academy.¹ Grant was quiet and serious. He might even have been termed docile. He had no remarks to hand back. Then Grant was small in stature and rather sluggish in nature. Alexander Hays was in striking contrast, of heroic mold, six feet in height and of magnificent physical proportions. Alexander Hays was quick, impetuous, even fiery. If anything in the code of cadet etiquette in the way of conventionalities in the reception and treatment of plebes, ever made life a burden to Alexander Hays and caused a weariness of the flesh, as Hamlin Garland avers in Grant's first year, the story has not come down to the Hays family. One must remember here that Grant and Alexander Hays were subsequently chums.²

Little is known now of Alexander Hays' Academy days in the matter of his most intimate associates, or even his roommates and little is accessible. Grant's roommate was Rufus Ingalls, later Frederick T. Dent, and his intimates, Isaac F. Quinby, Charles S. Hamilton, James Longstreet and William B. Franklin. These, however, were upper classmen to Alexander Hays. Yet Grant's friends were Hays' friends, and Allen Norton, class of 1842, was very dear to Alexander Hays. Some years ago a fire at West Point destroyed many early records. Had this biography been attempted in the life of General Hancock or other of Alexander Hays' classmates as interesting story as Grant's no doubt would have been easily forthcoming. Nevertheless some facts have drifted down the years concerning student life in those delightful days, and some days that were not so.

Hamlin Garland in his *Life of Grant* in the chapter entitled "The Trials of a Plebe" has most graphically told about all that could be told of the making of a cadet in the first stages in those years. He quotes General William B. Franklin to corroborate the story, and the general's evidence is strong. There were few compensations the first year. "Arise summer, 5 a. m.; winter, 6. Every hour busy until 7:30 p. m. The cadet scrubbed his room floor; made his bed; kept his gun, room and uniform in order, and obeyed everybody but his fellow plebes."

¹ Garland.

² "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character," Garland; P. 33.

10 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

The second year brought a great change. There was the entering class to bully, and of course it had to be done or the class would never make good soldiers. If you had been a cadet in those days, you would have been permitted to swagger around doing corporal duty; and the next year your lot was even lighter for you had two classes to bully. You could wear a red sash around your waist on parade to show your standing as a cadet officer, and in the last year you were permitted to do most anything you pleased; in fact, the very things you kept your subordinates from doing in the second year.

Alexander Hays came one year after Grant, and as a yearling most likely was a "fag end" in a manner. In the curt, over-expressive language of the Academy, a "beast."¹

Those who knew Alexander Hays can well believe no one ever went too far with fagging, for he would fight and did fight. Many letters written from West Point by Alexander Hays, after being treasured and sacredly preserved for over two score years, are now missing and their fate is unknown. Longstreet in his book touches but lightly on his Academy days,² and Hancock's biographers are almost as slight. Grant's generally confine their story to the individual. Grant in his "Memoirs" passes quickly over his cadet days and Dr. Coppee, who was a fellow student, in his book, does likewise. After the statement that the entrance examinations were simple, he tells us that there were no options afterwards. The cadet took the required course and passed the examinations or he got out. Many indeed fell by the wayside.

"From September until June the cadets are in barracks, studying, riding, and fencing in the riding hall, and in fine weather drilling in the afternoon at infantry. From June to September, they encamped upon the plain, their time entirely employed in drills of every kind, guard duty, pyrotechning and practical engineering.

"The daily duties were varied and interesting, especially during the summer months, when, in addition to the severe

¹ Consult "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character," Garland, Chapter V., et seq.; also, "West Point in the Early Sixties," General J. P. Farley; P. 37.

² "Manassas to Appomattox;" Chapter I.

studies of the class rooms, the cadets were practically exercised in the art of war. The encampment, with its sentinels, gave the effect of the tented field, with its drills, manoeuvres and discipline. There were the artillery drills, during which the athletic young men rattled the heavy field pieces about like so many playthings, loading, firing, swabbing, attacking and repelling with as a great degree of accuracy, rapidity, precision and skill as could be exhibited in active warfare."¹ At the cavalry exercises in the riding school, feats of horsemanship were performed that made the lady spectators shudder with fright, and that rivaled in daring and skill some of the classical performances of the ancient circus. Then fortifications would be laid out, fascines would be made, and bridges would be built out in the river on pontoons, launched from their wagons. The art of war was exemplified.²

"Sam" Grant excelled in horsemanship. Alexander Hays too was a most excellent horseman from his youth. A rider in fact that dared that which any one else did. Coppee pictures Grant wearing an old torn coat and obsolescent leather gig top loose riding pantaloons with spurs buckled over them, with clanking sabre, riding at full speed in the riding hall. Riding jackets had not yet been issued and the cadets always wore their seediest rigs into the sweat and dust of the riding drill. Cadet Hays can likewise be seen in retrospect, and there were other seedy riders in those days who subsequently rode to fame and death.

The discipline at the Academy was very strict, and in addition to daily marks for deficiencies at recitations, by which the relative standing of each cadet was ascertained at the end of the academic year, demerit marks were given for offenses against the regulations. These were given for what would seem a trivial nature, but they formed part of the system of discipline. Demerits were given for delinquencies that would not be noticed in other schools, for instance, a collar not neatly put on or a coat unbuttoned, shoes not properly blacked, not neatly shaved, or with hair too long at inspection, and when a cadet received more than a hundred

¹ "Life and Public Services of Ambrose E. Burnside," Ben Perley Moore, P. 36.

² "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character," Garland; P. 52.

12 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

demerits in six months, he was dismissed. Leniency, however, was shown to the "plebes" by striking off one-third of their demerit marks. It will be readily seen that class standing therefore was not altogether a matter of scholarship. Demerits commonly called black marks, Grant says, were given for almost nothing, and two hundred received in one year brought dismissal.¹

The cadet uniform of Alexander Hays' days was the shade of gray cloth which had been adopted by General Winfield Scott for uniforming the troops with which he won the battle of Chippewa. It was trimmed with black braid, and ornamented with a profusion of brass ball buttons. In the winter the gray cloth, and in summer white drilling pantaloons were worn. The full dress hat was of leather, with woolen pompon, with a leather bellows-topped cap for undress. The trousers were poorly made of white stuff that would shrink. The gray uniform still holds at the Academy, but the style of the '40s had long since gone its way. Cadets' buttons in those years were highly prized by the belles who visited West Point, who secured them as trophies of war, wherein the theatre of operations was hearts—a changing field, no doubt.

In a letter to a cousin, McKinstry Griffiths, of Batavia, Ohio, under date of September 22, 1839, Grant tells of his first months at the Academy and has a word of description concerning his uniform. He says:

"If I were to come home now with my uniform on, the way you would laugh at my appearance would be curious. My pants set as tight to my skin as the bark to a tree, and if I do not walk military—that is, if I bend over quickly or run—they are apt to crack with a report as loud as a pistol. My coat must always be buttoned up tight to the chin. It is made of sheep's gray cloth, all covered with big round buttons. It makes one look very singular. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask would be, 'Is that a fish or an animal?'"

Imagine how the six feet tall Alexander Hays looked—dressed likewise.

The "plebe year" of Cadet Alexander Hays passed quietly enough, according to traditions in the Hays family.

¹ "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character," Garland, P. 41.

Of the fifty-four who remained at the close of the year, Cadet Hays was No. 30 in order of general merit, 29 in mathematics, 31 in French. His standing in conduct was 167 out of 219 cadets in attendance. His scholarship and standing were fair, when it is considered that there was sometimes but a slight fraction between cadets' marks to determine these standings, and not having the marks to guide us, it is only just to consider that some of the commanders of the civil war who were high in academic standing and conduct at West Point, were such poor generals that they made as much history as successful generals, great commanders, who were medium or low in standing as cadets. Instances can be readily called to mind.

Other statistics of Alexander Hays' West Point days are: Enrollment, June 1842, 217; June 1843, 223; June 1844, 211. Cadet Hays' scholarship was about the same; his order of general merit sometimes as high as 14. His best standing in conduct was in his fourth year, 112, of 223. Coppee says "Grant's scholarship was respectable;" so was Alexander Hays'. Coppee's, however, was great. When the war came between the States, scholarship did not do much successful fighting. Of the so-called "high men," Sherman was among the foremost and his number at graduation was 6. The world has rated him No. 1 in results.

During his cadet years, the records of the Academy show that Alexander Hays served as cadet lieutenant from June 24, 1843, until June, 1844, and that this was the only office he ever held in the corps of cadets. The course of study at the Academy was severe. An outline can be given as follows, the curriculum being during the years 1840-1847: Engineering, natural philosophy, including optics; astronomy, mathematics, including surveying; drawing, French, chemistry, mineralogy and geology, tactics (military), English and rhetoric, geography, history, ethics, including law.

The class of "plebes" that entered in 1840 numbered nearly one hundred; in June, 1841, fifty-four remained; in June, 1842, forty-four; June 1843, thirty-four; and at graduation, July 1, 1844, twenty-five, as noted.

The rigidity of the examinations can be given as the most potent cause of this falling off, and anyone who graduated at the Academy, even at the tail end of the class, could

14 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

justly lay claim to scholarship, and class standings were often determined by the fractions of one per centum.

It will be seen that Alexander Hays entered the famous Academy under favorable circumstances, and came under the tuition of some of its most noted professors—Church, Bartlett and Mahan being especially so. Alexander Hays came to know and was associated with many cadets who were destined to become famous soldiers and live in history, to shine as few American soldiers' names had ever shone, and for whom the laurel has been most unsparingly used—Grant, Hancock, Reynolds, Lyon, Rosecrans, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Jackson, Pickett, these are but a few of a long line of illustrious soldiers recorded on the class records of the Academy and referred to in later chapters.

Looking over the register of the Academy for the four years, 1840-1844, one is astonished at the brilliant galaxy of since familiar names, and becomes cognizant of the fact that there were many good men who fell in Mexico and much hard fighting in that little war.¹

It has been stated that Alexander Hays fought with fists—while a cadet—and it was not on his own account, but for a little classmate.

When Alexander Hays entered, he lacked a few days of his majority; Hancock, however, was only sixteen and General F. A. Walker says that he was not mature, in fact, but half grown. "Hancock's large frame and powerful physique, his unfailing flow of animal spirits, and his impulsive disposition required a longer period in the preparatory stage."²

At the time of General Hancock's candidacy for the presidency (1880), this paragraph was printed:

ALEXANDER HAYS AND WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

"General W. S. Hancock and General Alexander Hays, deceased, of this city were classmates at West Point. At their graduation, Hancock stood No. 18 in the class, and Hays No. 20. General Pleasanton, who stood No. 7 in the same class, tells the following anecdote of Hays and Hancock: 'Hancock was the smallest boy in the class, hence in the event of a fight with any one of the boys, he was at a considerable

¹ Consult Cullum's "Register;" also "History of the Mexican War," Cadmus M. Wilcox, Appendix C.; P. 609, et seq.

² "Great Commanders, Hancock," Walker; PP. 12, 13, 14. "Life of W. S. Hancock—Personal, Military, Political," Junkin and Norton; P. 16.

disadvantage. One time a big bully in another class, named Crittenden, had treated Hancock very meanly, and Alexander Hays, a big honest fellow, not afraid of anything, took up the quarrel for his little classmate. He challenged Crittenden to fight him at the Kosciusko Monument, in a secluded part of the grounds. Here the two men fought very hard and long, Hays coming out victor, and using his opponent up so badly that he was compelled to keep to his bed for several days.'"

This incident is strictly true, and fully illustrates the chivalrous spirit that ever animated Alexander Hays. Captain David Shields, an aide on his staff, of whom General Hays will have much to say in his letters from the front, often heard the story of this celebrated fight from officers who had either witnessed the affair, or were at the Academy at the time, or soon after, and the captain states that the versions he heard, concur in the declaration that it was a battle royal, and that the men fought for hours and at the finish both were down, but Alexander Hays got up first and was not put to bed, while Crittenden was, hence Hays was the victor and his prowess was fully established.

To those who knew Hancock in the subsequent years, the description of him as a small boy will appear most strange, but General Pleasanton surely knew. Crittenden will be mentioned later in these pages. Crittenden was a brave man, as brave as Marshal Ney. He died as Ney died.

General Simon B. Buckner, of the class of 1844, gave many most interesting details of those West Point days, and there was a strong and lasting friendship between him and Alexander Hays, and the old general speaks most reverently of his classmate Hays, just as Longstreet does of Grant. Strong friendships were formed at the old Academy, regardless of geographical lines, and the class of 1844 had its chuminess distributed, as the others.

The Crittenden-Hays fisticuffs is authenticated in a personal letter from General Hancock to Mrs. General Hays in 1865 after the general's death. In the same letter General Hancock also pays deserved tribute to a gallant soldier who was so intimately connected with his own brilliant career.¹

¹ For letter Vide Chapter XXII.

CHAPTER III.

SOME FELLOW CADETS

WHEN the Civil War was progressing Alexander Hays was brought face to face with many cadets he had known at West Point, some of whom obtained high rank. He met in the service two commanders in chief; one of the armies of the United States and the other of the Army of the Potomac—Ulysses S. Grant and George B. McClellan. As one reads the class rolls there will appear who of Alexander Hays' fellow cadets were antagonists and on what fields. When Burnside was in command of the Army of the Potomac, Alexander Hays was incapacitated for duty by reason of wounds received in battle. Hooker was of the class of 1837. Both Hooker and Burnside were in service in Mexico. Meade,¹ of the class of 1835, was with Taylor in the Military Occupation of Texas, and participated in the battles on Texan soil, in which Alexander Hays saw his first active field service and received his "baptism of fire," a phrase dear to some modern soldiers. Hooker commanded a division in Heintzelman's corps on the Peninsula of Virginia, in which corps Alexander Hays served in General Charles S. Hamilton's division.

With the closing of his first year at the Academy, Alexander Hays saw a large class graduated and promoted brevet second lieutenants in the Army of the United States—in common parlance—"The Regular Army."

CLASS OF 1841

Fifty-two young officers went forth from the old Academy in 1841, and if one were to be selected to tower above all the rest, whose name has gone down the years and for whom

¹ Life and Letters of Major General George G. Meade, Vol. I., P. 25, et seq., Mexican War Letters, "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide," P. 144, et seq.

"All time is the millennial of his glory," beyond question there must be written, John Fulton Reynolds, whose first war service came with Taylor's Military Occupation of Texas as an officer of artillery, and he was "engaged in the heroic defense of Fort Brown, Texas, May 3-9, 1846," while former plebe, Alexander Hays, and second classman U. S. Grant, of Reynolds' Academy days, were second lieutenants with Taylor's succoring army at Palo Alto, and the Palm Ravine, Resaca, near by. Reynolds, "killed," the record closes, "July 1, 1863, aged 42." The echoes of Gettysburg yet startle us.

In 1841 Zealous B. Tower was No. 1, and Horatio G. Wright, No. 2, the latter the successor of the lamented John Sedgwick as commander of the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. Amiel W. Whipple, No. 5—"killed at Chancellorsville," was a division commander under Sickles in the Third Corps of the same army, in which corps Alexander Hays first commanded a regiment. Albion P. Howe, Sixth Corps division commander, Nathaniel Lyon, "killed at Wilson's Creek" for whom we lay the laurel lovingly for all time; "General Israel B. Richardson, killed at Antietam," and Don Carlos Buell were of this class, also William T. H. Brooks, whom old citizens of Pittsburgh and vicinity will remember as commander of the military district of the Monongahela in 1864, with headquarters in that city.

There were some who fought well in the Civil War, but not under the Stars and Stripes; among them Robert S. Garnett, "killed at Carrick's Ford, Va., July 13, 1861," one of the first conspicuous losses of the Confederates, the other Garnett, Richard B., "Dick," who went to his death July 3d, 1863, at Gettysburg, close to, almost in front of Alexander Hays' victorious guns—at the "high water mark of the war" and John M. Jones, "killed May 10, 1864, at Spottsylvania," five days after Alexander Hays. A famous class was 1841 and Alexander Hays had reasons to remember them all, and especially those who fell in battle in Mexico, Ayres, Burbank and Gault, the latter first in the assault on Chapultepec, where he fell "leading and pressing forward with daring intrepidity a company of stormers."

In this class of 1841 there was one graduate from Pittsburgh, Simon S. Fahnestock, No. 20, of a prominent Pittsburgh family, who resigned from the army in 1850 after service in Mexico, became a hardware merchant in Pittsburgh until 1865

18 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

and in later life an official of the Patent Office in Washington for many years.¹

The class of 1841 is so famous that General Farley in his book takes it as a model class in high individual standing, whose records are admirable materials for history, having furnished sixteen generals, with fourteen of the class killed in battle.²

CLASS OF 1842

The class of 1842, numbering 46, was known for two years to Alexander Hays. At its head was Henry L. Eustis of Massachusetts whose highest rank in the Civil War was brigadier general of volunteers, in later years, a distinguished scholar; first as assistant professor of engineering at West Point, then a professor in Harvard University, and lastly as dean of the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, Mass., until his death in 1885.

John Newton was No. 2, and William S. Rosecrans, No. 5. John Pope, Seth Williams, and Abner Doubleday are noted names who have overshadowed the scholarly Eustis.

Williams was adjutant at West Point from 1850-1853, when Robert E. Lee was commander, and adjutant general of the Army of the Potomac. Doubleday, who commanded a battery of artillery at Fort Sumter, when the opening gun of the great war was fired, wrote a history of the Battle of Gettysburg and left out Brigadier-General Alexander Hays.³

There was also Napoleon J. T. Dana, who was prominent in affairs in the southwest in command of the Thirteenth Corps, and George Sykes, who commanded the Fifth Corps at Gettysburg and after.

Then, too, in this notable class was John S. McCalmont. Alexander Hays' townsman at Franklin, and boyhood friend, colonel of the 10th Pennsylvania Reserves in 1861-1862, previously president judge of the Eighteenth Judicial district of Pennsylvania, comprising Jefferson, Clarion, Venango, Forest and Mercer counties, 1853-1861.

Judge McCalmont's service after graduation was very brief—only one year in garrisons in Florida, 1842-1843. He

¹ Quotations from Cullum's Register of West Point.

² "West Point in the Early Sixties," J. P. Farley; P. 11.

³ "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg;" first edition.

was the devoted friend of the Hays family through life, having reached an advanced age.

Then there was also Allen H. Norton of Ohio, so dear to Alexander Hays' heart that he named a deceased son, Allen Norton Hays. Allen H. Norton's military history is pathetically brief; verbatim it is:

"Brevet second lieutenant, First Infantry, July 1, 1842; second lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, September 13, 1842; served on frontier duty at Fort Snelling, Minn., 1842-1843, Fort Scott, Kan., 1843; escorting Santa Fe traders, 1843; and at the Military Academy as assistant instructor of infantry tactics, July 28, 1844 to November 27, 1844; first lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, October 12, 1846. Drowned November 27, 1846, aged 25, in the wreck of the Steamer Atlantic at Fisher's Island (near Stonington, Ct.), Long Island Sound."¹

Through all his remaining years, Alexander Hays spoke earnestly of his friend Norton, and always in words of reverence. It will be noted that although officers of the same regiment, the Fourth Infantry, owing to the difference in assignments, the two were not together with the regiment. When Norton lost his life, Lieut. Hays was on recruiting service after returning home wounded from Texas.

Of the class of 1842, there were some who became noted Confederate generals and the greatest name in the history of the Confederate armies and likewise of all the graduates of West Point who joined the Confederacy, except Lee and Jackson, is unquestionably James Longstreet, No. 54, two only lower. Longstreet was a fellow lieutenant with Grant and Alexander Hays at Natchitoches, La., in the Fourth Infantry in 1844-1845; and then transferred, as was Alexander Hays, to the Eighth Infantry.

Then there was that really great soldier of the Confederacy, Daniel H. Hill, and LaFayette McLaws, a division commander under Longstreet, graduating only four numbers ahead of his famous corps commander; Earl Van Dorn, reminding one of Pea Ridge and Corinth; Alexander P. Stewart, a corps commander in Bragg's army; and more scholarly than famous, Mansfield Lovell, No. 9, commander of the Confederate forces at New Orleans when that city was surrendered in 1862.

Some of these graduates of 1842, who fell in Mexico, were comrades in the Fourth and Eighth Infantry of Alexander

¹ "Cullum's Register," Vol. II.; P. 58.

Hays at Natchitoches and were engaged in the early battles of Taylor's army. There were Jenks Beaman, Fourth Infantry, who died at Tampico, May 6, 1848, after hard service with Scott to the captured city; John D. Clark, transferred from the Fourth to the Eighth Infantry, adjutant to May 2, 1847, likewise in all the battles to the City of Mexico, brevetted captain, and "drowned August 2, 1848, in the Mississippi River, near Helena, Ark.;" Christopher R. Perry, Fourth Infantry, died at sea, October 8, 1848; and James O. Handy, second lieutenant, Eighth Infantry, who died at Corpus Christi, September 26, 1845, during the Military Occupation of Texas.

Only a few of the graduates of the class of 1841 were assigned to either of the two regiments in which Alexander Hays saw service. Benjamin A. Berry, second lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, was killed by an explosion of the boilers of the Steamer Dayton in Aransas Bay, Tex., September 12, 1845—during the Military Occupation of Texas; Charles F. Morris, first lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry, died in the City of Mexico of wounds received at Molino del Rey, September 17, 1847, before Alexander Hays joined that regiment; John G. Burbank, first lieutenant in the Eighth, and died of wounds received in the same battle; John Beardsley, second lieutenant, Eighth Infantry, returned home with Alexander Hays on recruiting service after the first battles on the Rio Grande, in which Morris, Burbank, Hays and he participated. Morris, Burbank and Hays were wounded at Resaca, and Beardsley severely at Molino del Rey. Beardsley, promoted to first lieutenant, was Alexander Hays' superior on Hays' transfer to the Eighth Infantry.

CLASS OF 1843

The class of 1843 fell off in numbers. Only 39 were promoted into the army that year, and these were three-year Academy mates of Alexander Hays. William B. Franklin was No. 1 and George Deshon No. 2. Deshon was assistant professor of experimental philosophy in 1844-1845 at West Point, and later in 1851, after serving as assistant professor of geography, history and ethics at the Academy, was assigned to duty at the Allegheny Arsenal at Pittsburgh, and resigned while there to become a Roman Catholic priest. No. 3 was Thomas J. Brereton of Pittsburgh, who attained the rank of captain and became a son-in-law of the Hon. Harmar Denny,

a member of Congress from Pittsburgh in the Twenty-first to the Twenty-fourth Congresses. Capt. Brereton and Alexander Hays were frequently in touch in Pittsburgh in the decade preceding the Civil War.

Isaac F. Quinby, Christopher C. Augur, Charles S. Hamilton, Frederick Steele, Frederick T. Dent, brother-in-law of Ulysses S. Grant, Henry M. Judah and Rufus Ingalls form a gallant array of Civil War generals on the side of the Union. Ingalls, while quartermaster general of the Army of the Potomac, held close and most friendly relations with Alexander Hays. Part of their fame is to have been enrolled alongside of Ulysses Simpson Grant, No. 21, to have studied with, marched in the cadet battalion, recited in the same class, or served in the same company and regiment with the great commander.

There were noted names on this class roll who went with their States in 1861, and were arrayed against classmates, schoolmates, and comrades in the dark days of 1861-1865. There were Roswell S. Ripley, a native of Ohio, appointed from New York, author of the "History of the War with Mexico," Samuel G. French, born in New Jersey and appointed from that State, who could not take Allatoona when John M. Corse held that famous fort in October, 1864 and Franklin Gardner, another man of Northern birth, appointed from Iowa, who surrendered Port Hudson when his classmate and fellow lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, Grant, marched triumphantly into Vicksburg and opened the great river, never to be closed again during the war.

There were some comrades of Alexander Hays in the class of 1843, who fell in battle in Mexico, or died from wounds received in battles on Mexican soil; 2nd Lieut. Theodore L. Chadbourne, Eighth Infantry, most gallantly distinguishing himself fell at the head of his command at Resaca, only 23 years old. 2nd Lieut. George Stevens, Second Dragoons, was in service during the Military Occupation of Texas, engaged at Palo Alto and Resaca, and was drowned on the passage of the Rio Grande, May 18, 1846, aged 25. This was a historical occasion which will be fully noted in another chapter.¹ 2nd Lieut. Robert Hazlitt, a native of Pennsylvania, was a comrade of Alexander Hays in the Fourth Infantry, at Camp

¹ Vide Chapter V.; P. 49.

Salubrity, La., in the Military Occupation of Texas, and in all the battles with Taylor's little army to Monterey, where in an assault upon the enemy's entrenchments he was killed, September 21, 1846, with the morning of life still bright for him; only 25 years old.

Generals Angur and Judah were second lieutenants in the Fourth Infantry when Alexander Hays was assigned to that regiment. LaFayette B. Wood and Charles G. Merchant, of this class, were holding the same rank in the Eighth when Lieut. Hays was transferred to that regiment and all four were in service with Taylor's army in the Rio Grande up to the battle of Monterey.

CLASS OF 1845

The class of 1845 contained forty-one and among these are some famous names—living, burning, thrilling names, three-year Academy mates of Alexander Hays.

William H. C. Whiting, of Mississippi, was No. 1, a famous engineer, captured at Fort Fisher, a work which he had built and of which he was in command, and where severely wounded he became a prisoner of war and died at Governor's Island, N. Y., March 10, 1865, only a month before the fated Confederacy collapsed.

William F. Smith, better known as Major General "Baldy" Smith, commander of the Eighteenth Corps in the Petersburg campaign of 1864, Thomas J. Wood, that famous loyal Kentuckian of the Army of the Cumberland, Charles P. Stone, No. 7, around whose name is written a story of pathos and wrong, after the war Stone Pasha in Egypt, and Fitz John Porter, No. 8, are four generals who have furnished pages of American history and all were cadet subordinates of Alexander Hays. General Wood was with Taylor on the Rio Grande, a second lieutenant in the topographical engineers.

The renowned Henry Coppee, LL. D., soldier and scholar, was of this class, serving with Scott's army in active service from Vera Cruz to the capture of the city, afterwards professor in the Military Academy, his alma mater, and the University of Pennsylvania; then president of Lehigh University. Lieut. Coppee, a brilliant man of letters, a logician and an author, was "brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco."

Patrick Alden Farrelly, No. 20, of Pennsylvania, appointed at large, was perhaps of all the West Point school-mates the closest to Alexander Hays, with the possible exception of John S. McCalmont. McCalmont, Hays and Farrelly had been chums at Allegheny College, and had entered West Point in the order above, Farrelly graduating from Allegheny College in the class of 1839. He was a second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry from July 1, 1845, and in the Military Occupation of Texas, with Taylor until after Monterey, thence with his new assignment, the Fifth Infantry, in Scott's army until the taking of the City of Mexico, and was severely wounded at Churubusco. His family connection with Alexander Hays will be subsequently related.¹

Gordon Granger, brings to mind Chickamauga, the Army of the Cumberland and its great commander George H. Thomas.

Henry B. Clitz, is a most interesting name. He was one of the garrison at Fort Brown, with John F. Reynolds, when Alexander Hays was with Taylor's small and gallant succoring army. Clitz served through Scott's campaign to the City of Mexico and after the war at the Military Academy as assistant instructor of military tactics. When the Civil War came, he was active on the Peninsula in the same battles with Alexander Hays; twice wounded desperately at Gaines' Mills, a prisoner in Richmond, paroled for exchange, Lieut. Colonel Clitz on partial recovery was assigned to West Point as commandant of the corps of cadets and instructor of artillery, infantry and cavalry tactics. General Charles King, who was a plebe in 1862, in his "Story of West Point During the War," says: ² "There was to be no more battle for gallant Harry Clitz. He was crippled for all time and came to us like his predecessor, General Kenner Garrard, a victim of Twiggs' treachery in Texas, a paroled prisoner whose heart was with his comrades at the front." Brevetted brigadier general, United States army, for gallant and distinguished services, General Clitz continued in the service until retired. His fate has never been known. He disappeared at Niagara Falls, October 30, 1888, and no man has seen or heard aught of him since.³

¹ Appendix B.

² Sunday Magazine Articles, by General Charles King, 1910.

³ Cullum's Register, Vol. II.; P. 244. A touching tribute.

David A. Russell, was a comrade of Alexander Hays in the Fourth Infantry, in Texas, and in service with him also in the expedition of General Joseph Lane to the City of Mexico. Some Mexican battles and skirmishes recorded in General Russell's record are also in Hays', viz.: in defense of the convoy at Paso Ovejas, the engagements at the National Bridge, Las Animas, and at Huamantla. Like his illustrious comrade Hays, of the same rank, David A. Russell, brevet major general for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of the Opequan, fell on that bloody field, on the advance line, going down to an instant and appalling death before the almost annihilating force of a cannon ball. "Of the same rank" has been stated—with the distinction, Hays of volunteers—Russell, United States army. The sameness of rank was in the command—both division generals commanding volunteers and both honored by promotion after death.

Thomas G. Pitcher, 2nd lieutenant, Eighth Infantry, was in Mexico with that regiment in Scott's army. General Pitcher was disabled by wounds received at Cedar Mountain August 9, 1862, and was superintendent of the Military Academy from 1866 to 1870, by special act of Congress the first officer thus serving not of the corps of engineers.

The last man, No. 41, was William L. Crittenden, of Kentucky, the cadet with whom Alexander Hays had the fistic encounter previously noted.¹ Crittenden and his former antagonist Hays saw their first active service together in the Military Occupation of Texas. Crittenden in the Fifth Infantry was engaged in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca and served gallantly. He was on duty at Vera Cruz and in the City of Mexico, and resigned from the army in 1849, about a year later than Alexander Hays. Crittenden became in 1851 a colonel in General Lopez' second filibustering expedition against Cuba, which being unsuccessful, he with his party, in an attempted escape in launches were captured by a Spanish man-of-war and shot August 15, 1851, at the Castle of Atares, Havana Harbor, aged 28. Crittenden's was the fate of an adventurer, in striking contrast with that of Alexander Hays, his old antagonist, and David A. Russell, his class-mate, and those more obscure of his comrades who went to soldiers' deaths in Mexico and during the Civil War. When the captured of this ill-fated expedition were lined up to be

¹ Vide Chapter II., P. 14; also Chapter VII.

shot, the Spanish officer in command, ordered them to kneel. Crittenden did not obey and when distinctly ordered to kneel, gave to the world a reply that has rendered his name immortal: "Sir," he said, "An American kneels to none but God, and always faces an enemy." A volley followed, and Crittenden's body fell—"a lump of clay," and thus a misguided but brave and chivalrous soldier went to an ignoble end.

Including Whiting, six of the class of 1845 "joined in the rebellion against the United States," as Cullum's Record always puts it, only one of whom became prominent—Bernard E. Bee, of South Carolina, "killed July 21, 1861, at the battle of Bull Run, Va."

Bee served in the Military Occupation of Texas, and in Taylor's army on the Rio Grande, and Thomas G. Rhett, No. 6, of South Carolina, was one of the beleaguered garrison of Puebla when Alexander Hays reached there with General Lane's relieving command.

CLASS OF 1846

The class of 1846 had been two years at the Academy when Alexander Hays went forth to active service. Fifty-nine brevet second lieutenants, July 1st of this year. C. Seaforth Stewart, of New Jersey, was No. 1 and after him comes a name, perhaps oftener mentioned in the annals of the Civil War than any others, unless we except always Lincoln and Grant, and in the later years of the war, Sherman and Sheridan, and that name is George Brinton McClellan, born in Pennsylvania and appointed from Pennsylvania. General McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac and Alexander Hays, then a colonel of volunteers, met on the Peninsula of Virginia early in 1862. The references to that meeting in Colonel Hays' letters home are most interesting.¹

It may be noted in passing that McClellan, like Hays, after his resignation from the army was engaged in railroad construction. Before the Civil War McClellan was chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, and at the outbreak of that war was president of the St. Louis and Cincinnati Railroad.

John G. Foster, subsequently brevet major general, U. S. A., and one of the garrison of Fort Sumter in April 1861, was No. 4 of this class.

¹ Vide Chapter XIII.

No. 7, George H. Derby, awakens no martial history, yet Lieut. Derby, of the topographical engineers served gallantly in Mexico and was severely wounded and disabled at Cerro Gordo. He served with the engineers until his death, May 15, 1861, at which time he had obtained the rank of captain. Capt. Derby's military record is known to few, but in literature under the nom de plume of "John Phoenix," he was a noted humorist. His "Phoenixiana" of "Sketches and Burlesque" published in 1856, and his "Squibob Papers" in 1860, were laugh producers in those troublesome ante bellum days. Derby was the forerunner of Artemus Ward, a humorist of a somewhat different type and almost contemporaneous. Capt. Derby had long service on the Pacific coast, arriving however, after Alexander Hays' return from California, and was one of the many of the West Pointers including Hays, Halleck and Sherman, who were there in the hurley-burley and glamour of those exciting days.

Jesse L. Reno, a townsman of Alexander Hays at Franklin, was No. 8; "Born in Virginia," the record says, "appointed from Pennsylvania" and the reader here mentally observes "Killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862" and this was three weeks after Colonel Alexander Hays had received a disabling wound at Second Bull Run. The loved and chivalric Reno completed his brilliant record by a glorious death, and but preceded the dashing and intrepid Hays. On the Soldiers' monument in the beautiful little city of Franklin, Pa., that commemorates the heroic dead of Venango County, Jesse L. Reno's and Alexander Hays' names are side by side, their records in brief, identical—told in six words: "Dead on the Field of Honor."

Edward C. Boynton, served in Mexico under both Scott and Taylor. When the Civil War began he was professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology at the University of Mississippi, where he had been from January 12, 1856. September 12, 1861, he was dismissed for "Evinced a want of attachment to the government of the Confederate States." During the war, Boynton was adjutant at West Point. He is the author of the "History of West Point and the Origin and Progress of the United States Military Academy," published in 1863, and other works. Boynton was severely wounded at Churubusco, and probably did not feel physically

able for field service as he declined the command of both the Second and Sixth Vermont regiments in 1861.

The class of 1846 furnished its full quota of illustrious soldiers. On the Union side: Darius N. Couch, commander of the Second Army Corps, preceding Hancock; Truman Seymour, one of the famous garrison of Fort Sumter in April, 1861; Charles C. Gilbert, of Buell's army; Samuel D. Sturgis, George Stoneman, the cavalry leader; James Oakes, of Pennsylvania, who died in 1911; with the exception of General Buckner, most probably the last of Alexander Hays' fellow cadets; Innis N. Palmer, Alfred Gibbs, George H. Gordon, and DeLancey Floyd-Jones, a fellow lieutenant of Alexander Hays in the Fourth Infantry.

Of the Confederates in this class, No. 17, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, is going down the ages as "Stonewall." Brigadier General John Adams, of Mississippi, was killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, having been with his horse shot from the top of Schofield's earthworks, upon which he had ridden in one of Hood's desperate charges. Dabney H. Maury was a former professor at the Military Academy and was dismissed before he availed himself of the opportunity to resign. Cadmus M. Wilcox was for one year a brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry; in the Civil War a brigade and division commander under his old comrade, Longstreet, attaining the rank of major general. General Wilcox died in Washington, D. C., December 2, 1890.¹

Samuel Bell Maxey, No. 58, a Kentuckian, (a name that comes down to our own political days) was with Scott in Mexico and entered the Confederate service from Texas, where he had located after leaving the army. He served as United States Senator from Texas from 1875 to 1887. General Maxey died in 1895.

But next to Jackson, the most famous Confederate of the class of 1846 was the tail-ender, No. 59, George E. Pickett, a name still resonant of Gettysburg and glory—the glory of his great charge properly known in military history as "Longstreet's assault on Hancock's line at the Union right center." In this assault Cadmus M. Wilcox commanded the right supporting column. Pickett served most

¹ A most valuable, and voluminous book is General Wilcox's "History of the Mexican War," a posthumous work in one volume edited by his niece, Mary Rachel Wilcox.

gallantly in Mexico in Scott's army, first a brevet second lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry, then in the Second and Seventh Infantry for brief periods, returning to the Eighth within the year. It is worthy of note that Pickett, a Virginian, was appointed to the Academy from Illinois, at the personal request of Abraham Lincoln.¹

Nine in all of 1846 entered the Confederate armies, none except as named, attaining any special distinction.

CLASS OF 1847

The class of 1847 numbered but 38. These were the plebes during Alexander Hays' first class period: John C. Symmes, a loyal Kentuckian, was No. 1, and Henry Heth, a cousin of Pickett's, No. 38, and Heth made much more history than the more scholarly Symmes, who retired in November, 1861, for disability resulting from disease and exposure in his fourteen years service. It is evident Alexander Hays' acquaintance and association with these graduates was necessarily brief. There are some names, worthy of special mention, and one John Gibbon, No. 20, a native of Pennsylvania, appointed from North Carolina, was most closely associated, more so than any others, by reason of commanding divisions in the Second Corps. Their relations were especially close at Gettysburg. Gibbon, however, ranked Alexander Hays.

Eighteen forty-seven's roll includes a commander of the Army of the Potomac, Ambrose E. Burnside, No. 18. Alexander Hays, during Burnside's brief term, was in the hospital at Washington recovering from wounds received at Second Bull Run. He speaks kindly, however, of Burnside in his letters home, and evinces pity and sympathy for Burnside's unhappy experience.²

But there are other notable names in the history of the Civil War from this class; Orlando B. Willcox, a lawyer of Detroit, who returned to the army and arose to the command of the Ninth Army Corps; John S. Mason, of Steubenville, Ohio, first colonel of the 4th Ohio in the Civil War, at Gettysburg and after one of Hays' regiments in the Third Division of the Second Corps, after Mason's promotion; James B. Fry, best known for his faithful, meritorious and dis-

¹ "Pickett and His Men," LaSalle Corbell Pickett; P. 126.

² Vide Chapter XIV.

tinguished services in the provost marshal general's office during the Civil War; Horatio G. Gibson, a Pennsylvanian, before and after the war famous in his adopted state, Ohio; Romeyn B. Ayres, of New York, and Charles Griffin, of Ohio, names recalling the fame of the Maltese cross, bringing up also Gouverneur K. Warren and the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac; Thomas H. Neill, serving in the Fourth Infantry in Mexico; colonel of the 23d Pennsylvania Volunteers, Birney's Zouaves in the Civil War; William W. Burns, another Ohio man, participating in all the battles of the Peninsula campaign, in which Alexander Hays was engaged; Egbert L. Viele, whose most notable position after retirement from the army was engineer-in-chief of Central Park, New York; Augustus H. Seward, son of William H. Seward, secretary of state under President Lincoln, who served in Mexico in the Eighth Infantry; all these were soldiers of merit and worthy of more specific mention.

Of the four who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy, Ambrose P. Hill, of Virginia, was most intimately associated with Alexander Hays by reason of service together under General Lane in Central Mexico, Lieut. Hill being actively engaged with Capt. Taylor's battery of the Third Artillery at Huamantla and Atlixco and in both these combats Alexander Hays was a participant. Hill resigned from the United States army March 1, 1861, and his war record, heightened by the dying words, both of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, closes with the capitalized line usual in such cases in Cullum's Register: "Killed April 2, 1865, near Petersburg, Va., aged 40"—only one week before Appomattox. Heth was a division commander in Hill's Confederate Corps, and his men under General J. J. Pettigrew were directly opposed to General Alexander Hays at Gettysburg. The other two Confederates of this class, Blake, of South Carolina, and Beltzhoover, a Pennsylvanian, for six years professor of mathematics in Mount St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, attained no especial distinction. In the war days these would have been called just ordinary rebels.

A sad record of this class is that of Otis H. Tillinghast, No. 13, a Union soldier, mortally wounded at First Bull Run; killed in the first crash of cattle. The morbid may see adverse fate in his class number.

How many of these classes, 1845-1847, were well known

to Alexander Hays by reason of Hays' office of cadet lieutenant from June, 1843, to June, 1844, cannot now be stated, but there were many. Mention has been given in detail of some cadets of Alexander Hays' Academy days by reason of association here and afterwards. In the classes, 1841 to 1847, occur the names of the most famous of American commanders, and many others, some low in rank but ideal types of the American soldier. In the perusal of these class lists there can be found sufficient incentive to glorious deeds, and worthy exemplars for all time.

1840 AND PREVIOUS

On the day that Alexander Hays entered the old Academy, there went out other famous soldiers, and among these two shine more brightly than any others of that year, and they shine for all ages: William T. Sherman and George H. Thomas, Nos. 6 and 12, respectively. It will be sufficient to mention how closely Alexander Hays came to being associated with the great leaders as he was with Grant, Hancock and Longstreet. Then, too, Richard S. Ewell and Bushrod R. Johnson were of this class. Johnson, a noted Confederate general, was with Taylor's little army in the Military Occupation of Texas and in the battles along the Rio Grande and there is evidence that Alexander Hays knew Ewell well before the Civil War, for he speaks of him as "Old Dick."¹

There was also George W. Getty, a name familiar to all those Pittsburghers who served in the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, in the support of whose hard pressed lines on the Brock Road, May 5, 1864, in the Wilderness, Alexander Hays went to a soldier's death.

Then there was William Hays, a native of Virginia, loyal and brave, like his classmate and fellow Virginian, George H. Thomas, and he is the Hays who gave Alexander Hays some unhappy hours by reason of similarity of names, when William Hays was in brief command of the Second Corps after Hancock's disablement at Gettysburg. The two Hayses were in service together in Taylor's army.

It will be noticed that many distinguished soldiers on the side of the Union, and some noted Confederates are not mentioned in Alexander Hays' West Point days. Sheridan, Warren, Slocum, Howard, Schofield, McPherson, Gilmore,

¹ "Recollections Grave and Gay," Mrs. Burton Harrison; P. 111.

Stanley, A. McD. McCook, and others—all came in later years. In fact during the four years of Alexander Hays' term there was a galaxy of brilliant names unprecedented in the preceding years, and not recurring again in so great numbers. In 1848, among the graduates, the plebes who entered the day Alexander Hays went out, only one name appeals, John Buford, whose cavalry fired the first shots at Gettysburg.

There were other prominent Civil War generals, graduates of West Point, but previous to 1840, with whom Alexander Hays was associated in his military career. First to mention is Samuel P. Heintzelman, class of 1826, with whose battalion Alexander Hays went up to the City of Mexico, and who served also in two corps commanded by Heintzelman in the Civil War, the Third and the Twenty-second, in the latter commanding a brigade in the division of General Silas Casey, also of the class of 1826. This was Alexander Hays' first general command.

Henry W. Halleck's graduation preceded Alexander Hays' entrance to the Academy one year, Irwin McDowell's two, and Joseph Hooker's three; McDowell and Hooker had been adjutants at the Academy when Alexander Hays was there, Hooker preceding. It is interesting to note here that Alexander Hays served but three days in the Army of the Potomac while Hooker was in command. Meade's service with Hays has been mentioned. In the same class as Meade was Marsena R. Patrick, provost marshal general of the Army of the Potomac during General Hays' latter years in that army.

Students of our Civil War history will find much thought in the perusal of the class rolls appended. The associations that are indicated are in themselves history.¹

The old mess hall of Alexander Hays' days, erected in 1815 was demolished in 1852. With the chapel, academy building, observatory and library, it is described and pictured by Capt. Boynton in his history of the Academy. Therein will also be found full accounts of Superintendents Delafield and Brewerton's incumbencies, a description of the Kosciusko Monument, reference to the entrance examinations, cadet life and the cadet battalion.²

¹ Appendix C.

² Vide "History of West Point," PP. 256, 259; 225 and 257; 287; 266, 267; 304, 305; and 269. Ben Perley Moore, referred to on page 11, footnote, quotes Boynton on cadet life almost verbatim.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WEST POINT CLASS OF 1844

THIS class was graduated July 1st and twenty-five cadets were promoted to the United States army as brevet second lieutenants in the various branches of the service. Alexander Hays was No. 20 in the class; the illustrious Hancock but two numbers above him. The great commander, Ulysses S. Grant, was No. 21 in the class of '43, so that between these "comrades," Grant and Hays, honors are easy and Hancock is almost with them. The full roster of the class (standing in the order named), is as follows:

ROSTER

1. William G. Peck, appointed from Connecticut.
2. Joseph H. Whittlesey, appointed from New York.
3. Samuel Gill, appointed from Kentucky.
4. Daniel M. Frost, appointed from New York.
5. Asher R. Eddy, appointed from Rhode Island.
6. Francis J. Thomas, appointed from Maryland.
7. Alfred Pleasanton, appointed from District of Columbia.
8. Thomas J. Curd, appointed from Kentucky.
9. Augustus Cook, appointed from Kentucky.
10. John Y. Bicknell, appointed from Tennessee.
11. Simon B. Buckner, appointed from Kentucky.
12. John Trevitt, appointed from Ohio.
13. Rankin Dilworth, appointed from Ohio.
14. Erastus B. Strong, appointed from Arkansas.
15. William T. Burwell, appointed from Virginia.
16. William Read, appointed from Delaware.
17. Joseph S. Woods, appointed from Pennsylvania.
18. Winfield S. Hancock, appointed from Pennsylvania.
19. James M. Henry, appointed from District of Columbia.
20. Alexander Hays, appointed from Pennsylvania.
21. George Wainwright, appointed from Massachusetts.
22. Henry B. Schroeder, appointed from Maryland.
23. Joseph P. Smith, appointed from New Hampshire.
24. John J. C. Bibb, appointed at large.¹
25. George W. Hawkins, appointed from North Carolina.

¹ Cadet Bibb was a Kentuckian.

A brief military and civil history of each of Alexander Hays' classmates seems naturally in place.

William G. Peck's name has a most familiar ring when memories of Peck's mathematical series come trooping up and many who now read of him will recall Peck's "Ganot's Physics" and his other works of brainracking character.

After graduation, Lieut. Peck entered the Topographical Engineers Corps, took part in Fremont's third exploring expedition through the Rocky Mountains in 1845; served as professor of natural and experimental philosophy at West Point the next year; served next in the war with Mexico attached to the "Army of the West" under General Stephen W. Kearney. In 1847 he came again to the Academy as first assistant professor of mathematics for three years, and then 1851-1855, principal assistant professor of mathematics. Professor Peck resigned in 1855, and though elected professor of mathematics and engineering in Kenyon College, he declined, but took the chair of physics and civil engineering at the University of Michigan, where he remained two years. He became adjunct professor of mathematics in Columbia College, and later, professor of mathematics and astronomy, and remained for many years. The degrees of A. M. and LL. D. were conferred on Lieut. Peck by Trinity College. To have been a classmate of Dr. William G. Peck was in itself no small honor. Dr. Peck was a native of Connecticut.

Joseph H. Whittlesey, No. 2, a New Yorker, entered the Second Dragoons July 1, 1844, as brevet second lieutenant; took part in the Military Occupation of Texas; served on frontier duty with the First Dragoons and through the Mexican War; was brevetted first lieutenant for gallantry at Buena Vista and after the war saw severe and fatiguing service in what is now Arizona and New Mexico, becoming a captain in 1854, and in November, 1861, we find him major of the Fifth Cavalry at Fort Dalles, Ore. He served through the "War of the Rebellion" with the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula; then at Winchester, Va., where he was made a prisoner of war and on exchange, was on detail duty organizing volunteers at Harrisburg, Pa., Concord, N. H., and Madison, Wis. He was retired from active service November 30, 1863, for disability resulting from long and faithful service and from disease and exposure in the line of duty. After the war, Major Whittlesey was on recruiting service and was

active in establishing military instruction in several colleges. He died August 1, 1886, at Seattle, Wash.

Samuel Gill, No. 3, entered the Second Artillery on graduation, served in the Army of Occupation in Texas, and in the war with Mexico, participating in the battles of Monterey and Cerro Gordo, and also in the siege of Vera Cruz. He resigned May 29, 1847, as first lieutenant, Fourth Artillery. General Cullum says, during the Civil War, Gill was not prominent, but on the Union side, "served as member of the military board of his native state, Kentucky, for the organization of its quota of volunteers for the suppression of the rebellion." In the interval before the war he was engaged as a civil engineer of construction and superintendent of the Lexington and Frankfort Railroad. He died January 18, 1876, at Cincinnati, O.

Daniel M. Frost, No. 4, entered the First Artillery; was engaged in Mexico, having been transferred to the Mounted Rifles; was at Vera Cruz and in action at Cerro Gordo and Churubusco; served with his regiment through the vicissitudes of border service until 1853, when he resigned with the rank of first lieutenant, having previously been promoted for "gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo." He became a planter and manufacturer near St. Louis and although a New Yorker by birth and appointed from that state, his record as far as West Point goes, closes with the once ominous words—"joined in the rebellion of 1861-1866 against the United States. He attained some mention in May, 1861, while in command of Governor Jackson's state troops in St. Louis, which were captured by General Lyon.

Asher R. Eddy, No. 5, of Rhode Island, was a comrade of his classmate Frost in the First Artillery during his first service but did not get into the Mexican War as during the four years, 1846-1850, Lieut. Eddy was assistant professor of mathematics at West Point. Before and during the Civil War he was on duty with the quartermaster's department in various parts of the field of active operations, winding up in 1865 as principal depot quartermaster at Nashville, and then chief quartermaster of the Army of the Cumberland, attaining the rank of brevet colonel for faithful and meritorious services during the war, after which he remained with the regular army, his rank being major in the quartermaster's department in 1866.

Francis J. Thomas, No. 6, a Virginian, lieutenant, first in the Third Artillery, then the Second, then back to the Third; served in Mexico and was in action at Monterey and in the attack on San Antonio Garita of the City of Mexico; and after the war saw hard service in New Mexico and in campaigns against the Apache Indians. Lieut. Thomas resigned in June, 1852, and engaged in railroad construction. For two years, 1855-1856, he was a resident of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, as superintendent of the Montvue Mining & Manufacturing Company. In this the record may be wrong, and refers likely to Allegany County, Maryland, for Lieut. Thomas is next at Clarksburg, W. Va., as superintendent of a coal works, and a merchant in Baltimore when the Civil War broke out, when he joined the forces of the South, and was killed at the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, aged 37.

Alfred Pleasanton, No. 7, born in and appointed from the District of Columbia, has been heard of more frequently than any member of the class unless it may have been Hancock, Buckner or Alexander Hays. Pleasanton entered the First Dragoons, was on the frontier and in the Military Occupation of Texas, and served through the Mexican War. He was engaged at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma and was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct in those battles. He continued his services in the regular army in active duty on the plains and in various parts of the country, and at the outbreak of the great war, was a captain in the Second Cavalry. His record in that war would take a volume. At its close, Capt. Pleasanton was mustered out as major general of volunteers and had attained the brevet rank of major general, United States army. His life and services are well known. He died in Washington, D. C., February 17, 1897.

Thomas J. Curd, of Kentucky, No. 8, brevet second lieutenant, First Artillery, was with the army in the Military Occupation of Texas and with the next higher rank, served in the Fourth Artillery. He distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, participating in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey, and resigned in 1847 to become professor of mathematics in the College of the Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass., where he remained two years. Lieut. Curd is next a novitiate at St. Ignatius, Frederick, Md., where he died February 12, 1850, aged 25.

Augustus Cook, a Kentuckian also, No. 9, has the shortest record of the class, so very brief indeed that it is startling, to-wit: "Brevet second lieutenant, Second Dragoons, July 1, 1844; on frontier duty at Fort Jessup, La., 1844-1845; and in the Military Occupation of Texas, 1845. Died November 1, 1845, at sea, aged 24."

John Y. Bicknell, No. 10, a Tennessean, was in active service in Mexico with the Second Dragoons at the siege of Vera Cruz, at La Hoya, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and in the operations before and at the capture of the City of Mexico. After the war, Lieut. Bicknell was for a year on frontier duty, and on the march through Texas and died at Maryville, Tenn., November 11, 1849, aged 28.

Simon Bolivar Buckner, No. 11, was one of the most celebrated generals of the Confederacy. His first service was in the Second Infantry and then he was for a year professor of geography, history and ethics at West Point. He served through the war in Mexico; in the march through Coahuila, and with Scott's victorious column to the gates of the City of Mexico, and was in the assault there and entered the city with Scott's army at its capture. He was wounded at Churubusco and was twice brevetted during the war for gallant conduct at Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. He was quartermaster of the Sixth Infantry at the end of the war when he returned to West Point, this time as assistant instructor of infantry tactics for two years; then on frontier duty. He resigned after three years' service in the commissary in New York city, in March, 1855, as captain and located in Chicago where, in 1858, he recruited and was made colonel of the First Illinois Volunteers for service in Utah, but this regiment was not mustered into the service. Capt. Buckner then returned to his native state and was engaged in farming near Louisville when he joined the forces of the Confederacy. General Buckner became a lieutenant general in the Confederate service and served through the war. His name is indissolubly linked with that of Ulysses S. Grant, his old chum at West Point, in the story of Fort Donelson where the star of Ulysses S. Grant rose far enough above the horizon for the world to take note and ever keep in sight. General Buckner's career after the war is well known. Grant had a sincere regard, yea more, a strong friendship for Buckner, which was reciprocated, and the dying chief in 1885 selected

his old antagonist as one of his pallbearers in which capacity General Buckner acted. Two years later General Buckner was elected governor of Kentucky and served as such two terms, 1887-1891. His personal relations with Alexander Hays were close and each held the other in highest esteem. Their friendship was as strong as Grant and Longstreet's and Grant and Buckner's. General Buckner died in the home in which he was born near Munfordville, Ky., January 8, 1914. He was born April 1, 1823. He was four years the junior of Alexander Hays.

John Trevitt, of Ohio, was No. 12 in 1844. He, too, was in the Second Infantry for first service; was in the war with Mexico at Monterey but not in active field operations thereafter during the war, but afterward saw long and arduous service in Texas and New Mexico until 1861 when he resigned and located at Mt. Vernon, N. H., his boyhood home, and there following the occupation of a farmer, did not enter the armies of the United States again in any capacity.

Rankin Dilworth, No. 13, also an Ohioan, was slain in Mexico. His military career is told by Cullum in seven lines—"Brevet second lieutenant, First Infantry, 1844; served in garrison Fort Atkinson, Iowa, 1845-1846; Jefferson Barracks, Mo., 1846, and in the war with Mexico, being engaged in the battle of Monterey as second lieutenant, First Infantry, September 21, 1846, where he was mortally wounded by a twelve pounder cannon ball while storming the enemy's entrenchments and died of wounds September 27, 1846, aged 24."

Erastus B. Strong, No. 14, has almost a similar record. He was a native of Arkansas; appointed from that state. His first service was in the Seventh Infantry and he took part next in the Occupation of Texas in the defense of Fort Brown, in the battle of Monterey, was present at the siege of Vera Cruz, was promoted to second lieutenant May 18, 1846, in the Fifth Infantry; was at the capture of San Antonio, in the battles of Churubusco and Molino del Rey; "where while rallying his men to make another charge upon the enemy's entrenchments, which he had approached within a few yards, he was killed September 8, 1847, aged 24."

William T. Burwell, No. 15, a Virginian, fell on the same day as his classmate and friend, Strong, and in the same battle a second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry. He was in action previously at Cerro Gordo, and through the succeeding battles

to his death. His age was 27 and his record closes thus: "After being wounded and still fighting gloriously on the battlefield he was, by the enemy, within a few yards of the entrenchments of Casa Mata, bayoneted to death September 8, 1847."

William Read, of Delaware, No. 16, first saw actual service in the field with the Sixth Infantry with his slain classmate Burwell. After a brief frontier service, Lieut. Read was in active service in the Mexican war, on the march through Coahuila and at the siege of Vera Cruz, and on the Orizaba expedition in 1848, and after two years frontier service, resigned in 1850 and became a professor in the Kentucky Military Institute at Frankfort for two years, and then entered the Patent Office at Washington where he remained eight years. In 1861 he became a farmer in Montgomery County, Maryland, just outside of the Capitol, and had no Civil War record. He died April 29, 1884, at Washington.

James S. Woods, a Pennsylvanian, No. 17, was another hero of the war with Mexico having been killed outright at Monterey. He was a second lieutenant, first in the Fourth Infantry at Natchitoches, Camp Salubrity, La., 1844-1845 with his classmate, Brevet 2nd Lieut. Alexander Hays, and his Academy mate, Ulysses S. Grant, of the same rank. Lieut. Woods served during the Military Occupation of Texas and was first engaged at Palo Alto as second lieutenant in the Second Infantry, then at Resaca de la Palma, having been brevetted for gallant conduct in those battles, and then came Monterey, where he went down to a soldier's death in storming the enemy's entrenchments, September 21, 1846, the same day that his classmate Dilworth, in the same assault, was almost torn apart by a huge missile of the enemy. Lieut. Woods was but 22, perishing in the glory of the sunlight of victory and at the dawn of a noble manhood.

Winfield S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania, No. 18, was a brevet second lieutenant, July 1, 1844, Sixth Infantry, with his classmates Read and Burwell, and a major general, United States army, July 26, 1866. General Hancock served on frontier service as heretofore indicated with all young officers, and through the war with Mexico to the gates of the city and within its walls. His biography is known to the world, and his relations with Alexander Hays will appear as they occur

in the history of the latter. General Hancock died February 9, 1886, at Governor's Island, N. Y.

James M. Lake Henry of Kentucky graduated as James M. Henry, No. 19. He first was in the Seventh Infantry, then a second lieutenant in the Second Infantry; he took part in the Military Occupation of Texas, was in active service at Fort Brown, and then on recruiting service, later being transferred to the Fourth Infantry, after the war. He resigned from the army at Fort Columbus, N. Y., in 1852 and entered the Patent Office in the same year, where he remained as an examiner and principal examiner until 1861, when he retired to a farm in Prince George County, Maryland, and had no Civil War record. He died July 4, 1881, at Washington.

Alexander Hays, No. 20, was followed by George Wainwright of Massachusetts, whose army career was cut short by death, August 2, 1848, at Brooklyn, N. Y., in his 28th year. He served first in the Eighth Infantry, was in Texas during the Occupation; became a full rank second lieutenant June 18, 1846, after Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in both of which he participated; then Monterey where he was severely wounded. He was present at the siege of Vera Cruz; in action at Cerro Gordo, San Antonio, Churubusco, and Molino del Rey, where he was severely wounded, and then placed on recruiting service, and death came, though not distinctly stated, but most probably as a result of his wounds.

Henry B. Schroeder, No. 22, was a Marylander, entering the Third Infantry at graduation. In service in Louisiana, as was Alexander Hays, in the Military Occupation of Texas in like manner. In Mexico, where he participated with great gallantry at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Oka Laka, Contreras, Churubusco, and after the war at various places on the frontier, resigning in 1861 when a captain in the Third Infantry since 1857, and became a farmer in Frederick County, Maryland, and had no Civil War record.

Joseph P. Smith, of New Hampshire, No. 23, went into the Fifth Infantry July 1, 1844; was first on duty in Michigan, then in Texas during the Military Occupation. He participated in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, the siege of Vera Cruz, capture of San Antonio, the battles of Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and at the storming of Chapultepec he fell—"when near the ditch, having gone back a pace or two to get a ladder, he was struck by a fatal shot, September 13, 1847, aged 28."

John J. C. Bibb, a Kentuckian, No. 24, went into the Third Infantry with his classmate Schroeder and had the same service excepting that he participated in the battle of Monterey, and resigned December 31, 1846, and from 1849 served as clerk in the office of the solicitor of the Treasury Department at Washington, and died in that city in September, 1854, aged 33 years.

George W. Hawkins, No. 25, a North Carolina man, was appointed to the First Infantry on graduation. Was on duty in the Northwest until the war with Mexico broke out when, with his regiment, then the Mounted Rifles, he entered upon active service in the field of operations; was at the siege of Vera Cruz, thence on recruiting service, and after the war Lieut. Hawkins was in General Joseph Lane's escort to Oregon where Lane served as governor. Hawkins was dismissed from service in 1853 under the law of January 1, 1823, and became a farmer in Warren County, North Carolina, where he is supposed to have died the next year, aged 34.

It is rather a remarkable fact that of this small class of 25, five were from Kentucky, of whom three were dead when the Civil War came. It is also remarkable that the two survivors divided in allegiance.

The assignments of the class was one to the topographical engineers, five to the artillery, four to the dragoons, 15 to the infantry.

It will be seen that of the 24 who graduated with Alexander Hays, when the great war burst upon the nation, 12 were dead, of whom Dilworth, Strong, Burwell, Woods and Smith died soldiers' deaths in Mexican battles, and Wainwright, as result of that war, and Curd, Cook, Bicknell and Bibb from natural causes. Five had resigned: Peck, Gill, Trevitt, Henry and Schroeder, who did not participate in the war between the states; three, Frost, Thomas and Buckner, "Joined in the Rebellion," as Cullum curtly puts it, of whom Thomas was killed. Hawkins went down under a cloud and was also dead, leaving five of the class, Whittlesey, Eddy, Pleasanton, Hancock, and Alexander Hays, to battle for the old flag and win the laurels under its victorious folds, of whom the three latter certainly made history and across the pages of their martial records have long since been written words that forever shine—honor, devotion, loyalty, fame.

CHAPTER V.

LIEUT. ALEXANDER HAYS, U. S. A.

UPON graduation July 1, 1844, Alexander Hays was promoted, the records say, to the brevet rank of second lieutenant and assigned to the Fourth Infantry, then on duty, since May of that year, at Camp Salubrity, La., near the town of Natchitoches and he remained here in service with the regiment until the Occupation of Texas. The Fourth Infantry was commanded by Colonel J. H. Vose, whom Ulysses S. Grant describes as an old gentleman who had not commanded on drill for a number of years, and who was not a man to discover infirmity in the presence of danger. When it appeared that a war was imminent, it naturally occurred to the old colonel that he must "brush up on his tactics." When the regiment was settled in its new barracks at New Orleans preparatory to sailing for Corpus Christi, Colonel Vose took command of the regiment at a battalion drill. When two or three evolutions had been gone through, he dismissed the battalion and turning to go to his own quarters, dropped dead. He had not been complaining in any way, and had undoubtedly died of heart disease. General Grant further described him as a "most estimable man, of exemplary habits, and by no means the author of his own disease;" and thus, before the Fourth Infantry had left for the seat of war, a tragedy had taken away its commander, Alexander Hays' first colonel.¹

Gradually the Army of Occupation assembled at Corpus Christi, and a small army indeed. Altogether it consisted of seven companies of the Second Dragoons, four com-

¹ Personal Memoirs, Vol. I.; P. 60. Army of Occupation; vide Gen. Meade's Mexican War Letters, 1845-1847;" "Life and Letters," Vol. I.; P. 25, et seq. Vide "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide," Part III., "Longstreet on the Fields of Mexico;" P. 127, et seq.

panies or batteries of light artillery, five regiments of infantry, the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh and Eighth, and one regiment of artillery acting as infantry, all regular soldiers, and in number about three thousand under command of General Zachary Taylor. The rank and file were composed of men who had enlisted in time of peace to serve for seven dollars a month. The officers, from the highest to the lowest, were educated in their profession, and were mostly graduates of the West Point Academy. General Grant says that a more efficient army for its numbers and armament never fought a battle, and he will be accepted as good authority.

The story of Lieut. Alexander Hays' identity with the Fourth Infantry's service in these preliminary movements, and the battles on Texas soil, is most graphically told by General Grant in his memoirs.¹

General Grant was then a brevet second lieutenant in Capt. George A. McCall's company C, that sterling old regular and gallant Pennsylvanian, endeared to memory as the first commander of the division of the Pennsylvania Reserves, with whom, in 1862, Alexander Hays, was to have contemporaneous service on the Peninsula. Mention of Camp Salubrity will be found also in General Longstreet's book,² and in the same chapter a rapid resume of General Taylor's preliminary movements and his two battles in Texas. General Longstreet was then a lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry, Company F, having previously served in the Fourth.

El Palo Alto, "The Tall Trees," a point six or more miles from the besieged garrison at Fort Brown, now Brownsville, Texas, was the place of Alexander Hays' first battle; Grant's likewise and Grant's story of this battle and that of Resaca de la Palma on the succeeding day are to be found in his memoirs. The artillery battalion was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Childs, a West Pointer of the class of 1814, who had served in the war with Great Britain that year and the next, and he is the same Childs who so bravely defended Puebla against the Mexicans under General Rea during the long siege, until relieved by Lane's Brigade to which was attached Capt. S. P. Heintzelman's

¹ "Personal Memoirs," Chapters IV. to VII., inclusive. Vide also "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character," Hamlin Garland; P 64, et seq.

² "From Manassas to Appomattox," Chapter I.

battalion of regulars and Lieut. Alexander Hays returning to his new assignment with the Eighth Infantry.

Upon the death of Colonel Vose, Colonel William Whistler took command of the Fourth Infantry, July 5, 1845. John Garland was lieutenant-colonel, W. H. Cobbs, major, and Henry Prince, adjutant.

Alexander Hays was assigned to Company K, of which George W. Allen was then captain, John H. Gore, first lieutenant, and Henderson Ridgeley, second lieutenant.¹

The colonel of the Eighth Infantry was William J. Worth, a veteran of 1812-1815, later commanding a division in Taylor's army, then Governor of Vera Cruz, and again with his division under General Winfield Scott on the march up to, and at the capture of the City of Mexico. Those were the days of long incumbencies, for Worth had been colonel of the Eighth since July 1838, and old Hugh Brady of the Second Infantry since 1812.

Around the first service of Alexander Hays was thus thrown a halo of heroic deeds of days long since, and their inspiration was undoubtedly supreme. The war with Mexico was a little, and is now an almost forgotten war; a few facts are told in the school histories, the main ones only, passing by the thrilling deeds of ideal and ever victorious American soldiers, both officers and men, who many times went up against seeming impossibilities, but hung on and won. It may be said they were fighting Mexicans, Spanish Americans, nevertheless the casualty lists tell a tale of slaughter as well as heroism.

* General Longstreet had prepared in the rough quite an elaborate history of the Mexican War, the publication of which was forestalled by the book of General Cadmus M. Wilcox, neither knowing of the other's work. In Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet's book entitled "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide," she has used many of the incidents and historical

¹ At the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca, Capt. Allen promoted major, Second Infantry, commanded the regiment. Cullum's Register gives Adjutant Prince commissioned as such, November 21, 1846, five months after Alexander Hays' transfer to the Eighth Infantry. However the names above were obtained from the War Department. Vide "An Account of the Organization of the Army of the United States," Fayette Robinson, Vol. II.; P. 36. Wilcox's roster of the army in Mexico gives Francis Lee, major Fourth Infantry, and Allen major of the Second Infantry, promoted from captain, Fourth Infantry. "History Mexican War," Wilcox, Appendix C.

data in the General's unpublished history of that war, under the sub-title "Longstreet on the Fields of Mexico." The general did not forget his former comrade Alexander Hays in his story. He says:

"In the Fourth, among Longstreet's earlier official and social intimates at Jefferson Barracks and Camp Salubrity, were Capt. George A. McCall, Lieutenants Augur, Grant, Alexander Hays and David A. Russell, all afterwards distinguished Union generals. Capt. McCall was then forty-three years old, was graduated from West Point in 1822, just twenty years ahead of Longstreet's class."¹

The other infantry regiments of General Taylor's army, the Third, Fifth and Seventh, were commanded by Colonels James B. Many, George M. Brooke and Matthew Arbuckle. As Colonels Arbuckle, Brooke and Worth commanded brigades at the time of the first battles in Mexico, the Fifth Infantry was in command of Brevet Colonel McIntosh, the Seventh, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Plympton, and the Eighth by Brevet Colonel Belknap; Lieut.-Colonel Garland was at times in command of the Fourth Infantry and later of a brigade.

The colonel of the First Dragoons was the celebrated William S. Harney, who died but a decade ago, aged eighty-nine years. Charles A. May, captain of the Second Dragoons, brevet major and lieutenant-colonel; Capt. Samuel Ringgold of the Second Artillery, killed at Palo Alto, and his kinsman, Lieut. Randolph Ridgeley who fell at Monterey, were all well known to the young lieutenant, Alexander Hays, in his first service, and were types of soldier that could elicit naught but admiration, and could not fail to arouse a spirit of fond emulation.

The battle of Resaca de la Palma or the Ravine of the Palm Trees, was fought the day after Palo Alto, and its results are known, and the relief of Fort Brown also, too late to save its gallant commander, Major Jacob Brown, of the Seventh Infantry, who had been wounded and died on the morning of the 9th of May, the day of the battle of Resaca. There is another name for this celebrated ravine; it is Resaca del Guerrero, "The Ravine of the Warrior," and it seems a most proper one in the light of history.

It must be remembered that General Taylor's infantry

¹ "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide;" P. 129.

was armed with flint lock muskets, and paper cartridges were used, which were loaded with powder, buckshot and ball; "Buck and ball" they were called. The first troops in the "War of the Rebellion" will have a vivid remembrance of "Altered Harper's Ferry muskets" that shot "buck and ball" in the proportion of three and one. These were close range guns, and to be effective, the whites of the enemy's eyes had to be not far away. The Mexican infantry were armed likewise, but their artillery fired only solid shot. General Taylor had the advantage of artillery, having some twelve pound howitzers throwing shell, and some eighteen pounders that had a long range.

It is not surprising that a soldier, destined as Alexander Hays was, should early receive mention, not only in the reports, but in history. Shortly after the close of hostilities in Mexico, the following was published, the facts being yet fresh in mind:¹

"When the Third and Fourth regiments charged the chapparal, they became of course scattered, and almost every officer was thrown on his own resources. Here Capt. Buchanan and his subaltern (Hays) distinguished themselves. At this point (across the ravine), Hays charged knee deep in water, and seized the mules of a gun the enemy were seeking to carry off, while another subaltern (Woods), seized a handspike and gave, by main force, such a direction to the wheels that they became entangled in the trunk of a tree, so that the gun remained with the Fourth. The Mexican cavalry then charged these officers, when Barbour of the Third came to their rescue and charged the Mexican horse with the bayonet.

"Capt. Buchanan, with what men he could rally of the Fourth, and Lieut.-Colonel McIntosh, with the same of the Fifth, then charged the chapparal into which the Mexicans had been driven. Colonel McIntosh's horse was shot and the colonel, before he could be extricated, received three fearful bayonet wounds and was borne, half dead, from the field.²

"After May's charge, the two lines had become so involved that Lieut. Ridgely's battery was forced to suspend

¹ "An Account of the Organization of the Armies of the United States, with biographies of officers of all grades, in two volumes, by Fayette Robinson, late an officer of the army." E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, 1848. Vide Vol. II.; P. 43.

² Col. McIntosh recovered. He was again wounded at Molino del Rey, and died of his wounds September 26, 1847.

its fire. Capt. Duncan now came up with his command, and with some of Capt. Charles F. Smith's light infantry, were thrown across the 'Resaca.' Capt. Ker's dragoons also came up, and just as the infantry above had passed the chapparal and McIntosh was wounded, the battle became a pursuit and Lieuts. Woods, Hays, Cochrane and Augur,¹ with a few men of each regiment engaged, found themselves unexpectedly at the headquarters of General Arista, the Mexican commander, and these officers and men took possession. A Mexican officer, having reconnoitered, charged this little band at the head of a body of lancers. They were given a volley, but still came on. The Americans took refuge in the thicket, Lieut. Cochrane remaining alone in the pathway through which the enemy came. He fell dead, pierced with seven lance thrusts. The enemy were gradually driven from the few isolated positions they endeavored to maintain, and their route became complete."

In an earlier book, Lieut. Alexander Hays and his classmate, Woods, received full credit for their daring, thus:

"At Resaca de la Palma, Lieut. John A. Richey,² who in a subsequent service fell a sacrifice, took part in a daring adventure, which he thus described in a letter: 'A short time after the battle began, several of us became separated in the brush, and started forward, with the few men we could collect at the moment, to take a battery of the Mexicans that was blazing upon us. We dashed forward into the ravine, across the stream which ran through it, and clambering up the opposite bank, rushed across the openings of the chapparal towards the battery. While passing through, I got separated for about ten minutes from Lieuts. Woods and Hays; when I rejoined them, they had captured the cannon; they had dashed onward upon the enemy attended by only one man. The cannoneers immediately turned and fled. Before doing so they had set fire to the priming-tube, the gun being loaded. The match was about to ignite the powder when Lieut. Woods knocked the priming off with his sword. In the meantime some Mexicans ran to the mules attached to the piece by a long pole, and endeavored to drag it off. Hays, perceiving their intention, sprang forward and snapped his pistol at them. At the same moment Woods caught hold of the driving reins. By this time our party was reinforced, and moved forward along the road, firing all the time and driving the enemy before us. We proceeded in this way with about 20 men.

¹ All of the Fourth Infantry.

² 2nd Lieut. John A. Richey, Fifth Infantry, after serving gallantly at Monterey, was killed by the Mexicans while bearing dispatches at Villa Gran, January 13, 1847. He was a graduate of West Point, class of 1845, and served a year with Alexander Hays in the Fourth Infantry.

Woods now separated from us, and we were joined by Lieuts. Augur and Cochrane of the Fourth. Our little party was composed of men belonging to every regiment in the army. We advanced a great distance in front of the main body and were surrounded on all sides by the Mexicans.'

"Capt. Barbour soon joined this bold party. It was on this occasion that Lieut. Cochrane fell, when immediately afterwards it was charged by the lancers. Corporal Chisholm shot the colonel who led the charge. As the officer fell, the corporal was seen to hand him his canteen of water—and but a moment afterwards, Chisholm himself was lying dead."¹

Of the above subalterns, that is lieutenants, Woods was James S. Woods, a classmate of Alexander Hays, but four numbers ahead of him, and these comrades had been together since graduation. Woods was, like Hays, a Pennsylvanian, and was brevetted first lieutenant for gallant conduct in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca. This gallant youth fell at the storming of the enemy's entrenchments at Monterey on September 21, 1846, at the early age of 22.² Lieut. C. C. Augur, classmate of Ulysses S. Grant, became Major-General Christopher C. Augur during the Civil War. He was then a second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry.

Fifth Corps men of the Army of the Potomac will at once say that Capt. Buchanan, commanding a company in the Fourth Infantry was the veteran and rugged Colonel Robert C. Buchanan commanding a brigade of the division of regulars in the Fifth Corps during the war 1861-1865 on the Peninsula and up to and after Fredericksburg. General Buchanan was lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth Infantry in 1861, and had attained the rank of brevet major-general, United States army, when the war closed. His real rank was colonel in command of the First Infantry. He was a graduate of West Point, class of 1830.

In his official report General Taylor refers to the episode as follows:

¹ "A Life of General Zachary Taylor, etc.," by J. Reese Fry, Philadelphia, 1847; P. 155.

² "In the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, Lieut. Hays captured, in connection with Lieut. Woods, likewise a Pennsylvanian, the first gun wrested from the enemy. In this engagement he received a wound in the leg, and in recognition of his gallantry in these actions, he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant." Vide also "Under the Red Patch," P. 436, "Great Commanders; General Taylor," by General O. O. Howard; P. 121. Evidently a reprint from Fry's "Life of Taylor."

"The light companies of the First Brigade, and the Third and Fourth regiments of infantry, had been deployed on the right of the road where, at various points, they became briskly engaged with the enemy. A small party under Capt. Buchanan and Lieuts. Woods and Hays, Fourth Infantry, composed chiefly of men of that regiment, drove the enemy from a breastwork which he occupied, and captured a piece of artillery. An attempt to recapture this piece was repelled by Capt. Barbour, Third Infantry. The enemy was at last completely driven from his position on the right of the road, and retreated precipitately, leaving baggage of every description. The Fourth Infantry took possession of a camp where the headquarters of the Mexican general-in-chief were established. All his official correspondence was captured at this place."¹

Lieut. Alexander Hays was destined to meet distinguished soldiers in Mexico, among them Capt. Samuel H. Walker, associated with him in a memorable event. Of Walker, more anon.²

On the 18th of May, 1846, General Taylor's little army crossed the Rio Grande and Lieut. Alexander Hays was the first across. Early in the morning the east bank was defended by two eighteen-pounders, and three batteries of artillery, and the crossing commenced under their protection. Colonel Twiggs ordered the bands to strike up "Yankee Doodle," and with these cheering strains the light companies went over first, followed by the volunteer and the regular infantry.

"Lieut. Hays, of the Fourth Infantry, and ten select men, with Capt. Walker of the rangers, first crossed the river, with orders to ascertain and report the number and position of the enemy, if near the river. Immediately after Lieut. Hays had crossed, the flank companies of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Infantry were thrown across, commanded by Capts. Buchanan and Larnard. After these commands, Capt. Smith, of the artillery battalion crossed with two companies, followed by Capt. Ker's squadron of dragoons. After these, Ridgeley's artillery was dismounted and taken over in parts. In the meantime the infantry already over had advanced and occupied the hedge fence covering the crossing. After occupying this position some hours a civil deputation from Matamoras presented itself, and requested to see General Taylor. The deputation was sent over the river in charge of an officer, to

¹ Fry's "Life of General Taylor;" P. 144. Battles of Palo Alto and Resaca; General Meade's account is pertinent here. Vide his "Life and Letters," Vol. I.; Page 78, 79, et seq.

² Concerning Walker, vide Meade's "Life and Letters," Vol. I; P. 75. Also vide "Life of General Taylor," J. Reese Fry; P. 147.

meet the general who had not yet crossed. The object of the deputation was to inform General Taylor of the abandonment of Matamoras by the Mexicans under Arista and to inquire what treatment the city might expect from him. General Taylor finding this report true, ordered that portion of the American forces that had not crossed, to return to Fort Brown and cross there."¹

Matamoras was surrendered by the civil authorities and a small guard of American soldiers was established to keep the peace.

Once across the Rio Grande, Taylor's army was in truth the "Army of Occupation," and in this most momentous step Lieut. Alexander Hays was conspicuous. But a single incident marred the events of that historic day. 2nd Lieut. George Stevens, of the Second Dragoons, of the West Point Class of 1843, Alexander Hays' Academy mate for three years, was swept from his horse by the rapid current while crossing and drowned. Lieut. Stevens, who was from Vermont, was a young officer of high promise. He had been on duty at Fort Jessup, in the Military Occupation of Texas, and in all the service identical with Alexander Hays'. Lieut. Stevens was No. 18 in his class, three numbers ahead of Ulysses S. Grant.

Lieut. Alexander Hays remained on duty with his company for nearly two weeks after the battle of Resaca up to the time of the crossing of the Rio Grande.² It will be noticed that Alexander Hays had plenty of good fighting company in Mexico, but he did not escape unscathed. Wounded in the leg at Resaca and having been thus unfitted for duty, he was sent on recruiting service and was in charge of recruiting offices in Buffalo, N. Y., and in various points in Western Pennsylvania, and very successful in this duty, returned to the army with a battalion of 200 men, and arrived in Vera Cruz just about the time Brigadier-General Joseph Lane was to start for the City of Mexico, and that general, appreciating an officer who would enter into any martial movement with heart

¹ Fry's "Life of Taylor;" P. 169.

² Consult "History of the Mexican War," Wilcox; for maps, details and movements of Taylor's army, consult Chapter IV.; P. 44, et seq. Also "History of Mexico," H. H. Bancroft, Vol. V., PP. 351-354; for campaigns on the Rio Grande, Matamoras and Point Isabel, and maps, see a recent work, "The United States and Mexico," Geo. L. Rives (1913); P. 150.

and soul, appointed him assistant adjutant general of the brigade. Lieut. Alexander Hays had been appointed a full second lieutenant from June 18, 1846, and had been transferred to the Eighth Infantry, then with General Worth's division in the advance under Scott, and Hays had also been brevetted a first lieutenant for gallant conduct in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Joseph Lane is a name famous in American history. Soldier and pioneer, statesman and candidate for vice president in 1860 with John C. Breckenridge, Lane's was a name very common in the papers of that day. He was a man of rugged mould and a fighter. He was not a West Pointer¹ but one of the political generals, or such appointed from civil life. Among others were Robert Patterson, John A. Quitman, Gideon J. Pillow, James Shields, Franklin Pierce, Caleb Cushing, and William O. Butler (a candidate for vice president in 1848 with Cass against Taylor and Fillmore), all of whom acquitted themselves well.²

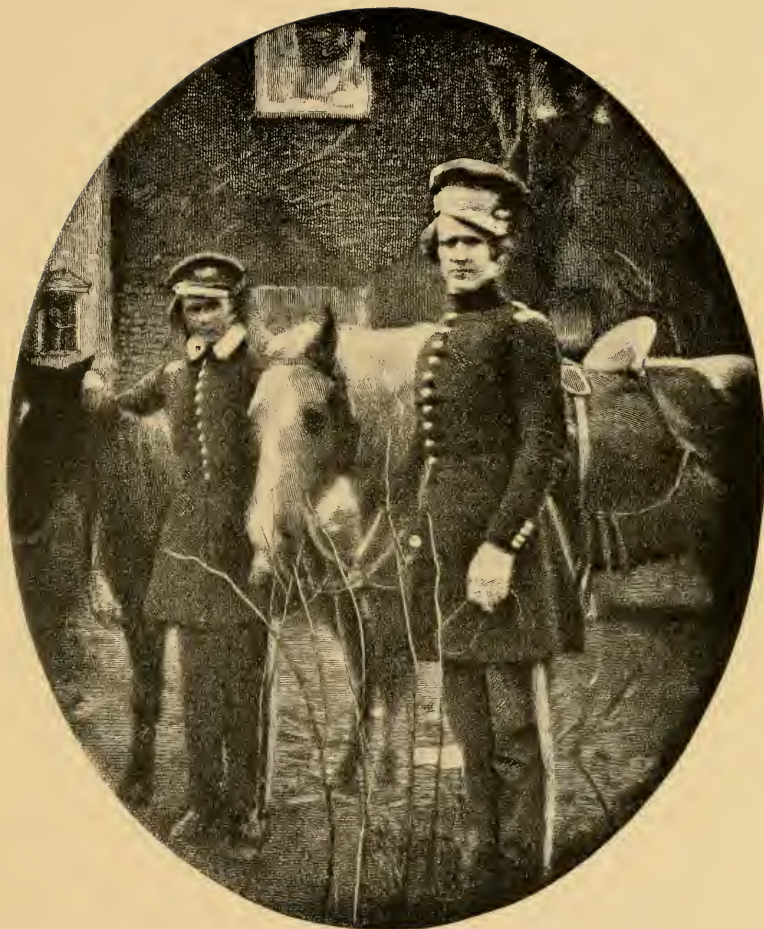
On the 16th of June, 1846, the Pittsburgh papers printed the official report of General Taylor, giving the story of the two battles on the Rio Grande and the news chroniclers state that Pittsburgh simply went wild. There also appeared the following news item under date of June 27th:

ARRIVALS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

"Twelve officers of the regular army, all of whom had taken part in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, eight of whom were more or less seriously wounded, arrived here by boat from New Orleans, bound for Washington. The party was made up as follows: Capt. Governour Morris, Fourth Infantry; Capt. W. R. Montgomery, Eighth Infantry; 1st Lieut. Randolph B. Marcy, Fifth Infantry; 1st Lieut. Daniel Ruggles, Fifth Infantry; 1st Lieut. Isaac V. D. Reeve, Eighth Infantry; 1st Lieut. Collinson R. Gates, Eighth Infantry; 1st Lieut. Robert P. Maclay, Eighth Infantry; 1st Lieut. J. G. Burbank, Eighth Infantry; 1st Lieut. John Breedsley, First Infantry; 1st Lieut. Charles F. Morris, Eighth Infantry; 2nd Lieut. Charles D. Jordan, Eighth Infantry, and Lieut. Alexander Hays, Fourth Infantry.

¹ Joseph Lane—Vide Wilcox's estimate of him. "General Lane, plain in appearance and manner, but full of energy and courage, unquestioned integrity and kind hearted, generous and chivalric, etc." "History of the Mexican War," Wilcox; P. 527.

² "History of the Mexican War," Wilcox, Appendix D.; P. 653.



Brevet Second Lieutenants Ulysses S. Grant and Alexander Hays,
4th Infantry at Camp Salubrity, Louisiana, 1845.
(From an old Daguerreotype)

"Maclay, Burbank and Charles F. Morris died of wounds received in these engagements.

"While here, the returning heroes were tendered a reception and banquet by citizens, but were obliged to decline the invitation for want of time."

Lieut. Morris of the West Point class of 1841, died in the City of Mexico, September 17, 1847, from wounds received at Molino del Rey and his classmate, Burbank, wounded in the same battle, died September 10th, two days after the battle. Both belonged to the Eighth Infantry, Alexander Hays' new assignment, and both had served with the regiment at Palo Alto and Resaca, where both had been wounded.

Lieut. Robert P. Maclay of the class of 1840, did not die of his wounds received at Resaca. He was on sick leave and recruiting service during most of the war. He, too, belonged to the Eighth Infantry and became a captain. A native of Pennsylvania, and appointed from Pennsylvania, a classmate of Sherman, Thomas, and George W. Getty, he remained in the regular service until 1860, when he resigned and became a planter in Louisiana and when the war came, with his classmates and comrades in Mexico, Richard S. Ewell, and Bushrod R. Johnston, he joined the forces of the Confederacy and became a brigadier-general.

Of the other officers who journeyed with Alexander Hays from the seat of war, none attained any great prominence except General Randolph B. Marcy, father-in-law of George B. McClellan, whose long services and writings are widely known. Ruggles of Massachusetts went with the South; Jordan broke down in the service of the Union in 1863, and retired; Montgomery of the class of 1825 at West Point, in command of the Eighth Infantry in the two battles, who had been dismissed in 1855, became colonel of the 1st New Jersey Infantry and later brigadier-general of volunteers, and served three years without field service. Gates, of the class of 1836, returned to the army, served most gallantly through the Mexican service with his regiment, and died at its close.

Reeve returned to Pittsburgh, October 13, 1864, and remained over a year in charge of the Draft Rendezvous. He was then colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, William T. Sherman's old regiment. Colonel Reeve was a captain in 1847 in the Eighth, and thus a superior of Lieut. Alexander Hays. Capt. Morris was not an Academy man. Colonel Reeve was

one of the victims of General Twigg's treachery in Texas in 1861, Reeve at the time major of the First Infantry. All these visitors to Pittsburgh in 1846 and fellow voyagers with Alexander Hays, on the long trip from Mexico, were typical officers of the old army.

The name "Breedsley" should be Beardsley, of the West Point class of 1841, who came back on recruiting service. Upon his return he was severely wounded and disabled at Molino del Rey. Beardsley was colonel of the Ninth New York Cavalry during the Civil War. He was Alexander Hays' immediate superior in Company F, of the Eighth Infantry. Beardsley resigned from the regular service December 31, 1853, and re-entered the army as colonel of Volunteers in November 1861, and resigned April 8, 1863. His subsequent history is unknown.¹

The date of transfer of Alexander Hays to the Eighth Infantry is June 18, 1846. He was then enroute to Pittsburgh. The Eighth was commanded by Colonel William J. Worth, with Thomas Staniford, lieutenant-colonel, and Carlos A. Waite, major, John D. Clark, West Point class 1842, was adjutant to May 20, 1847, succeeded by James Longstreet from June 8, 1847 to July 1849. Alexander Hays was assigned to Company F, of which Thomas P. Gwynne was captain to February 16, 1847, succeeded by George Lincoln.²

Alexander Hays and Longstreet had been associated in both regiments. Like Longstreet, Hays was promoted and transferred from the Fourth to the Eighth, though upward of a year subsequently. Grant never left the Fourth until he resigned as captain, about seven years after the Mexican War. Hays and Grant had been friends at West Point, though not classmates, and very chummy afterwards while subalterns in the old Fourth Infantry. The official personnel of General Taylor's army, scant three thousand men, was so small that it was like a family. Everybody knew everybody else.³

¹ Cullum's Register, Vol. II.; P. 29.

² Roster of the field and company officers of the Fourth and Eighth United States infantry. Vide Appendix E.

³ Vide "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide," Part III.; "Longstreet on the Fields of Mexico;" P. 130.

CHAPTER VI.

ALEXANDER HAYS' OWN STORY OF FIRST SERVICE AND SOME LETTERS.

TO CONVEY a correct and a concise idea of the life of a soldier during a period immediately preceding and the eventful campaigns of the war with Mexico, the following able paper prepared and completed by General Alexander Hays in 1861 is quoted verbatim from the original manuscript, and is now for the first time published.

It is graphic and thrilling, and conveys a good idea of Alexander Hays' literary style. It was written presumably for some magazine.

THE ARMY OF OBSERVATION, OCCUPATION, AND INVASION.

The old soldier will tell you, that the most irksome periods of his service, are the days of garrison duty, a monotonous round of parades, and drills, fife playing, and stacking. All alert, for the faintest rumor of an order to march, he engages a willing auditory around the mess table (although his character for truth and veracity on other subjects, be none of the best), who can announce a rumor of expected orders, to where, no one cares to inquire? But when such an order is officially announced, satisfaction beams in every face, and the barrack becomes a human bee-hive, on the point of swarming. A soldier's trunk is readily packed. He chafes to hear the fife and drum strike up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and, with a buoyant heart, and a quick step, he goes forth to find a new home, and new excitement, leaving all care, if he have any, to moulder in the straw of his deserted bunk.

Years of diplomacy have failed to secure to our people redress of grievances, for wrongs unnumbered, and running far back into the lapse of time. It was in the Spring of A. D., 1844, that an intimation was given to our neighbors of the

"Sunny South" that forbearance had been blotted out from the catalogue of our national virtues, and to carry conviction with the fiat, several regiments were ordered to our southern frontier, constituting our "Army of Observation."

Our military service was then at the lowest ebb of popular favor, for former services had been forgotten, and congressional demagogues had lately thundered forth to the nation their ignorance of "epauletted loafers." Time has defiantly hurled in their teeth the wilful and malignant aspersions of as noble a band of men as ever trod the earth. May God, in His mercy, have accorded equal forgiveness to the honored dead and the traducers of their fame.

Never, perhaps, since its organization, had our army attained such efficiency in everything that is essential to make an army irresistible. Peace, as a general rule, is not conducive to perfection in military art, but our army has never been suffered to spend time in listless inactivity. A very extended frontier, and constantly recurring subjects for adjustment among our Indian tribes, keep up, at least the "mimicry of war," and entails upon the soldier his supreme disgust, incessant marching. Garrison life is equally exacting upon his time, with repetition drills, which insure for him effective use of his arms, and from these there is no appeal.

Notwithstanding a protracted peace, at the date referred to, numerous files in the ranks bore the chevron of service, the badge of honor, distinguishing "the old soldier," and the loungers around the camp fire would be entertained with thrilling recitals of the "Black Hawk War," or of scouts in the Everglades of Florida, perhaps—but rarely, with a legend of 1812. The majority of the rank and file, however, had been manufactured to order, from raw material, imported (duty free) and entirely innocent of the killing properties of gunpowder. Chrysales became full-fledged butterflies not unfrequently. With these, the military bearing, and manly salute, marked to the practiced eye the trained and disciplined soldier of fortune from the armies of the old world, exiles from their native land voluntarily, or from force of circumstances.

If time had thinned the ranks of veterans it had apparently dealt more leniently with the commissioned officers, for these were well preserved specimens from Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, Bridgewater, Queenstown and Fort Erie, and the command was vested in the old Spartan "Who never surrendered."

Lower in grade, veteran captains, and grey-haired lieutenants whiled away the intervals of duty, with reminiscences of wars, glories, in impenetrable hummocks, which none but amphibious constitutions could have survived. Withlacoochie and Okechobee were fought again in descriptions of those who had fought them indeed, until the listener would seem himself to hear the yells of Tustenugge and Osceola, inciting their fawn warriors to the harvest of death.

"Dade's massacre, where the noble command save three fell without a chance to retreat," and the devoted friendship which led others into "Gaines' Pen" to undergo similar hardships, but who happily were not destined to so gloomy a fate, were resurrected from the dusty files of official record, and recited in living words, which sank into the soul of the auditor, working up the fountains of grief for their sufferings, and sad fate, and admiration for their unparalleled heroism, or the theme would glide into the eulogistic biography of some long-lost companion, once beloved by all for his virtues and manly qualities, and still treasured in memory around some hearth, once happy in his existence, but long since desolate—of one who was the victim of an inglorious Florida skirmish, in which, after the forfeiture of his own life, and the defeat of his small party, the hand of the savage was stayed upon the scalping knife, and the unrelenting enemy of his race decently performed the last sad rite which each and all require but once.

The long array of superiors between the young subaltern and the commander-in-chief, might well cause the former to call in question the fairness of military aspirations, and the scriptural allotment of life to man. Promotion was a rugged mountain spring at the base, summer midway, and eternal snow at the top; for in those days "none resigned and few died."

Eighteen months of camp and cantonment duty under the genial skies of Western Louisiana, had improved not only the morale, but physique of the troops, and this time had brought about another phase in the aspect of affairs, requiring another move upon the political chessboard.

Joy was unsuppressed when orders arrived to "strike tents," and bright visions of a terrestrial paradise to be found in Texas, floated through the imagination of each soldier. Texas—the land to him of tradition and romance was the sole

theme, mingling in his dreams in sleep, and cheering the musings of his lonely watch.

Steamers breasted the dark waters of the Red River, and cheers greeted "The Father of Waters," which was to bear him to a reunion with old companions in arms. Rumor had been busy with her thousand tongues, that Mexican war steamers would intercept the transports, but there were no misgivings on board to mar the general satisfaction, as vessel after vessel, with its full complement of men, glided past the Balize into the blue waters of the gulf, bearing to its destination, at Corpus Christi, "The Army of Occupation."

In consequence of our extended dominions, as a matter of necessity, our small army had been scattered to all points of the compass, with rarely an opportunity of combining two regiments. It is a fact established by long experience, that masses of men without government, though each individual composing the mass be personally brave to a fault, are but mobs at best; and the greater the mob the greater the inefficiency.

Discipline was not required by the "Army of Occupation," but consolidation was essential, and in this delightful locality, time and opportunity were afforded to perfect its organization by combining all its effective, but hitherto scattered elements. Nature can afford no fairer panorama for the pencil of the artist, than Corpus Christi, with its placid bay and sky rivaling the blue of Italy—lately reposing in almost primitive peace, now resounding with war's wild roar. Far along the beach, curving inland in graceful sweep, and glistening white with native shells, the still white line of tents mark the encampment of the enemy. The bay foams with the arrival and departure of vessels, bearing the material of war, while landward regiments are mustering into brigades, and brigades into divisions. A thousand beasts of burden hitherto "by spear and bridle undefiled," are plunging across the plain in vain resistance to the orders of the quartermaster's department, all presenting a scene of wild confusion, not easily described, but soon to be reduced to perfect order, constituting that "Pyrrhic phalanx," that never met the enemy but to conquer, and which though afterwards dismembered, served as yeast to leaven the other armies and gave that prestige to our arms, which planted our banners on the Halls of the Montezumas as though the feat had been a mimic play.

The Winter glided away in active preparations, for each succeeding day gave more ominous tokens of coming events. When Spring came, and with it orders to advance, each man felt that the uncertainty was over, and "smelled the battle afar off." No longer in detachments but in mass, as one man—the desert country lying south of the Nueces River was left behind. It was a toilsome march, with few incidents of interest, but the toils were forgotten as the column debouched from the dense chaparral, and deployed upon the left bank of the Rio Grande, in full view of the city of Metamoras and its guardian forts.

A large force of the Mexican army had already concentrated in the city, and their formidable looking batteries commanded the ground selected for the encampment of our army. A protest couched in no very courteous terms, with an expressed determination to open fire, was received in answer to our demonstration. Nevertheless, for want of a better substitute, a wagon tongue did the extempore duty of a flag staff, and the Stars and Stripes flaunted as gallantly that day as they did from the dome of our Capitol. Guns were stacked and the soldiers partook of their evening fare

"With far less inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would."

Military assurance, which is proverbial, certainly had never been carried to a greater extreme. Romance, so congenial to the nature of a soldier, threw her mantle around everything connected with his operations, and the sons of the rugged North found themselves transported to a new existence. Within gun-shot of the camp, beautiful gardens bloomed with every production of the tropics. Every wandering step crushed wild flowers, which would have ornamented any partee. Birds unsurpassed for music and plumage, sprang from every tree—but woe to the stranger beneath the flower whose beauty and fragrance attracted him, the serpent darted his fatal sting and the loiterer, to dear God's own music from the bush, became a victim to the murderous, and unsparing *ranchero*. Affairs could not long remain in this position. Acts of aggression were committed by the enemy upon our side of the river by the capture of our dragoons—assassination of straggling officers, and men. Impressed with its importance the general commanding issued the order for the construction of the field works, afterwards so nobly baptized, and

christened Fort Brown. The condition of actual war was to exist henceforward. Incessantly by day, but with alacrity, our troops plied the pick and shovel, while in view across the plains of Matamoras squadrons of gay-decked lancers and masses of infantry performed their evolutions. Nights were passed by our army in the ditches, resting upon their arms. Alarms were frequent, for the enemy were not idle. Untimely peals of bells, and the barking of dogs, followed by the more ominous rumble of artillery, as it rolled over the pavement, broke the quiet of the distant city, and roused our soldiers from their unrefreshing slumbers. Rockets, like meteors, pierced the blackness of midnight, and the glare of port fires through the embrasures of the opposing forts proclaimed meditated attacks by the enemy.

The first of May, 1846, completed Fort Brown, and as the sun sank behind the western horizon, the troops excepting the small force intended for its garrison, were withdrawn from the work, already fatigued with a long day's labor. Their toil was not to terminate, but their indomitable energy was equal to the task impressed upon them. The order was read, and without a cheering note from fife and drum, but in silence, the head of the column was directed towards Point Isabel, our depot of supplies. Space will not permit an extended description of the march, but no one who made it will forget the almost Egyptian darkness, as the column now formed in squares for protection against hovering troops of the enemy's lancers, toiled its slow way across the prairie, intersected by sloughs, and bristling with formidable cactus. At midnight, 18 miles had been passed over, and as the command, "halt," passed along the line, each soldier, excepting guards, sank upon the ground where he stood and exhausted nature found a brief repose. The reveille of 4 o'clock next morning aroused him again, but with daylight the intervening miles to Isabel were soon accomplished.

The morning of the third broke bright and tranquil, as though nature would teach to man a lesson of peace and goodwill to all his kind. As the sun appeared, a distant booming followed by others in rapid succession in the direction of Fort Brown sent a thrill through every heart in our encampment. To the music of the cannon's roar the work of a few days placed Isabel in a defensible position for the few who were to maintain it. The seventh gave the commanding general's

order to the troops, announcing the bombardment of Fort Brown, the hostile attitude of the enemy, and his determination to succor our beleaguered garrison, enjoining it upon the infantry that his main dependence would be in their bayonets. The aggregate force of our marching army little exceeded 2,000 men, but with an extended train of wagons loaded with provisions formed a long procession. There were no tokens of the coming storm excepting the continued reverberations of the cannonade, wafted on the pulses of the air from the Rio Grande, across the prairie, as the column resumed its march on the eighth. In open order with "route step," and "arms at will," our troops gave no evidence to an inexperienced eye, of their thorough training. Confidence begets confidence, and so unlimited had it become between officers and men, that many privileges and liberties were permitted in the ranks, not recognized in the school of the soldier, in no way impairing the requirements of strict discipline; yet conducing to the comfort and gratification of the men. The military etiquette of West Point would have been shocked at dress of which a description would have been sought for in vain in army regulations; and the exhaled fumes from numerous "dunderrees" might have suggested that tobacco and pipes were items of military stores. Silence was an order not enjoined and amusing were the speculations on coming events, expressed with perfect confidence in themselves, in each other, in their officers generally, but most especially in "Old Zack's luck."

No particular emotion was exhibited as the march moved steadily onward, until it was announced from the vanguard that the enemy were in advance. The announcement was electric. Without word or signal, the ranks formed in close order. Every gaze was directed across the plain, and as the long, dark line of the enemy, drawn up in order of battle, far off upon the verge of the prairie, came more distinctly into the field of vision each eye in the ranks caught a fierce, almost unearthly expression seen for the first time, never to be forgotten. Instinctively all superfluities were thrown aside, and the disengaged hand sought the securing strap of the knapsack in preparing disembarassment for the anticipated conflict. A short distance in advance lying between the two armies, were several ponds of excellent water, of which our men stood in great want, and which, by some unaccountable

oversight, the enemy had failed to occupy. These were secured and in order to preserve the formation of the column companies were alternately detached, to replenish the empty canteens, with the enemy now distinctly visible.

Our train was parked with a sufficient guard for its protection and now refreshed, the column was deployed in line of battle, and moved forward to the attack. Our light artillery rapidly gained position within range and the firing became general. The main body of our army passive spectators of this game of "long ball," but not without partaking of its dangers. Round and grape shot plowed the ground in every direction, and though partially sheltered by a less elevated position than the artillery, with occasional opportunities of dodging; still the ricochet shot of the enemy as it came whirling and skipping across the surface of the plain, would make frequent obeisance into our ranks summarily striking files forever from the muster roll.

No marked result upon the enemy's ranks was apparent from our position, probably in consequence upon the range being too extended for the calibre of the guns which had, as yet, been brought to bear upon him. There were, in our armament, two 24-pounders, destined to make the the most striking incident of the day. Large bodies move slowly especially if the traction be ox-power. Anxiously, but patiently, we had waited the arrival of these engines. Slowly through the yielding soil of the prairie, they approached our line, and slowly wheeled into the position reserved for them.

Thus far our troops had stood unflinchingly, the most trying test, to which the soldier is ever subjected. No exclamation or word except commands of officers, had been uttered. Intense interest had concentrated on the 24-pounders. As the signal to fire is given, every eye is strained to mark the effect, and as the double charge of heavy grape goes tearing and plowing through the enemy's lines, opening wide a path for death to enter in, and sweeping far behind through the masses of his reserve, back to the tall timber still behind—

"At once there rose so wild a yell,
As all the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner cry of hell!"¹

¹ "Lady of the Lake," Canto; XVII.

Such a demonstration, so unusual, was entirely unpremeditated. It was not the faint cheer of a single throat, but simultaneously from thousands, in a perfect unison, as if it had been the lesson of a daily drill, instead of an exception. The physical effect, acting reversely on the two armies, was distinctly manifest. Rapidly the heavy guns continued to deliver their iron shower, greeted each round, by the almost frantic cheers from our line, while confusion and consternation appeared fast demoralizing our opponents.

The diversion created had enabled the light artillery to advance within shorter range, and accident alone intervened to prolong the battle.

The firing had ignited the dry grass of the prairie, and sheets of flame, driving obscuring clouds of smoke, swept over the field enveloping our army, and intercepting our view of the enemy. Our line was deployed into columns, and broken into regiments, each of which maintained the day, in various engagements, with different corps of the enemy, until night closed and our army rested upon the battlefield of Palo Alto.

Linton, January 15th, 1861.

Linton was the Hays home at the date mentioned, and is frequently referred to in his letters from the field during the rebellion. It was on the Morningside Road in the then Collins Township, now Morningside Avenue, in the City of Pittsburgh.

Although of a personal nature, it may not be inappropriate here to also give in full the following characteristic letters written by Lieut. Alexander Hays to immediate relatives during his service in the Army of Observation, Occupation and Invasion, and his most active service in Mexico afterwards. The letter to his brother James breathes a deep tenderness showing the feelings of the young soldier compelled to leave his recent bride, and his longings, aims and ambitions and his resolve to lead an upright life and win for his little family and self an honorable name.

Alexander Hays and Annie Adams McFadden were married on Thursday morning, February 19, 1846, at the McFadden home then at No. 58 Penn Street (now avenue). This residence of John B. McFadden was immediately opposite the historic Boquet Block House, which then could not be seen from Penn Street. According to the custom of the times and the

custom for many years afterwards, the Pittsburgh newspapers announced the wedding thus :

MARRIED.

On Thursday morning, 19th inst., by the Rev. Francis Herron, D. D., Lieut. Alexander Hays, U. S. A., to Annie, daughter of John B. McFadden, Esq., of this city.

The wedding trip was to Buffalo, N. Y., in a sleigh with stops at Mercer to see the Pearson family and at Franklin to the "Old Home."

The honeymoon was brief as the letter to James P. Hays is dated March 16, 1846, and Lieut. Hays is on his return to his regiment.

Dr. Herron was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, 1811-1851. It was through Lieut. P. A. Farrelly, the bride's step-brother, that Alexander Hays and his wife first met.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO HIS NIECE, ANNA PEARSON,
DAUGHTER OF JUDGE JOHN J. PEARSON,
OF MERCER, PA.

"Division Del Norte, General en Gefe,

"Camp near Fort Brown (Texas)

"May 17, 1846.

"Dear Anna:—

"I have just finished writing to your father, and write this in hope it will draw some return from you. Remember I am far from home, and that a letter would be most equal to seeing your dear little face. Aunt Annie¹ writes often, and in her last letter said she expected you to visit her, which I hope your father will permit you to do soon.

"I need not tell you all the hardships of a poor soldier's life, for it will not afford you interest, but if you feel any, ask father to read you my letter.

"If I had time I might give you some account of this country, which would be interesting, for it is truly 'a land of sun and flowers,' but you will find hereafter and feel with me that 'there's no place like home.'

"I think of you often and wish you to remember me. Do you ever write to Alf,² and does he write to you? Give him my love and tell him he must write to me.

"Give my love to mother, grandmother, Aunts Susan, Marg. and Margaret, and to all my friends. Good bye.

"Your uncle,

"Alex."

¹ Mrs. Annie McFadden Hays, the bride of February.

² Alfred Pearson.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO HIS BROTHER, JAMES P. HAYS.

"Steamer 'El Dorado,' March 16, 1846.

"Dear Brother:—

"I will not offer anything to extenuate my gross neglect of you for the last year. Family failings are sometimes difficult to overcome, and I will only promise that the future shall make amends for the past.

"I have never told you, although you have heard it, that I am in the army. After leaving West Point I was ordered to Red River, La., where I remained until last June. We were then ordered to Texas where, under exposures of different kinds, I was broken down, and went to what we called the 'United States.' Instead of remaining in Louisiana to recruit my health, I passed up to 'old home,' and at Pittsburgh took unto myself a wife—one Annie A. McFadden, now Annie A. Hays, and daughter of John B. McFadden, Esq. (jeweler) of said city. No doubt this will all be old news to you, when you receive this, but it is intended as a mere introduction to what follows. You cannot deny me some judgment in female character; and what everybody says must be true—therefore you will find in your sister Annie one of the kindest, sweetest, most interesting young ladies you ever met. I took her to Mercer, where she even pleased sister Mary and Miss Lydia Eliza Louisa P——, although the latter was as jealous of her as bricks.

"It would, of course, have been all one to me as far as the act of marriage was involved, whether my relatives were pleased or not; but now since it is all over, and they are pleased, it is no small gratification, I assure you. I think father feels as I do, that Annie will be all to him that he could desire, in such case I only fear she would be carried to extremes in her anxieties.

"In getting married, I have reasons few imagined. I felt like some of my brothers before me, that I was 'Prone to wander,' and the necessities of a turn 'Now or never.' The consequence was a wife, and there will be a thorough reformation. Further intentions I will give you before I am done. I ask it, as a particular favor, that you will write to Annie as soon as possible. You can send it through father, and you will gratify her very much. I feel the poor girl will feel quite lonesome, but still more, that she will attempt to join me should she hear a report of sickness or distress from me. I may not see her again for a year, certainly not before we leave Texas.

"I am uncertain where I shall be obliged to go until I reach New Orleans. I left my regiment at Corpus Christi, but they have since received orders to march to somewhere on the Rio Grande. I am well pleased with the country, and would be willing to remain there if we had any accommodations. It is, however, perfectly wild and it will be sometime

before it becomes settled. The climate is unequaled, and there is almost perpetual summer. At times the thermometer stands at 105 and 106 degrees, but the gulf breeze has a tendency to overcome the oppressive heat. Game, fish, flesh and fowl abound in myriads through all parts. Altogether, it is the greatest country under the sun. My sickness had no local cause but arose from excessive exposure alone. For two months I was confined to the hospital with fever, and serious apprehensions were entertained for my recovery.

"I would like to give you some account of our landing and passage to the interior, but will not have space I fear. Previous to going there, I had been put upon extra duty for sometime and after we arrived, the old general made it permanent by selecting me for every expedition, sometimes acting as captain of a steamboat, sometimes as skipper of a yawl. On another expedition I was sent to purchase cattle for 'Uncle Sam.' I had no money, only my sweet honest face and that three hundred miles from the army where I was totally unknown. I succeeded in obeying my orders, not without considerable difficulty, and returned, after a month's absence, with eighty yoke, pronounced to be 'the finest lot of cattle ever collected.' Without giving me any rest, I was sent again and again until finally, 'exhausted nature could endure no more,' and I was laid up.

"I am now on my return, I suppose to work all over again, since they have taken the idea that I can do these things better than others. Yes, sir! Even when unwell, I have been requested to take charge of a crew of laborers where there were twenty young men doing nothing, and better paid than I was. Some say I ought to feel flattered. Well, I was, but I found that poor pay and if ever I work as hard again as I have, for 'Uncle Sam' or anyone else, may I be _____.

* * * * *

"Be sure to write soon, through father, and he will be aware of my whereabouts. I will not forgive you if you do not write to your widowed sister Annie.

"Your brother,
"Alex."

"To J. P. Hays, Esq."

This item was clipped from the "Pittsburgh Leader" of July 23, 1885:

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS AND GRANT AT MEXICO

"This morning Gilbert A. Hays, of Sewickley, son of the late Major-General Alexander Hays, presented the Leader with a photograph of General Grant and General Hays, taken

at Camp Salubrity, Louisiana, in 1845, when on their way to the Mexican war. General Grant and General Hays had graduated the year before from West Point, and each with the rank of second lieutenant, were on their way to the front when the daguerreotype was taken. The picture shows the two men dismounted, General Hays holding his horse by the bridle and Grant with his right arm thrown carelessly over the neck of his charger. Both are dressed in the regulation uniform of that day, General Hays wearing shoulder straps and General Grant the stripes on the coat sleeve denoting his rank. Boyish in appearance he has a soldier-like bearing, his military cap setting well down on his big high forehead. The caps worn at that time were unlike the military cap of today, being high with a brim that projected downward over the eyes instead of straight forward as now worn. His face is smooth without the sign of a beard. The photograph is a copy of a daguerreotype now in the possession of General Hays' family. General Hays and General Grant, as before stated, were cadets together at West Point. General Hays was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864."

It is quite evident that when the future generals were "At Mexico," they were at a very large place. The item is erroneous also in the date of graduation of the distinguished soldiers. The reader already knows that Grant was of the class of 1843, and Hays, 1844. General Longstreet in the chapter entitled "The Ante-bellum Life of the Author" in his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," states that the Third and Fourth Infantry regiments were ordered from Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, to Fort Jessup, Louisiana, in May 1844, a few weeks prior to Alexander Hays' graduation. Here General Taylor's little "Army of Observation" was organized, which became the "Army of Occupation," July 25, 1845, at Corpus Christi.

CHAPTER VII.

LANE'S BRIGADE IN MEXICO

THE victorious army of General Scott entered the City of Mexico September 14, 1847. On the 19th, the brigade of Brigadier-General Joseph Lane left Vera Cruz for the capital in charge of a long train of supplies. The brigade was made up of two regiments of volunteer infantry, the 4th Ohio, Colonel Charles H. Brough, and the 4th Indiana, Colonel Willis A. Gorman; a detachment of regular recruits under Capt. Seneca G. Simmons, Seventh U. S. Infantry;¹ a five-gun battery of the Third U. S. Artillery, Capt. George Taylor, 1st Lieut. Horace B. Field; a section of two guns of the Second U. S. Artillery, 1st Lieut. Henry C. Pratt, and a company of Louisiana mounted volunteers, Capt. Lorenzo Lewis. This force was augmented, when ready to move, by another detachment of regular recruits under the command of Capt. Samuel P. Heintzelman, Second Infantry, with whom was Lieut. Alexander Hays, Eighth Infantry. Lieut. Alexander Hays found among his new comrades many who subsequently obtained national distinction. Col. Brough was a brother of John Brough, one of Ohio's war governors; Colonel Gorman, governor of Minnesota (1857-1858), was colonel of the 1st Minnesota Volunteers in the Civil War, obtaining the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers; Lieut.-Colonel Augustus Moor, 4th Ohio, was colonel of 28th Ohio Volunteers in that war and was brevetted brigadier-general of volunteers and 2nd Lieut. Thomas J. Lucas, 4th Indiana, colonel of the 16th Indiana (1861), was brevetted major-general of volunteers—both for gallant and distinguished services. Lieut.-Colonel Ebenezer Dumont, 4th Indiana, was colonel of the 7th Indiana in the Civil War and early a full brigadier-general of volunteers.

Then there was Capt. George E. Pugh, 4th Ohio, later a celebrated attorney in Cincinnati, a representative in Congress, and United States Senator from Ohio.

¹ Capt. Simmons, West Point Class 1834, was killed at Glendale, Va., June 30, 1862, then colonel Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves.

Several other officers under Lane attained distinction in the Civil War, with the rank of colonel of volunteers.¹

General Lane fully appreciated Alexander Hays, recognizing his worth and capacity, and Alexander Hays had ever a kindly word for "Joe" Lane. In a biographical sketch of Alexander Hays, published soon after the Civil War, the statement is boldly made that a distinguished officer once remarked that while on General Lane's staff, Alexander Hays made a military reputation for his chief that afterwards sent him to the United States Senate. Unfortunately the name of this observing officer has not been handed down. Those who followed Alexander Hays in the Civil War will readily believe that wherever Lane led, Alexander Hays was close up.²

General Lane, however, is best known in history from his political life. A native of North Carolina, he was naturally a pro-slavery man and his candidacy with Breckenridge in 1860 was not strange. Of a certainty Lane's Mexican War service was brilliant.³

The story of Lane's brigade has been charmingly told by a noted officer of the United States army⁴ and this work tells also the story of Alexander Hays' services in Mexico after his return from recruiting service.

Letters home in those war days as well as those from the Civil War are now of inestimable value. The daughter of General Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame has recently published his letters from Mexico. Going over the same route as Lane, these letters are especially pertinent.⁵

Always a ready writer, Alexander Hays wrote lengthy and interesting letters to his young wife, and these she loyally

¹ First lieutenants, A. G. Brackett, O. H. P. Carey, Benjamin F. Hays, 4th Indiana; John C. Groom, 4th Ohio Volunteers.

² "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," Mrs. Arabella P. Willson, Albany, 1879—The history of the 126th New York Volunteers. Vide P. 337, *Ibid*.

³ General Lane died in Oregon, April 19, 1881, aged 80.

⁴ Colonel Albert Gallatin Brackett, U. S. A., serving with Lane as a lieutenant in the 4th Indiana in 1850, published "Lane's Brigade In Central Mexico." Colonel Brackett died in Washington, D. C. in 1897. In this little book Lieut. Alexander Hays receives deserving mention.

⁵ "An Artillery Officer In Mexico," Robert Anderson, captain, Third Artillery. "Notes of the Mexican War," J. J. Oswald, Company C, 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers.

preserved, and treasured as most precious in memory, and unpurchasable. A suitable tin box was made their receptacle and for years they were safe; but alas! in one of the movings of the Hays family, some despicable thief, presuming from the appearance of the box that it contained valuables, appropriated it and finding its contents useless, with vandal hands destroyed them. No such thief ever makes restitution; to do so would be to invite apprehension; safer to destroy. Thus Alexander Hays' letters from Mexico, graphic and realistic, terse in diction, were lost to the world, hence even at this late date, the boyish effort of Colonel Brackett comes as a mine of real wealth.¹

Lane left many sick behind and there had been numerous deaths mainly from yellow fever. The first day's march was especially fatiguing. The road lay through sand ridges almost verdureless and was full of deep cuts. The artillery carriages were pushed up the steep ascent by the soldiers. After passing the scene of Harney's fight at the Medellin River the column toiled on to the ruined village of Santa Fe. Only seven miles had been made and the tired men gladly lay down on the soft prairie grass to sleep.²

At sunrise of what turned out an intensely hot day, the column moved without any music, Brackett says, except that made by the swarms of parrots along the road. Many of the recruits and unseasoned soldiers threw away their belongings and accoutrements and had cause to lament later. About noon the advance of the long column had an engagement with guerrillas, who were routed by the cavalry. The brigade went into bivouac at night near a creek where many men became most desperately sick from eating strange fruits, and a most miserable night was passed, but fortunately no one died.

September 21st the column marched 15 miles to the Paso de Ovejas, called by the Americans, "The Robbers' Bridge." This day, too, was oppressively hot, and no incidents worthy of mention occurred, except a needless alarm in the evening. The train was a mile in length, the men concentrating in the village resting the animals until the evening of the 22nd, when they again advanced. The 4th Indiana considerably

¹ Colonel Brackett, when serving in Lane's brigade, was but 18 years old.

² "An Artillery Officer In Mexico," Anderson; P. 133.

in the lead, was attacked by a large body of guerrillas. The train was halted and the lines formed, and Lewis' cavalry charged into the valley below and up a nearby hill, losing their lieutenant, killed instantly, but the cavalry were unable to reach their enemies. A six-pounder cannon, however, which had been unlimbered, sent a charge or two of grape-shot into them, and effectually settled the Mexican appetite for battle.

The way now led over the ancient road, the air sweet with fragrance of unknown plants, and filled with songs of unknown birds, the plain and slopes covered with a wild growth; mimosas, cactuses, acacias, vines with gaudy blossoms trailing among shrubs and the maguey. Ruined churches and haciendas, deserted and ivy-covered, stately and solemn, decked in coronals of flowers, were common and frequent sights, sad evidences of an uncanny desolation.¹

Advancing a few miles, the column was surprised to meet Colonel Hughes,² who had come to Lane's relief on hearing of the attack upon him, but reinforcements were not needed.

Early in the afternoon the marching troops commenced to descend along the hard limestone rock, high hills on each side of the road, and soon the east end of the famous Puente Nacional is in sight, formerly "Puente del Rey," the name changing with the republic to the "National Bridge." Going down the road, two dried-up bodies were discovered, and strips of clothing left no doubt of what they once were. On the ends of bayonets, the putrid bodies were tossed over the rocky declivity, it being impossible to give any other burial.

The grandeur of the scenery about the bridge is unequalled in Mexico. Midway between the east and west ends of the bridge there is a high, rocky eminence on which a fort had been erected. In the surrounding mountain fastnesses, and in the defiles near the bridge, were ample hiding places for guerrillas, and even small armies, and in the revolution which gave Mexico its independence, many combats took place in the vicinity. Previous to the arrival of Lane's brigade, four fights had occurred here, with General Cadwallader, June 10th; General Franklin Pierce, July 16th:

¹ General Anderson notes this profusion of flowers. "An Artillery Officer In Mexico," Robert Anderson; P. 134.

² With the Maryland and District of Columbia Volunteers.

Major Lally, August 12th, and Colonel Hughes had carried the fort on the point of the bayonet September 9th. Nearby—on a hill was a beautiful hacienda, once the property of Santa Anna. Lane's men were not slow to avail themselves of the comforts of the buildings and those of the neighboring deserted village.

Lane was obliged to send back part of his train for provisions and more ammunition and this reduced his force materially, as a strong guard was needed anywhere in Mexico. The little army was not faring sumptuously by any means; hard tack and fresh beef without salt was the daily diet and once for four days, fresh beef and water alone.

Lane pushed on to Jalapa with the whole brigade, except part of the 4th Indiana left to guard the train, but before starting he held a review, a most picturesque and warlike spectacle, with the surroundings of the sublime in nature and the wonderful in engineering, for the bridge was indeed a wonder; finished in 1776, its massive arches spanned the Rio Antaigua, a swift stream rising at the base of Mount Orizaba. Colonel Hughes was left to guard the bridge and garrison the fort.

The road to Jalapa was fearfully rough. The men were hungry, some having only mouldy and sour flour with which to make a few cakes. Along the ascending road filled with loose stones, the column toiled, and a tedious and disagreeable march it was. The march led around the Broken Bridge at Plan del Rio, a single arch span which had been blown up to impede the progress of the Americans, but always resourceful, they had built a road around it and waded the small streams, and pressed on, passing the battle ground of Cerro Gordo, like the National Bridge, capable of being made a modern Thermopylae.

Mementoes of the battle were plenty, the usual debris of a battlefield everywhere in sight. A few bones lay here and there along the road and the long line of abattis still stretched down the hill to the left. Over a steep precipice the bodies of the dead had been thrown, in lieu of burial. Thus Lane and his men pushed their way along the Camino Nacional, that famous road of centuries, and the country now begins to ascend, the road having struck boldly into the mountain side, and the tall slopes of the Sierras have long been in view in bold and inspiring masses. The road winds slowly and

roughly around the scant sides, which have been hewn and notched to receive it, the mountains towering majestically above. Mountainous walls on one side, impenetrable abysses below, immensely deep and rugged ravines, wooded heights in places rising thereout, hemmed in by other eminences; a boundary of rocks and forests through which vision cannot penetrate—such was the scenery and such the journey along the Camino Nacional. At length Jalapa is reached with the lofty Cordilleras in the west to be crossed, and more privations and strenuous work ahead.

The city and department of Jalapa are in the State of Vera Cruz. In beautiful Jalapa Lane's troops obtained a most enjoyable rest. They entered in the midst of a drizzling rain with the sorrowful music of wet drums, and moodily flapping colors, but with the cessation of the rain stout hearts and brave spirits revived, and the troops made a better appearance.

At Jalapa, Major Lally, Ninth U. S. Infantry, was found, after his stirring march up from the coast, during which, out of 1,200 men he had lost 105, and been badly wounded himself. Lieut. Alexander Hays was fortunate to fall in with Capt. Benjamin Alvord and Lieuts. Henderson Ridgeley and David A. Russell, of his old regiment, the Fourth Infantry. Capt. Alvord was acting adjutant general of Lally's command.¹

Lane's stay in Jalapa was brief—only long enough to repair his baggage wagons and obtain mules to take the place of those who had literally laid down and died from fatigue. Colonel Childs was starving and fighting at Puebla and Lane hastened on. The country around was sufficiently floral to arouse the most intense interest in Alexander Hays, and he certainly improved his opportunities. The maguey we know as the century plant—the American aloe. Miles of fence of this wonderful plant were common enough in Mexico. The convolulus, the source of our drugstore jalap—a long creeping vine with handsome white and blue flowers; the bananas, pineapples, cocoanut trees, oranges and lemons, all found admiration and use, but botany does not thrive amid war's disturbing features and sober thoughts prevailed among the rank and file as well as the officers of Lane's brigade, for all

¹ Brevet Major-General Russell, Sixth Corps, killed at the battle of the Opequan, September 19, 1864.

knew the command was cut off from all succor and understood plainly they must work out, fight out their own safety¹

Lane left Jalapa October 1st. A drenching rain soaked everything—torrents of rain that inundated the face of the country like a great lake; in some places on the road, water was a foot to 18 inches in depth. One can imagine such campaigning. The men, marching sullenly along, shielding their muskets as well as they could with their short jackets and blankets, but the cavalymen were a pitiable sight, thoroughly soaked and dripping wet without the opportunity of keeping warm by marching on foot.²

With night comes the steep ascent, for they are now at the foot of the Cordilleras. With increasing altitude comes increasing cold. Only the sounds of the vehicles—the rough jolting of the artillery and the clinking of accoutrements, break the silence. It is no time for talk. Darkness comes on suddenly in those latitudes, demanding a halt. The night is spent without fires, the men partaking of their four days' rations and then, tired, wet and cheerless, they wrap their wet blankets around them and lie down in the mud and water with chills running through their bones, and rolling thunder reverberating in their ears in their oft awakening.

The march was now through a volcanic region. The first camp on this day was at La Hoya, the scene of a fight on June 20th. All day there had been a dense fog which lay close along the mountain tops and left no opportunity to dry out, the command being kept wet, and chilly, but at La Hoya the men were given a good ration of beef from confiscated Mexican cattle.

The next day, after another restless night, the long train a great encumbrance, the command pursued the march. On this day some soldiers who had gone to a road-by spring, were fired upon by lurking guerrillas and three were killed. The cavalry immediately charged the retreating foes and left five stretched upon the ground on their return. At night a

¹ General Winfield Scott was impressed with the grandeur of the scenery en route to the capital. Vide his "Autobiography;" PP. 457, 467, Vol. II. General Anderson also speaks of the natural beauty of this place, the richer soil and Orizaba in plain view. "An Artillery Officer In Mexico;" P. 143.

² As to rains, "Whilst it rained it came literally in torrents, 'a cantaros, a chuzos,'" in the language of the country—"pitchforks, bucketsful." "History of the Mexican War," Willcox; P. 311.

halt was made at Cruz Blanco, and Lane remained here over night and many baggage wagons with camp utensils having broken down, a poor supper awaited the tired men, but the next day the sun shone clear and bright and a more level road served also to gladden, and there was cheer enough for the musicians to get out their instruments, and the command, to the inspiring notes of "Yankee Doodle," marched briskly into Perote, at about 11 A. M. Perote, an adobe built town, with its splendid castle, commanding the country for many miles, a relic of the Spanish days back to 1776, and garrisoned by Major F. L. Bowman of the 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers. The castle had been turned into a hospital and many wounded men, with amputated limbs, from Cerro Gordo, still lay helpless within its solid walls.¹

General Lane, having received information that Santa Anna was concentrating to attack him, to strengthen his force all he could, took the four companies of the 1st Pennsylvania along, the other six, under Lieut.-Colonel Samuel W. Black of Pittsburgh, being with the beleaguered garrison at Puebla. Lane also took along that sturdy ranger, Capt. Samuel H. Walker, and his Mounted Rifles and it proved to his death.

Lane's force now amounted to 3,300 men with seven pieces of artillery, a formidable force, as American forces went in Mexico—a well drilled force, too, and ready for action at any moment. October 5th the command moved forward. The weather was now very hot, and the route was over an extensive sandy plain, a pack of Mexican wolves paralleling the moving column all day. This march was a most distressing one, the men and animals suffering the most intense thirst. In those days the canteens were of India rubber and the water in them became steaming hot, yet on this day, so great was the torture from thirst, that those who were fortunate enough to have any water could obtain as high as \$5.00 for a single drink. Nevertheless, 30 miles were made, and when the town of Tepiacualca was reached, the regimental and battalion commanders were obliged to send back empty wagons to pick up those who had fallen from fatigue, and when the wagons returned, they brought back three soldiers

¹ Perote—The plain less rich and few respectable looking houses. "An Artillery Officer In Mexico;" P. 145.

who would march no more, for that day's march had killed them.

Tepiacualca was a typical Mexican town—a few adobe houses, a plaza, and a stone church, but the people had departed and Lane's men tore down all the wooden parts of the houses for fires. A rigid guard was maintained this night, for a body of Mexican lancers had been plainly seen in the distance—a hard night's service after so fatiguing a day.¹

On the 6th, the command had an issue of fresh pork, the men doing the "issuing" from a herd of 300 belonging to a Mexican. As this day had not been so hot and the men had been well fed, there was not so much suffering. Santa Anna, aware that he could not take Puebla, had come eastward to attack Lane, and to prevent him from joining Childs.

October 8th, the command halted for the night at the hacienda of San Antonio Tamaris and the train closed in close to the walls and cannon were planted. Three miles away was the village of Napaloucan and with its Vesper bells sounding sweetly, telling of repose and quiet. The men of Lane's brigade, after supper, dropped asleep and for not a few it was the last sleep. Arms had been stacked and fires kindled along the lines, and some comfort was obtained.

October 9th was an eventful day. The bivouac was broken at the sudden daybreak. The sun rose in glorious majesty and the entrancing beauty of its rays gilded the distant peaks, and all was calm and still "save the sounds of the drums and the bugles." A quick roll call, a hasty breakfast of hard crackers and coffee, the quick accoutering and "fall-in," and the line was formed and the advance began. Rumors were now thick—Santa Anna was close at hand, and his forces were "variously" estimated—always enough.

The 4th Ohio, Simmons' battalion and Pratt's section of artillery, were left to guard the baggage and all knapsacks. The command moved, Capt. Walker leading with his riflemen; next the two companies of Louisiana cavalry and the Georgia cavalry company, followed by the 4th Indiana and the four companies of the 1st Pennsylvania, under Colonel Wynkoop,

¹ General Anderson spells this, Tepeyahualco, and describes it as a miserable place where the nights were very cold and nothing but maguey plant in sight in the way of vegetation. "An Artillery Officer In Mexico," Capt. Robert Anderson, Third Artillery; P. 150. "a town built of mud houses," Oswandel.

then Lally's battalion, Capt. Heintzleman's battalion the rear guard; in all, about 2,000 men. Through the hot sands and the clouds of dust, the column marched about 10 miles when the cavalry dashed ahead and were soon lost to view. General Lane and staff rode along the line, and soon came the order for the infantry to move in double time, and in a few moments more the exhilarating crack, crack, of the riflemen was heard and the combat of Huamantla had begun. A combat, in a military sense, is an engagement of no great magnitude or an engagement wherein the forces are not armies. Lane's forces were now in plain sight of the city, and a large force of Mexican lancers could be seen on the left going at full speed toward the city. "A beautiful sight," says Brackett; "the showy troops, magnificent in their red and green uniforms, their long bright lances gleaming in the sun, flashed splendidly as they rode with perfect fury, their crimson pennons fluttering gracefully from their lances, and their national flag, a tri-color of green, white and red with the Aztec eagle in the center, rose above the pennons." There then began a race, each party striving to reach the city first, for if the Mexicans arrived first, with the immense disparity of numbers against them, the fate of Lane's small band of cavalry was easily foreseen. Lane's infantry tore through the maguery fields, blood gushing from many men's nostrils, and they strained every effort, but they cannot compete with horsemen, and the Mexicans reach the city, as a maddening cry of disappointment bursts from the enraged Americans, who slacken not their pace. The foot soldiers reached the upper end of a street leading to the plaza, where they were halted for breath, just as a mounted rifleman rode up bareheaded and dropped from his horse, dead, first having torn open his jacket with convulsive grasp, revealing not one, but many ghastly lance wounds, any one of them fatal.¹

At this point the Indiana men divided, one wing going forward into the plaza, and another to the suburbs, Wynkoop and his Pennsylvanians and the artillery moved to the east side of the town; Heintzleman's battalion to the right. Lieut.-Colonel Dumont and his battalion had come suddenly upon the lancers. Quick orders were given—"Ready, aim, fire"—in a flash the Indianians had emptied their muskets and the Mexican force was completely riddled, and men and horses

¹ "General Lane's Brigade In Central Mexico;" P. 90.

rolled over in frantic confusion and many horses and riders never arose again, and as they looked upon the dead men who lay on the ground, the men in blue were awed, for they had been in their first battle, and the awe that was on them was the awe of death, and they themselves had not come out unscathed—nine had fallen, three dead, and one was missing. The Indiana men placed their colors on the arsenal in the plaza, the color guard killing some Mexicans who attempted to keep them out.

When Capt. Walker's cavalry charged into the plaza, he found a body of Mexican infantry and some artillery. In a brief, fierce encounter, the enemy were driven off, leaving three cannon in Walker's possession. Walker's men, supposing the conflict over, were resting themselves, when 2,000 lancers, commanded by Santa Anna himself, charged into the square. The American cavalry, knowing they could not withstand so great a number, took refuge in a church yard with a high stone wall around it. The brave Walker, however, in endeavoring to save the guns was made a target for the enemy's escopettes, two balls of large calibre striking him almost at the same moment, one passing through his head and the other through his breast. His death was instantaneous, and his faithful slave was killed almost at his side. The Mexicans captured one gun, losing many men in the attempt. Capt. Besancon's company of Louisianians, under their impetuous leader, cut their way through the Mexicans like a whirlwind, but not without loss. When the enemy were no longer to be fought, all the houses in the town were searched and a number of prisoners were taken. Many fine houses were broken open and looted. A large amount of ammunition was found and destroyed. The beautiful fountain in the plaza had been filled with gunpowder, rendering the water unfit for use, and powder was scattered on the ground about, to the depth of several inches. This was the last battle Santa Anna fought against the Americans. He made his escape with a few lancers and retired to Tehuacan. One naturally feels like writing something of this notorious revolutionist, militair, agitator, demon, general, scoundrel—whatever he may be called, but let it suffice to say that Santa Anna was a most timid soldier and justly, years back, had earned and still occupied a place in the front rank of the world's historic blackguards, and he who wishes to read the generalization of

his character will find it most thoroughly and truthfully done by Brantz Mayer, in the last pages of his first volume on Mexico,¹ and it is good reading, too. Lane and his men, however, were not through with him as will appear.

October 9th, Lane assembled his different battalions at night in the plaza. 13 men were killed, 19 wounded, some mortally, and 10 were missing. After the engagement, when General Lane had moved on to Puebla, a number of Americans who remained behind in Huamantla intoxicated, were killed by the returning enemy.

Besides Walker, five of his men were killed, seven wounded and six were missing, nearly half the total losses in the brigade. The dead and wounded were carried back to San Antonio Tamaris the next day, Sunday, and buried without coffins. Capt. Walker lay side by side with his negro servant, for in death the color line had been wiped out, and the slave and the owner were mere humanity.

Samuel H. Walker was a native of Maryland. He had emigrated at an early age to the Republic of Texas and had served as a volunteer soldier in the Creek War and then in Florida. He had been with General Taylor in his battles, and had been previously captured in the Mier expedition but had escaped from the Mexicans at Tacubaya and after great hardships, had reached Tampico and New Orleans. While serving with Taylor he was in command of a company of Texan rangers, but on account of his reputation as a daring commander and drillmaster, had been appointed to the regular army and assigned to the Mounted Rifles. He was a medium-sized man, light complexioned, and mild in his expression, a soldier though by nature, and a product of that type of soldier born of the strange tempestuous times. His body was buried in a separate grave, and after the war, removed to Texas. When the earth closed on him at San Antonio Tamaris, his men wept—rough men; brave men; men used to seeing human lives snuffed out in a moment—wept because their chief had fallen, and he had been a just chief as well as a gallant one. Colonel Wynkoop read the service, and a company of Ohio volunteers fired the regulation volleys.²

¹ "Mexico: Aztec, Spanish, Republican;" P. 431, et seq. Consult also Winfield Scott's "Autobiography," Vol. II.; P. 466. "History of Mexico," Bancroft, Vol. V.; P. 533.

² Capt. Walker was an old comrade of Alexander Hays'. Vide Chapter V.; P. 48. "History of Mexico," Bancroft, Vol. V.; P. 528.

A more recent historian of the Mexican War, H. O. Ladd, justly states that this war formed an epoch in the history of the United States, from which dates that heroic spirit of patriotism and those marvelous qualities of the American soldier of the last generation, which became so conspicuous in the Civil War, preparing for it some of the ablest officers and leaders. Professor Ladd in commendable admiration of the chivalric Walker, devotes several pages of his admirable little work to a description of the battle of Huamantla, and says of Walker: "No man in all the war died more regretted. None fell who combined so many qualities of the prompt, daring, energetic, yet cool and self-contained soldier in the hour of the greatest peril. The commanding general [Lane], in his report, said of Huamantla: 'This victory is saddened by the loss of one of the most chivalric, noble-hearted men that graced the profession of arms, Capt. Samuel H. Walker, of the Mounted Riflemen. Foremost in the advance, he had routed the enemy when he fell mortally wounded.'" ¹

In the afternoon, Lane renewed his march, taking his wounded along. To have abandoned them would have consigned them to a terrible death. The evening found the command at Napaloucan, only three miles from the hacienda. Strong guards were placed, and comfortable quarters found by all men not on duty. The guards were fired on this night and the men were under arms twice.

El Pinel was passed safely on the 11th. This was a mountain pass and could have been effectually used to shut off any army, but Santa Anna was a weak strategist, and along the side of the mountain, a steep ascent on the left and a deep precipice on the right, Lane and his small fighting force, marched on without opposition only to be fired on from ambush when through the pass. The Ohio regiment was quickly deployed and scoured the side of the mountain nearest them, but without avail. The miscreants had escaped. They were generally safe before they ventured an attack.

¹ "The War With Mexico," Horatio O. Ladd (University of New Mexico), 1883; P. 260, et seq. Consult also General Robert Anderson's mention of Puebla in his recently published letters, "An Artillery Officer In Mexico;" PP. 170, 183. History of the Mexican War, Wilcox; P. 498, Lane's report, ex. doc., Senate No. 1, Thirtieth Congress, first session. Vide also a recent work, "The United States and Mexico," Geo. L. Rives, Vol. II.; PP. 571-572; "History of Mexico," Bancroft, Vol. V.; P. 530.

The command toiled on until midnight, reaching Ama-soque at that hour, and were quartered in the various buildings, having made 30 miles during the day, and Puebla still 10 miles away. The men were very tired, so Lane decided to wait until morning and although a combat was expected, all slept.

October 12th was warm; a few miles march and the broad valley of Puebla, locked in by towering mountains, burst upon the view, a charming landscape, a magnificent vision. Far away at the head of the valley could be seen the numerous spires of the city and above all, the more sombre towers of the great cathedral. In front, 30 miles away, arose the gigantic forms of the twin volcanoes, their lofty crests, eternally white, lost in the ponderous day clouds. The convent of Guadelpo lay on a hill to the right, and still further on was Fort Loretto. Clouds of smoke, wreathing and curling in the distance every few minutes, left no doubt as to their origin, and anon the dull boom of the far-away cannon, hastened the marching feet, and by 9 o'clock the outskirts of Puebla were reached, but the treacherous enemy were awake, and passing a ruined church, a volley penetrated the ranks, and a private of the Ohio regiment fell dead. The fire was returned and without orders, the Ohio men rushed the church and killed and captured the remaining enemy.

In the disposition of the troops the 4th Ohio entered the city by the main road, Wynkoop's Pennsylvanians and Simmons' battalion supporting. The 4th Indiana proceeded further to the left and entered by another street; Major Lally's command by still another street. The enemy, secreted in the houses and on the house tops, poured many volleys into the advancing columns; volleys even coming from houses where a white flag was displayed. The 4th Indiana picked off the treacherous foes from the house tops, firing by platoons. Lieut.-Colonel Dumont had a narrow escape, his life being saved by his horse rearing at the flash of the gun aimed at him, the ball grazing the gallant Dumont. The Mexicans were under the command of General Rea, and it took two hours of such fighting to drive him out of the city, and it was 3 o'clock before Brough's and Gorman's weary men entered the plaza. The great cathedral is at the left and the governor's palace at the right of the square and there was not a single Mexican in sight of a city of 80,000 inhabitants.

Lane's other regiments came up silently and halted in the square.

Puebla is 70 miles from the City of Mexico. General Scott had left Colonel Childs in Puebla in charge of 1,800 sick and wounded of his army. Childs' men were few, a company of the Third Dragoons under Capt. Ford, Capts. Miller's and Kendrick's batteries, and Lieut.-Colonel Samuel W. Black with six companies of the 1st Pennsylvania, in all 393 men; but during the siege, with some of the convalescents daily becoming fit for duty, Childs' effectives were augmented to about 1,400 and these were actively engaged from day to day. Childs' disposition of his troops was a garrison at the Cuartel San Jose, one in Fort Loretto, and one in the convent of Guadelope, which are about half a mile away from the Cuartel and connected with the city. San Jose was Childs' depot of supplies.

Everything about Puebla was quiet when Scott was thundering at the gates of the capital but the Mexicans, thoroughly whipped there, bethought themselves of Puebla and revenge. After various skirmishes in one of which 10 men out of 26 quartermaster's hands were killed, a large force of the enemy appeared at Puebla, September 14th, and a regular siege commenced. Day and night Childs' little band was assailed and everything in the way of animals that would supply food was driven from the vicinity. Cuartel¹ is a large square surrounded on three sides by barracks, and into this the wide-awake Americans had previously driven many cattle and sheep, and this act proved their salvation in one sense. The Mexicans, after many efforts, were unsuccessful in turning the stream of water that supplied the garrison. Santa Anna appeared September 22nd and took command. On the 25th Major Iturbide, subsequently captured at Huamantla, summoned Childs to surrender, but Childs declined, stating that Americans were not generally of a surrendering nature.

Colonel Thomas Childs was not a beloved commander, but he was a thorough and trained soldier, and hemmed in on all sides, could only hold on. His men were proud of him, and when he stated he would die rather than yield to his treacherous enemy, the troops cheered him and resolved to die with him if it came to that. It will not do, in the limits

¹ Also spelled "Quartel."

of this volume, to tell all the incidents of the siege of Puebla. Pittsburgh was represented there with her gallant soldier, the eloquent-tongued, the knightly "Sam" Black, who fell at Gaines' Mills, June 27, 1862. The "Duquesne Greys" of Pittsburgh, Capt. John Herron, Company K of the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment were there, and Company A., the Jackson Independent Blues of Pittsburgh was in Lane's succoring brigade, Capt. Alexander Hay¹ originally, but succeeded soon after arriving in Mexico by 1st Lieut. James O'Hara Denny; and he in turn by Capt. William A. Charlton, and this company was particularly gallant at Huamantla.

Alexander Hays, thus found among the relieved garrison of Puebla many of his subsequent townsmen and warm friends. There were Richard C. Drum of Greensburg, a private in the Greys, promoted second lieutenant in the Ninth U. S. Infantry, who died a few years ago; in the great war assistant adjutant-general, U. S. A., and brevet brigadier-general, U. S. A.; Third Sergeant Robert Anderson, colonel of the Ninth Pennsylvania Reserves; Fourth Sergeant Charles W. Hambright, colonel of the 79th Pennsylvania Volunteers during the War of the Rebellion; Private Norton McGiffin, afterwards Lieut. Hays' superior officer as lieutenant-colonel of the 12th Pennsylvania Volunteers in 1861; Private James S. Negley, later Major-General James S. Negley, and in command of the 5th Brigade, Pennsylvania troops in the three months service. Private John Poland, major of the 102nd Regiment, killed at Malvern Hill, was in the ranks with the "Greys," but Private Oliver H. Rippey, colonel of the 61st Pennsylvania, who fell at Fair Oaks, had been detailed and had gone on with Scott's army, so that of the three Pittsburgh colonels of the 61st, 62nd and 63rd Pennsylvania regiments, and all slain in the great war, only two met in Puebla when "Joe" Lane fought his way there. In the "Jackson Blues" there were also Pittsburghers destined to know and esteem Alexander Hays in higher rank. There were James C. Hull, fourth sergeant, a boy of 19, who was lieutenant-colonel of the 62nd Pennsylvania after the death of peerless Black, Hull, too, slain, at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8, 1864; and Private James T. Shannon, captain of Company C, 9th Pennsylvania Reserves, who fell at Second Bull Run.

¹ Alexander Hay too often confounded by careless writers with Alexander Hays.

Pittsburgh furnished three other companies: The Hibernian Greens, Capt. Robert Porter, which was Company I of the 2nd Regiment under Colonel Geary with Scott's army. Capt. P. N. Guthrie's was in the 11th U. S. Infantry and Capt. Thomas A. Rowley's company was assigned to Colonel Hughes' Maryland and the District of Columbia regiment and all of these troops lost heavily in the war.¹

The companies of Capt. Small and Capt. Herron had been most gallant in the besieged citadels, making several sorties and driving the enemy. Shortly before the relieving column arrived, two companies of the 1st Pennsylvania, Hill's and Herron's, under Colonel "Sam" Black, marched down the main street of Puebla to silence a well-sustained fire of the enemy, and join the battalion of the regiment coming up with Lane. Before the approach of Black's battalion a company of lancers were seen retiring. Capt. Herron was ordered to march around a square and cut off their retreat but another company of lancers was coming in his front, and with one in the rear, Herron was completely hemmed in. The "Greys" fired a quick volley into the foe, killing and wounding many, but the enemy immediately closed in. The loud clashing of the lances against the American bayonets at close quarters, brought Colonel Black and Capt. Hill's company to the rescue, but not before 13 out of 30 men in Herron's company had been killed and nine wounded, including the captain and but for the timely arrival of Black, fortunately nearby, the "Duquesne Greys" of Pittsburgh on that day would have been wiped out.

All of the glorious deeds of Childs' men cannot be mentioned. Colonel Black was in command at San Jose and Capt. Morehead at the convent of Guadalupe. The siege of Puebla was the most protracted event in the war, and it is almost incredible that so small a force could hold out so long against such odds. Childs' little band had suffered to the extent of 87 before Lane came, and the enemy's losses were

¹ For rosters vide "History of the Mexican War," C. M. Wilcox, Eleventh Infantry, P. 643; Pennsylvania regiments, P. 685; Maryland, 672. Thomas A. Rowley was colonel of the 13th Pennsylvania Volunteers in 1861, in the three months service, later colonel of the 102nd Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, both of which he organized in Pittsburgh. He commanded the Third Division, First Corps, at Gettysburg, on the first day, and attained the full rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. He died in Pittsburgh, May 14, 1891.

estimated at over 500. The gallant Childs perished six years later of cholera at Fort Brooke, Fla. He was brevetted brigadier-general, U. S. A., for his services at Puebla.

Atlixco is the next name on the list of the Mexican engagements in which Lieut. Alexander Hays was present. Atlixco is a town in the State of Puebla and the engagement there is mentioned in Brantz Mayer's account of Lane's operations in Central Mexico previously referred to.¹ This engagement took place October 19th, 10 days after Huamantla.

The affair was an inspiring one. The enemy had contested every practical position of the road leading to the town, and routed and driven from each of these with loss, by the cavalry under the command of Cpts. Ford and Lewis, they lined the hedges and house tops on the outskirts of the town, and discharged repeated volleys of small arms as the head of the infantry column approached. Darkness coming on and the plan of the town being unknown to Lane, the enemy apparently being in force with artillery, the general with the concurrence and approbation of all his field officers near him at the time, ordered the artillery to open and continue firing until the enemy's musketry was silenced. Even under such circumstances the town was not surrendered until the Americans entered in force. There was every evidence that the Mexicans made use of the churches and their appendent buildings as barracks and even concealed cannon in a church. The loss of the Mexicans commanded by General Rea in and around Atlixco was 219 killed and over 300 wounded, while Lane lost but 3; 1 private killed, 1 wounded and 1 missing. Lane returned to Puebla October 21st.²

The siege of Puebla is officially mentioned by the commander-in-chief.³

¹ "Mexico: Aztec, Spanish, Republican;" P. 422. "The United States and Mexico," Geo. L. Rives, Vol. II.; PP. 573,574; "Notes of the Mexican War," J. J. Oswandel; P. 366.

² General Ripley deigned to notice this affair. He says: "Rea fled to Matamoras, 11 leagues distant, with two pieces of artillery." "War With Mexico," R. S. Ripley, Vol. II.; P. 508.

³ Vide "Autobiography of Lieut.-General Scott," Vol. II.; P. 550; Vide Senate documents, Thirtieth Congress, first session; 471-475; "War With Mexico," R. S. Ripley, Vol. II.; P. 491; "History of Mexico," Hubert Howe Bancroft, Vol. V.; P. 528; "The United States and Mexico," Geo. L. Rives; PP. 570-574; "Notes of the Mexican War," Oswandel; PP. 248-346, a full account from a private's diary. "Mexico, etc.," History of Nations series, Lodge, Vol. XXII.; PP. 272-273.

"Retiring from the capital, Santa Anna collected several fragments of his late army and laid siege to Puebla, the garrison of which being considerably less than was intended; for, although on advancing from that city I gave the strictest orders that all convalescents as well as the sick should be left behind, about 600 of the former imposed themselves upon their medical and company officers as entirely restored to health. For stationary or garrison duty they would have been fully qualified, but proved a burden to the advancing columns; for they soon began to break down and to creep into the subsistence wagons faster than these were lightened by the consumption of the troops. The siege was prosecuted with considerable vigor for 28 days and nobly repulsed by our able and distinguished commander, Colonel Childs with his gallant but feeble garrison, at all points and at every assault. During these arduous and protracted operations the glory of our arms was nobly supported by officers and men. Colonel Childs especially commends by name—and no doubt justly—the skill, zeal and prowess of Lieut.-Colonel Black and Capt. Small, both of the Pennsylvania Volunteers; and the highly accomplished Capt. Kendrick [now professor] U. S. 4th Artillery, chief of that arm."¹

General Scott has not a word of Lane and his succoring brigade. Lane was a "hot Democrat," so to speak, and Scott a Whig. Scott did not love the administration, and says so in his autobiography.

With Lane there were over 4,000 American troops in Puebla of whom 1,000 were sick, leaving 3,000 effectives, so that Lane had opportunity to make expeditions and still leave a sufficient garrison.

October 29th, General Lane made a descent upon Tlascala.² Tlascala is a small city in the territory of the same name, in 1847 an independent territory. Here Cortez fought and conquered the Tlascalians who joined him thereafter in his conquest of the Aztecs. The action at Tlascala was fought November 9th and the troops engaged were 20 picked men from each company of the Ohio and Indiana regiments, 400 in all, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Dumont, and two companies of mounted men; riflemen and cavalry, General Lane accompanying. The object of the expedition was

¹ Capt. Kendrick was professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology at West Point during Alexander Hays' cadet course and again in 1857, where he remained for a number of years. His regiment, however, was the 2nd Artillery.

² Mayer's spelling—Tlascala—West Point records and geographers "Tlaxcala."

the recapture of a rich train belonging to Mexican merchants, taken by Rea. Some of Rea's men, having abandoned their horses on Lane's arrival in the town, hastily hid in the houses, but were hunted out and there was much firing in the streets, most of the enemy as usual getting away, though a number were killed. Much live stock and 50 mustangs were captured, also some guerrillas. The Indiana troops lost two men in this affair. The combatants were vastly disproportionate but the boldness and promptness of the Americans won. The expedition returned to Puebla on the 11th of November.

Lane's forces were soon after reinforced by five companies of Texan rangers under command of the celebrated Colonel "Jack" Hays, between whom and Lieut. Alexander Hays a warm attachment sprang up. John Coffee Hays was about the same age as his friend Alexander Hays, having been born in 1818 in Wilson County, Tennessee. In 1837 he removed to Texas, and in 1840 became a major in the service of that republic and this service was on the frontier against the Indians. With Samuel H. Walker as lieutenant-colonel, he had fought bravely under Taylor, but only part of his regiment was under Scott, the balance having been left on the Rio Grande. After the war, "Jack" Hays joined the throngs hastening to California, where, in 1850, Alexander Hays speaks of meeting him in San Francisco, and in 1854 Brackett states he was surveyor general of the state, as he was by profession a surveyor and had followed it at San Antonio, Texas, previous to his military career. He was a strict disciplinarian and had a characteristic and odd appearing command, without uniforms, armed with rifles, pistols and revolvers, and they could use them effectually. "Jack" Hays had an adventurous career previous to the war with Mexico. He once told Alexander Hays, in his quiet way, that of a company of 90 men in which he had served in the Texan revolution, at that time [1847], there were but three survivors.

Colonel "Jack" Hays' men thought particularly well of Alexander Hays, for they presented him with a handsome sword which is still in the possession of his children, yet a cherished souvenir of Mexico, and a proof of brave men's appreciation.

November 22nd, General Lane received information that the Mexicans were assembling in force at Matamoras in the State of Puebla, and on that evening he set out with 160

mounted men, rangers, riflemen and cavalry, Colonel "Jack" Hays', Capt. Roberts' company, and Lewis' Louisiana cavalry, and one cannon with a squad under Lieut. Horace B. Field. Though it was a rainy night, the distance, 54 miles, was accomplished by morning and a rapid and impetuous charge made into the town, carrying everything before it, killing the Mexican commander and some other officers, capturing three cannon and a large number of smaller arms and quantities of ammunition, and many horses, and releasing 21 American soldiers who were prisoners. Most of the ammunition was destroyed because it could not be taken away. On the return to Puebla the next day, the 24th, while moving with difficulty through the long mountain pass called Galaxara, about five miles from Matamoras, the small train being somewhat extended, the enemy, a heavy body of lancers, appeared in front. The rangers having got busy with their rifles and small arms, were charged by the enemy before they could reload, but they retired coolly. The affair was soon brought to an end by several discharges of grape and canister from the single cannon, fired by the general with a lighted cigar. Lane had four men killed and four wounded. Among the killed was Lieut. Henderson Ridgeley, Fourth Infantry, a Marylander, appointed from civil life, who was killed in a charge upon the enemy. In 60 hours energetic "Joe" Lane had traveled 120 miles, fought and defeated the enemy twice, and broke up their depots so that they abandoned Matamoras as they had Atlixco.

A similar expedition was made on the night of December 5th, consisting of four companies of the 4th Indiana with Lieut.-Colonel Dumont in command of the battalion, and Lewis' cavalry, Lane as usual accompanying the command, which marched seven miles towards Chohula to a hacienda where, in the midst of a fearful storm, a band of guerrillas were surprised and a hot fight took place in which Lieut. Brackett had a close call from being killed by a blow on the head which rendered him hors de combat for some time. The guerrillas were completely routed, 14 being killed, three wounded and seven captured. Two Indiana men were killed. Thirty horses, many lances, sabers and other arms were captured in this guerrilla den. The Mexican dead were piled in a heap and everything inflammable about the ranch was put to the torch. Lane and his little band were back in Puebla

at 9 o'clock in the morning. This was a sample fight of dashing "Joe" Lane and his method of warfare.

In the voluminous and scholarly work of Brantz Mayer on Mexico, the expedition of Lane's brigade is succinctly told on a single page. But Historian Mayer could have said much more, for his brief page does Lane scant justice.¹

There is yet in possession of the Hays family, a Mexican lance, captured by Alexander Hays himself and most probably here, where the conflict was close. It is of record that Lieut. Alexander Hays was in all these engagements; wherever Lane was, Alexander Hays was close by.

For some weeks after the expedition of December 5th, affairs in Puebla were quiet. Generals William O. Butler and Robert Patterson arrived with fresh troops and proceeded to the capital taking all of Lane's regulars with them. Lane himself went to the City of Mexico on December 14th and remained a month. A strong force was kept at Puebla. The city was infested with guerrillas who shot down Americans whenever opportunity presented. Such murders were frequent; often in the streets. Summary measures failed to prevent these outrages.

Alexander Hays while at Puebla, had opportunity to making the acquaintance of the subsequently renowned Elisha Kent Kane, then a surgeon in the United States navy, who was lying wounded in Puebla, having received a severe wound in saving the life of the Mexican General Gaona, a prisoner in the hands of Colonel Dominguez and his "Contra guerrillas," a choice collection of cut-throats warring against their kindred and kind. Dominguez and his men had been assigned as a bodyguard for Dr. Kane, who was a bearer of dispatches to General Scott. For a time Kane's life was despaired of.²

On the 18th, General Lane moved out from the City of Mexico with four companies of Colonel "Jack" Hays' rangers, two companies of the Third Dragoons, and a company of mounted riflemen under Major William H. Polk of Tennessee, a brother of the President—a secret expedition under special orders of General Scott. In numbers these troops were about 350 men. They reached Puebla on the 20th, Lieut.-Colonel Dumont and a few mounted soldiers of the 4th Indiana

¹ "Mexico: Aztec, Spanish, Republican;" P. 422.

² "Lane's Brigade in Central Mexico," Brackett; P. 222, et seq.

were allowed to join the expedition, also Capt. Pugh of the 4th Ohio, the latter serving as an aide-de-camp to General Lane, and among others of the staff was Lieut. Alexander Hays.

After dark on the next day, in a chilling rain, the little command marched out of Puebla. The night was intensely dark, and the men were surprised to find themselves on the national road moving east, but when Amasoque was reached, the general took a new and strange road to all but himself; a broad highway, that in 10 miles became little better than a mule path, and the horses were soon going over bare and ragged limestone rock. At 5 A. M., the command reached the village of Santa Clara, at the foot of a range of mountains, and took up quarters in a hacienda, having come 40 miles. Here General Lane stated that the object of the expedition was the capture of Santa Anna, of whom the general had information, and that he was at Tehuacan with 150 men. In order to keep the expedition a secret, every Mexican at the hacienda was put under arrest and kept close until evening, when the Americans, upon departing, released them, thinking they had done the wise thing [and they had at that time] and in the fervent hope that they would soon have the wily Santa Anna in custody. Tehuacan was 40 miles away.

The party were not long on their way when, before the moon arose, the general and staff in advance, in a deep and narrow cut, rode into a party of eight armed Mexicans who were immediately disarmed. In the rear was a carriage from which stepped a Mexican gentleman with a passport from General Smith to travel with his escort from Mexico to Orizaba and back. The escort's arms were then returned, and the cavalcade suffered to proceed. It turned out that this was a most unfortunate meeting for General Lane.

It was Lane's intention to get to Tehuacan by two in the morning, thinking the 40 miles could be traversed in seven hours, but he had no knowledge of the nature of the road, and depended upon his Mexican guide, who was faithful but uneasy all the way, and much to Lane's distrust. Jaded horses gave signs that they must not be pushed, and the road was rocky and uneven. In consequence, slow progress was made despite the urgent and repeated requests of the guide to hurry. When within five miles of Tehuacan, positive information having been obtained by the guide that Santa Anna was there, a halt was made of an hour and this, while

necessary from a humane sense, was fatal to the success of the expedition.

A silent march ensued, though the country about was most impressive. A steep precipice arose on the right, on the left a chapparal; between the column and the town, a range of high mountains, and through the gorges could at times in the moonlight be discerned the snowy and brilliant peak of Orizaba. Here was a mere handful of men in an enemy's country, 80 to 100 miles from reinforcements, treading strange roads that never before knew the presence of American arms, and the presumption was not untenable that the enemy might have received intelligence of their advance and collected a formidable force, but everyone in Lane's little force was a fighter. They had confidence in their general, an abiding confidence in his sagacity and skill, as well as a full knowledge of his bravery.

When day broke, Lane's men were but half a mile from the town. A solitary gun was heard, and then rapidly moving lights seen, and the expectation of success became almost supreme. The bird was there and caged. The "rifles" and dragoons dashed pell mell into the town, deploying right and left, and in a few minutes every outlet was stopped. There was no enemy in sight. Lane's men glanced at the house tops warily. No hostile shots greeted them. They formed in squads and galloped through the streets. No enemy was found, and soon the entire command had the extreme mortification to learn that Santa Anna, always a good runner, was two hours on his way to Oajaca with an escort of only 75 lancers.

There was ample evidence that the coming of the Americans was known, for from the residences of foreigners were hung out their national flags, and from the residences of the Mexicans, white flags were suspended, and Lane and his hardy band learned, with increased chagrin, that the Mexican, whose escort they had released, had sent a servant by a short route over the mountains, and Santa Anna was warned in time, and thus, by the treachery of a man traveling under an American safeguard, Lane was completely foiled.

The pursuit was given up, the general wisely arguing that the doughty Mexican was alarmed, and to pursue him in his own haunts, where his forces might accumulate, and on

roads unknown to the Americans, would be seeking danger with scarcely a probability of success.

Santa Anna had departed so suddenly that he left his wardrobe behind, and Lane's men possessed themselves of all his military property, his costly canes, his field glass, and three trunks of lady's clothing, the latter being turned over to the Alcalde of the town as the property of Santa Anna's wife, and a receipt taken for them, and a letter to Santa Anna so stating.

January 24th, General Lane left Tehuacan for Orizaba and halted in the evening at the village of Acalcingo, situated at the base of the intervening mountains, and on the afternoon of the 25th, entered the city of Orizaba—in the best part of Mexico, in the famous valley of the same name, part of the State of Vera Cruz.¹

On the 28th General Lane, with three companies of "Jack" Hays' Texans, and a company of dragoons, marched to Cordova, also in the state of Vera Cruz, 20 miles from Orizaba. On the way, meeting a party of armed Mexicans, a short conflict ensued in which the Mexicans were put to the usual flight. Lieut. Alexander Hays accompanied this small expedition.

On hearing that Colonel Bankhead, with a large American force, was on his way to Cordova, General Lane returned to Orizaba where Major Polk exercised the functions of governor until January 31st. Lane returned to Puebla February 3rd. Lieut. Alexander Hays and the other officers with Lane were complimented in his official report. On the way back, the command experienced some very cold weather in the mountains.

Previous to the departure of Lane in quest of Santa Anna, Brigadier-General Thomas F. Marshall had arrived in Puebla with his brigade on the way to the capital. Among these troops was a battalion of the Fifth Infantry under Major Dixon S. Miles, who had distinguished himself at the siege of Fort Brown, and who surrendered Harper's Ferry to the Confederates in September, 1862, where he met his death.

January 11, 1848, Major Generals David E. Twiggs and

¹ Tehuacan and Orizaba, vide "War With Mexico," Ripley; PP. 578, 579, and escape of Santa Anna, *ibid*; P. 580; also "Story of Mexico," Susan Hale, P. 340. "History of the Mexican War," Wilcox, P. 527. "United States and Mexico," Rives, P. 575; "History of Mexico," Bancroft, Vol. V., P. 533, footnote.

Franklin Pierce arrived from Mexico, Pierce on his way home, and about this time a young officer, was assigned to the brigade, and Alexander Hays met an old antagonist in the person of 2nd Lieut. William L. Crittenden, First Infantry, who had been in service with Taylor on Texas soil and was now returning from recruiting service and duty at Vera Cruz. Mention has been made of Crittenden's fate in the chapter of West Point graduates.¹

February 4th, a fight occurred on the road between Puebla and Amasoque. Lally's cavalry overtook a force of guerrillas reported to be in the vicinity, and made short work of them. Two rounds of musketry were enough; 15 were killed and the rest captured, and three of these, convicted of murder, were hung in the plaza in Puebla on the 8th of February, with the troops drawn up in a hollow square. This execution caused a panic among the thousands of spectators and a thrilling scene ensued but there was no outbreak. February 27th, Capt. Herrman Kessler of the 4th Ohio [then in command of a provisional battery of two guns], with two privates was brutally murdered by guerrillas while on their way to the capital. Lieut.-Colonel Moor and two companions fought their way out of the ambush and were saved by the efforts of General Torrejon, then a paroled prisoner. The affair happening a few miles from Torrejon's home, he contrived also to send word to Puebla—and Moor and his companions were saved. Capt. Kessler, a Saxon, had been classmate of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, at Dresden. Kessler was an accomplished soldier and an artist of marked ability. He had designed and completed a beautiful medal, a tribute from the officers of the brigade to General Lane, and was on his way to present it. The medal with all his other effects was taken from his shockingly mutilated body. This affair was but incidental to the dangerous service of American troops in Mexico, and the years since have brought no change in Mexican methods of warfare. Alexander Hays was a subscriber to the Lane medal but at the time was absent with his chief on the expedition to Sequaltiplan.² The official report of General Lane of this

¹Vide ante, Chapter III; P. 24.

²This place is spelled "Zacuiltaplan" on General Hays' monument at Pittsburgh. Lane spells it Ciqualtiplan, West Point records "Sequaltiplan."

expedition to Major-General Butler who succeeded General Scott in command February 19th, is as follows:

"Mexico, March 3rd, 1848.

"Sir—I have the honor to submit for the information and consideration of the commander-in-chief, the following report of the late expedition of the mounted troops under my command against the guerrillas infesting the country north and northeast of this city.

"In obedience to my instructions, I left this city February 17th with 250 Texas rangers under command of Colonel Hays; 130 men of the Third Dragoons and rifles, commanded by Major Polk, and the company of contra-guerrillas of Colonel Dominguez, for the purpose of scouring the mountainous country north of the Rio Frio. I followed the main road leading to Vera Cruz, as far as the hacienda of San Felipe; and returning from thence several miles, I deflected to the right in the direction of Tulancingo—in which place, from reliable information, I had reason to believe I would find General Paredes, also Almonte, and the famous guerrilla chief, Padre Jarauta, with a considerable force. I arrived at Tulancingo on the morning of the 22nd and attempted, by rapid movement of a small portion of my force, to surprise the town; but information had preceded me, and all the force of the enemy left in consequence—Jarauta having left several days before. General Paredes alone remained and escaped by a mere miracle, and our ignorance of the localities. To his family, which remained, and to all the inhabitants of the place, the utmost courtesy and protection was afforded, as far as it was within the power of my officers.

"Early on the morning of the 23rd, Major Polk, with a small detachment of his command, proceeded to a large hacienda, about a league distant from Tulancingo, where General Paredes was reported to have taken refuge. Paredes was not found.

* * * * * * * * * *

"From further reliable information received, that Jaurata had retired with his whole force to the town of Sequatiplan, situated in the mountains, about 75 miles north of Tulancingo, I left the latter place, sending the sick in charge of Colonel Dominguez to the City of Mexico, and arrived, after a forced march, immediately after daybreak on the 25th, in the vicinity of Sequatiplan.

"With the Texas rangers in advance, I marched my force with a rapid charge down the town. Near the suburbs, a heavy fire was opened on the rangers from a quartel to the right, which was immediately returned with fatal effect from their unerring rifles. One company remained to keep the enemy in check, the remainder marched forward to the

main plaza, receiving a fire from both sides of the street. Passing through the plaza accompanied by Lieuts. Hays and Haslett and several of the Texans, I found some 300 yards beyond another quartel, from which a fire was opened upon us; another force of the enemy's lancers was discovered beyond, and believing our force too small to contend with the whole of the enemy should a combined attack be made upon us, although I had been joined by Capt. Daggett of the rangers, with several of his company, I dispatched my aid, Lieut. Alexander Hays, who soon returned with a reinforcement of rangers. The fire of the enemy from the quartel having redoubled, I ordered the Texans to dismount, when the conflict became more animated and equal. The distance between the combatants was at no time more than 30 feet, and frequently muzzle to muzzle, until it became necessary to make a charge to dislodge the enemy from his position. I consequently ordered a charge, which was gallantly led by the officers and promptly followed by the men, driving the enemy before them, until they took refuge in the quartel, disputing, however, every inch of the ground. Here the contest became most desperate, although brief; the doors were forced and the superiority of our men and arms was soon shown in the termination of the conflict. About 30 of the enemy, including several officers, were killed and several taken prisoners, while many escaped through a passage in the rear, unknown to us.

"I am extremely gratified to be able to report our loss as so trifling—being but one probably mortally, and five slightly wounded; while on the part of the enemy, not less than 150 were killed, including Padre Martinez, second in command, and several officers whose names have not been ascertained; in wounded his loss is considerable, including Colonel Montagna, mortally, with 50 prisoners, three commissioned officers and three Americans, believed to be deserters.

"For the prompt and efficient support which I received from every officer of my command during the expedition, I beg leave to tender my heartfelt thanks; and of each non-commissioned officer and soldier I must say that they bore themselves with that distinction which ever characterizes the American soldier.

* * * * *

"Lieut. Alexander Hays, Eighth Infantry, A. A. A. Gen., needed not this occasion to signalize his bravery, coolness and devotion to his duties. His behavior in every emergency added, if possible, new honors.

"I regret to state that during the engagement, in the incessant firing, fire was accidentally communicated to the thatched roof of one of the houses, and which finally spread over a large portion of the town.

"Leaving Sequaltiplan on the morning of the 26th, I returned to this city on the 1st inst.

"Respectfully submitted,

"Joseph Lane, Brigadier-General."

"To Major L. Thomas,

"Assistant Adjutant-General, City of Mexico."¹

General Scott mentions two previous attempts to capture Jarauta—one by Colonel Wynkoop and the other by Colonel "Jack" Hays, of the latter he says:

"Colonel Hays ["Jack"], with a detachment of Texan rangers, returned last night from a distant expedition in search of the robber priest. In the skirmish without a loss on his part, he killed some eight of Jarauta's men and thinks that the priest was carried off among the many wounded."²

No doubt many have wondered at the strange names that meet the eye on the monument of Alexander Hays in the Allegheny Cemetery in Pittsburgh. It seems but appropriate here to go fully into the service of General Hays in Mexico as proper history, and showing how arduous and exciting that service was.³ To such a soldier as Alexander Hays, this service must have been most thrilling and that it was appreciated, the following official communications bear complete evidence:

The first is a communication reproduced from the original manuscript, and addressed to President Polk shortly before Lieut. Hays' resignation.

The second appreciation is found in the following copy of an original manuscript report of the action at Sequaltiplan, written by Capt. George E. Pugh, 4th Ohio Volunteers, aid to General Lane, and part of a report to that officer of the operations in the Sequaltiplan expedition:

"Lieut. Alexander Hays, Eighth Infantry, A. A. A. G., needed not this occasion to signalize his bravery, coolness, and devotion to his duties. His behavior in every emergency added, if possible, new honors. He entered one of the quartels first, under my own eye, gallantly calling upon the men to

¹ "Lane's Brigade In Mexico;" P. 262, et seq.

² "Autobiography of Lieut.-General Scott," Vol. II.; P. 569. Most historians of the war give space to Jarauta and his deeds—Bancroft, Rives, et al.

³ Colonel Brackett records that upon leaving Mexico for home, 46 men of his company of the 4th Indiana, out of an enrollment of 90 were absent—nearly all dead within a year.

follow him, firing rapidly with his own hand. I beg leave to recommend him in the strongest manner to the notice of the major-general commanding, and of the War Department."

Honorable William L. Marcy, Secretary of War, in his annual reports of December 3, 1847, and December 1, 1848, gives considerable space to the operations, and high praise to Lane and his gallant brigade. May 29, 1848, the news of the treaty of peace reached Puebla, and Lane's brigade had been broken up in April, hence the volunteers started at once for the coast. Lieut. Alexander Hays had resigned his commission, April 12, 1848, and previously departed.¹

Concerning General Alexander Hays' service in Mexico, General Longstreet says:

"Hays was detached from the Eighth when Scott advanced into the valley of Mexico, but was engaged in several severe affairs in defence of convoys of supplies to the front, and also at Huamantla and Sequaltiplan. After that war was over he resigned, but in 1861 immediately sought service again, and soon rose to the command of a Union division. His division contributed materially to the repulse of Longstreet's attack at Gettysburg on July 3rd. But poor Hays was killed in front of Longstreet's lines at the Wilderness in 1864, the first battle in Virginia after his old comrade, Grant, had assumed command of the Union armies. Such was the fortune of war of the civil struggle."²

It cannot be doubted that Alexander Hays exhibited in Mexico much of that dash and daring for which he was afterwards distinguished in the great war. A man of stalwart frame, six feet in height, his complexion light and his beard inclined to be red, Alexander Hays early earned the sobriquet, "Sandy." These terms of familiarity were common at West

¹ General Wilcox in his *History of the Mexican War*, describes the country which Lane's expedition passed with special mention of the National Bridge, The Rio San Pablo; P. 279; Santa Fe, 270; Plan del Rio, PP. 281, 282, etc. Naturally much in detail of Perote, Jalapa and Puebla. His map of the country though small, P. 271, is good. A good map of this part of Mexico can also be found in the "Life of Robert E. Lee," by Henry A. White, P. 36. "History of Mexico," Bancroft, Vol. V.; P. 577. If further interested, read "Notes of the Mexican War," the diary of a private soldier, J. J. Oswandel.

² Vide "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide," Part III. "Longstreet on the Fields of Mexico," P. 130. General Hays was not killed in front of Longstreet's line, but in front of A. P. Hill's, Longstreet not having come up until the next morning. Vide "Virginia Campaign of 1864-65" General A. A. Humphreys; PP. 33, 34, and 35; also the "Union Army," Vol. VI, "Cyclopedia of Battles," PP. 930-931.

Point and in the army. It is well known that Ulysses S. Grant was immediately nicknamed "Uncle Sam" and the "Uncle" soon dropped as superfluous, the great general was just "Sam" Grant, and even Robert E. Lee knew him thus. James Longstreet was "Pete," and there were many like cases. Alexander Hays could measure up well to the renowned Capt. May, who stood six feet four in his stockings, as genial and clever as he was brave and large, and both men could in one sense look down on Randolph Ridgeley, beardless and small in stature, only to recognize a fitting companion in spirit and dash.

Alexander Hays' associations in the war with Mexico were such as would forever instill in him the spirit of the old army and in Mexico, Alexander Hays was moulded into the ideal soldier, to become the loved and successful commander on greater fields.

When Alexander Hays parted with his comrades and fellow officers in Puebla, among others he bade goodbye to Brevet Major George Taylor and Brevet Capt. Horace B. Field of the Third Artillery; both graduates of West Point, and both in service with Lane's brigade. Their fate is tersely told in Cullum's Register, the same lines applying to each record, to-wit:

"On a voyage to California on the Steamer San Francisco, 1853, from which he was washed overboard, December 24th, during a violent storm which swept off four officers and 180 men of the Third Artillery and several others, all of whom perished with him save two."

These two men were washed aboard on a returning wave. This wreck has been immortalized in the poem of the ship, "Three Bells of Glasgow." Major Taylor's wife perished with him. Major Taylor had been assistant professor of mathematics at West Point, 1842-1843, and taught Alexander Hays there.

On the authority of General Cullum, Second Lieut. Ambrose P. Hill, First Artillery, was present in action at Huamantla and Atlixco. Lieut. George T. Anderson of Capt. Loyall's Independent Georgia Company of Mounted Volunteers, was conspicuous at Huamantla for bravery. Lieut. Anderson was one of Longstreet's brigadiers during the Civil War.¹ Mindful of the stirring days in Mexico, Alexander

¹ Vide "History of the Mexican War," Wilcox; P. 498.

Hays in his letters home, wrote truly from the field of Gettysburg that he was opposed to the commands of his old comrades in Mexico.¹

The operations of General Joseph Lane in Mexico are admitted to have been of the most brilliant character.² By them he had won the appellation—the “Marion of the War;” a high compliment indeed. Lane was an original, not an imitator. He has been, by his admirers, likened to his namesake, the great Marshal Lannes. In the vim, perseverance and daring of “Joe” Lane and his men, there is much to admire. Alexander Hays’ lot was not an unhappy one under such a leader. There comes also to mind besides heroism, the conditions of this service, which arouse more ardent admiration. The toilsome marches, at times footsteps of the men tracked in blood, the cheerless nights, made more dreary by cold and pelting storms, the burning tropical sun, the maddening thirst, the ever-attendant danger of death from hidden, malignant, and cowardly foes.³ The war with Mexico was a little one, fought by small armies. Alexander Hays himself afterwards commanded more men than Zachary Taylor, and nearly as many as Scott when he entered the “Halls of the Montezumas.” Had William T. Sherman been in Mexico, he would have found enough to warrant him in making his celebrated definition of war and perhaps it would have been thus given to the world earlier, for war in Mexico was certainly “hell,” as Sherman understood it.⁴

¹ For field and company officers of the 4th and 8th Infantry and their records, vide Appendix E.

² They seem to have impressed more than one historian of note. Vide “Battles of America, by Sea and Land,” Robert Tones; P. 507, et seq. They are given due mention by that great historian, Hubert Howe Bancroft, and by Geo. L. Rives in his recent book, “The United States and Mexico,” q. v.

³ Casualties during General Lane’s operations were as follows: Killed, 7 officers, 81 men, 10 teamsters. Wounded, 11 officers, 134 men, 8 teamsters. Missing, 27 men. Totals, 98 killed, 153 wounded, 27 missing. Grand total, 278.

⁴ The bibliography of the Mexican war is large—some of it now rare. The editor has consulted what was available. No recourse could be had to the works of Brooks, Frost, Jay, Jenkins, Maury and Semmes. At best their stories would be corroborative. The “Notes on the Mexican War,” by Jacob J. Oswandel, a private and corporal in Capt. Small’s Company C, 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers, are full and complete in the account of the happenings in and about Puebla, and contain much mention also of General Lane, Capt. Walker, and Lane’s expeditions. These notes were published by the author in 1885.

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS THE PLAINS

EIGHTEEN FORTY-NINE was an eventful year in United States history. It was a year that made as great history as any year in the annals of time, and looking back throughout the years since, one can still read in the four figures the four letters—G O L D—gold, in then far-off California, gold in plenty, gold for the picking up, and the world listened amazed, and then there came a new settlement because of gold, and a most wonderful—a most thrilling story of the birth of a new state, whose motto was "Eureka," and the nation had stretched from shore to shore. And that new state was to become mighty as an empire, in spite of the lure of gold and the base humanity that crowded the golden shore in its quest. Thither Alexander Hays hastened, and in the history of that glorious state is written opposite his name—"territorial pioneer."

In the popular concerts of the decade ending in 1849, "The Promised Land of Ophir" was constantly alluded to, and the audiences were wont to join in the soul-stirring choruses and even cheer, and to the gold fever that became epidemic, few young men were immune.

The excitement of these days of '49 cannot be understood by this generation any more than the soul-stirring days of '61, and the spirit of these times cannot be put into words. A new El Dorado was within our domain; not near, but accessible, and gold was surely there, and "Westward ho!" became the cry in every city, town and hamlet. The newspapers of the day were filled with wonderful tales—gold, gold, virgin gold—picked up on the surface of the soil, washed up from the sands of the streams; gold in yellow streaks glittered in the white quartz rock that abounded everywhere in the hills; gold, gold, gold, everywhere in California. No wonder the

rush; no wonder the story of California to this day is a thriller of the heart; no wonder visions of untold wealth floated in the air. A spirit of adventure quickly pervaded all classes and thousands of courageous men were soon on their way to the land of gold, and what subsequently became a land of desperate deeds, and then came law and order out of chaos, and Alexander Hays was there and on the side of right.

Lieut. Alexander Hays, late of the United States army, after his failure in the iron business, in which he was engaged for a short time after his return from Mexico, and he was not alone in the list of such, naturally desired to regain his fallen fortunes, and California with its wealth surely offered the opportunity. With the many, he was attacked with the prevailing California fever.¹

Distinguished men were contemporaneous. There was Capt. "Sam" Grant of the Fourth Infantry, since Ulysses S. Grant for all time, on duty at Benicia, 1852, Columbia Barracks, Oregon, 1852, and Fort Vancouver and Fort Humboldt the succeeding two years, and William Tecumseh Sherman was there, and Henry W. Halleck, and many of those who had been with Alexander Hays at West Point, and he speaks of a classmate, likely from Allegheny College, as sheriff, but the West Point register names no one of the class of 1844 in that civil capacity.

Alexander Hays joined a party composed of various classes of men from all walks of life from Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, which rendezvoused in Pittsburgh, the party going by boat to St. Louis and thence via the Missouri River, again rendezvousing at Independence, Mo., in May 1850, which town and St. Joseph were starting points and depots of supplies for the overland trains, and at Independence the final preparations by the Hays party were made for the long trip. There has not been preserved the names of Lieut. Hays' fellow argonauts beyond the mention he makes in his letters, and what ties, and how strongly made, must be passed over in conjecture. Many companies left Pittsburgh in these years, and while many men returned more or less successful, there were hundreds of Pittsburghers who elected to remain and spend their days in California, but Alexander Hays did not. How many of these men he knew and was

¹ Vide Chapter IX.

intimate with, cannot now be given in the lapse of years, but it is known that such a list would undoubtedly include many who were his warm friends in Pittsburgh on their return.

A detailed description of the overland journey, its perils and its romance, would certainly prove most interesting. It is not expedient that the fortunes of the party, with whom was Alexander Hays, should be here followed from day to day. The "company," as such parties were called, was regularly organized under competent officers, and disciplined and system prevailed for the common good. They pursued their course along new-made trails, where nature strewed with lavish hand her most perfect gifts; where grandeur and sublimity of scenery, and the wonders of mountain and plain were in ample view, and anon there came portions of the route where nature had withheld her hand, and the way was marked with bones—the skeletons of beasts of burden who had perished of starvation or thirst, or both, and the debris of ruined wagons, and the headboards of the dead who had been unequal to the task, were found here and there, sad reminders of fatal termination of the gold fever.

No better conception of the trials of this overland journey can be conveyed than that obtained from Alexander Hays' graphic and characteristic letters, written to his young wife and near friends, who wished him success in his great undertaking. These letters tell their own story and both in tone and text are thoroughly characteristic of the writer. Newsy, hopeful, and of wide range of topics, they are the only story of Alexander Hays' California life.

The first letter is to Major George W. Murphy of Pittsburgh, who was the husband of Mrs. Hays' sister, Margaret Wilson McFadden, and for Major Murphy, General Hays seems to have ever had a sincere affection, and writes to him in a brotherly manner. The others are to Mrs. Hays.

A LETTER EN ROUTE

ALEXANDER HAYS TO GEORGE W. MURPHY

"South Fork, Platte River, June 13, 1850.

"Dear George:

"It was not my intention to write until our arrival at Fort Laramie on account of the uncertainty of transmission to the 'white settlements,' but circumstances have transpired upon our route which will no doubt go into the public prints,

with usual exaggerations, and probably give you anxiety, if not alarm. On the 5th of June we arrived upon the bank of the main Platte and encamped during a tremendous rain. In the morning the bottom was covered, in many places, with water. Our men drank freely of what they supposed, good pure rain water; the error was, however, fatal to many. After our arrival at Fort Kearney [15 miles] alarming and distressing symptoms were exhibited by many. Our party were not the only sufferers, but all the emigrants. A disease broke out, which terminated fatally, sometimes in four or five hours. The symptoms were nearly those of cholera, and so the disease is generally designated, but I am perfectly satisfied, as I have been from the first case, that the malady was poison.

"Every indentation in the plain, being filled with water, dissolved certain poisonous alkalies with which the earth was impregnated. Purging and vomiting, which rendered usual remedies valueless, followed the use of it and in a majority of cases terminated fatally. The reports of the California route being marked with graves, is now verified, as far as it lies upon the Platte River. I believe that not less than 300 will have been buried between Fort Kearney and the South Fork crossing. It was anything but agreeable, when encamped at night, to hear the vomiting and groans of agony of many, who a few hours before, were boasting of health and strength.

"As regards my own health, I have never enjoyed better, gaining flesh every day, and for appetite, no terror of Gurney's boarders could begin to compete with me. We have lost much time, on account of the sickness and also lost several of our party.

"We are now [June 16th] on the left bank of the South Fork, and free from sickness, with the exception of two or three cases, but which are convalescent. There is no sickness on the route in advance, so that we can now congratulate ourselves. Feeling perfectly satisfied that every case of sickness arose from the use of standing water, I felt no apprehension for myself.

"I was nearly exhausted watching and nursing for a few days and nights, for nurses were in great demand, those who were not sick, with a few exceptions, were much frightened, and would render no assistance. After a few days' experience we became in a great measure, masters of the disease, applying cold water to the stomach, stimulating the extremities, and administering opium, camphor, and sometimes calomel internally. The last case I had was Capt. Woodward, my sleepmate. He is perfectly recovered. Should I ever be placed in another similar situation, I think I could master any case, however desperate.

"Now that I have finished the dark side, and I hope satisfied you all that you need have no anxiety on my account,

I will give you something agreeable. The 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th of June, 1850, will not soon be forgotten by those who passed them on the bottom lands of the Platte.

"I wrote to Annie and Kate [wife and sister-in-law], from Fort Kearney, which they will no doubt receive, as I left the letters in charge of Lieut. Ogle. Our journey up to that point, which we left on the 7th, had been very pleasant, but of no particular interest. The Platte is a regular braggart of a river; it is at least a mile wide at Kearney. Surging and boiling like the Mississippi, it rolls down mountains of sand. To a person upon its banks it appears of great depth and rapidity, but upon examination its bed is found to average not more than one foot of water, except when swelled by melted snow from the mountains. Freshets are of short duration, rising and falling often the same day. I have forded it several times and ridden for some distance up the bed of the stream. The only danger to be apprehended is from quicksands, which are, however, rare.

"From the 11th I date my first buffalo chase. A herd was discovered crossing the road before us and making for the bluffs. I was a little curious to try 'Reuben' [his horse], and Woodward and myself gave chase. After a run of about a mile, we came upon them, and got for our share a splendid three-year-old bull. Two or three of the others were killed by other parties. We returned to our camp, well packed, and furnished the first buffalo which our party had tasted.

"'Reuben,' on this and on several occasions since, proved himself a regular hunter. He enters into a chase with the spirit of a man, and will run full tilt, within 10 paces of a buffalo. I can drop the reins upon his neck and fire my rifle with as much precision as if afoot. When dismounted I always turn him loose, with the certainty of finding him grazing near where I left him, and yet with all his noble qualities, a child could manage him.

"Our crossing of today was a tedious affair. The river had risen, and the ford was washed out a good deal by the numerous wagons which passed. It was a good mile wide, and above the bottom of our wagons. I crossed and re-crossed nine times to pilot the teams.

"The scarcity of wood on the Platte induced us for the first time on the route to try the celebrated buffalo chips, which these animals had deposited there in vast quantities. They make an excellent fire, burning freely, and giving great heat, and I have not yet observed any difference in the victuals cooked with them from those cooked with wood.

"Next in rank among the game we found after the buffalo, was the antelope, which realizes all the wild descriptions of the chamois of the Alps. It is the very antipode of the buffalo, which dull in all its senses except smelling, falls an easy prey

to the well-mounted hunter, but the antelope is ever on the alert, and demands the greatest caution to entrap it. The run of the buffalo is dull and heavy, while the antelope fairly flies. The fleetest greyhound cannot begin to compete with it. Unfortunately for it, as with the ladies, it yields to curiosity, and can be lured to its destruction by the flutter of a red handkerchief. The flesh is delicious, more so than any I ever tasted. Buffalo is not bad, particularly the hump, tenderloin and ribs. Large hares [jack rabbits], are very abundant, and often killed. They are not good, however. Ducks are also to be had when hunted for, and very fine eating. Yesterday I found a couple of their nests upon an island, and brought into camp about 20 eggs. You may intimate to our friends that we are not likely to starve.

"Seventeenth, Sunday. We are lying by resting, mending trousers, washing shirts, cleaning guns, etc., etc.

"Eighteenth. Left the south and arrived upon the North Fork, which is a daguerreotype of the former. Met the Morman mail and will close this here, and will write to Annie a long letter from Laramie, where we expect to arrive next Monday. If you should happen around at our house, or at Uncle Thomas,' you can give them all my love. I will not be able to write to Annie now but she will see this and can read love all through interlined by imagination. I would give my horse, and go afoot to California for one kiss from her tonight. Love again to everybody.

"I feel perfectly satisfied thus far with my expedition, and have strong hopes [or more] that it will turn out better than I anticipated. I have made some fast, true and good friends, but will write you more concerning this from San Fran.

"I wish you to write me there as often as you can, and give me all the information you receive concerning next year's emigration. If it will be considerable I may probably travel this route again next summer, but of this you need make no mention abroad.

"The trip is nothing and money can be coined. If I should come again Madam H.¹ will have the pleasure of accompanying me. I have not been able to give you any idea of the subject of the present emigration, but will in my next.

"We are not at all troubled by the Indians, and seldom see them.

"Yours Sincerely,

"Alex."

"Excuse penmanship, as this was written in a spring wagon, with a 10-knot breeze blowing."

¹ Mrs. Hays.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"San Francisco, Cal., September 28th, 1850.

"Dearest Wife:

"I arrived safely, and in good health, at this point, yesterday, and was delivered from a great anxiety which I felt by the receipt of letters from home. I entered Sacramento on the night of the 23rd, after having spent four months and six days upon the plains, between Independence [Mo.] and that place.

"I will reserve the incidents of that trip for a series of letters for your father, and Uncle Thomas, as soon as I have time to assure myself that it has not been one long, horrid dream.

"At Sacramento I found no letters whatever, but here was quite a number in waiting. You may believe, my dearest wife, that an almost crushing load of anxiety left me when I tore open your letters of the 8th of August [the latest] and found all well. Still I was grieved that I could not be present to have offered some alleviation to your sufferings. It would have been my proper place, and I have often condemned the hand of fate which prevented me from being with you.

"I have all along feared that you would receive the newspaper reports from the plains, and feel concerned for my safety, which would be natural, amidst such dreadful mortality. I have escaped through all, and am truly thankful, but hope I may be spared a repetition of such scenes as I have gone through since I left home. You have no doubt heard enough from the emigration of the Platte River, to believe that the suffering there was almost incredible, but I fear far worse is still to be heard from that portion of emigrants still behind, upon the Humboldt and Carson rivers. The train with which I left Independence, will not reach Sacramento probably for 15 days to come, and others are far behind it.

"At Salt Lake I determined to leave the train and pack through, and in company with six others, left on the 17th of August. Instead of keeping the traveled route we took a western direction, and saw but little of the emigration, after leaving the great American desert until we struck the headwaters of the Humboldt.

"Our passage of the desert requires a chapter by itself, which I will give again. The portion of our trip through the mountains was indeed delightful. Such splendid mountain scenery I never saw. Plenty of grass, water and game. That will be for another chapter, and include a bear fight and an Indian chase. But from the time we struck the Humboldt, until we again left the Carson for the mountains, it was terrible. Subject for another chapter of death and desolation. Another desert intervened between Humboldt and Carson, of

40 or 50 miles, in extent, without a spear of grass, or a drop of water. For a distance of 20 miles before reaching Carson the desert was strewn with abandoned property, wagons, carriages, harness and almost every article of equipment. Thousands of animals lie dead in every direction, creating an insupportable stench. There we saw the horse, as he died, with saddle still girted to him. The mules' carcasses still bore the packs, and the ox had died in the yoke, still chained to the tongue of the deserted wagon. A few hours would sometimes suffice almost to bury the ruin in sand, giving a scene of desolation that need to be seen to be credited.

"The dreaded simoon of the Arabian deserts as described by travelers there, was now realized. Thus far my 'family' have escaped unscathed, but my noble horse, 'Reuben,' was doomed to go no further. On entering upon the desert I noticed that his usually high spirit was gone. About midway I was obliged to stop on his account. I would not detain my companions, and imperil their animals also. I urged them to go on, and soon was left alone at midnight upon that dreary desert. At least my only living companions were poor 'Reuben,' and my little mule, 'Jeannette.' To be so situated on account of a friend, even though that friend was only a horse, gave much for serious reflection. My thoughts were not haunted with myself and animals. They had flown far eastward and drew the picture of a sleeping family, two members or more. I am not subject to homesickness, but I felt something very like it, strangely sad. As I lay with my head upon the saddle, wrapped in my cloak, holding the lariat in my hand, poor 'Reuben' would press his cold nose to my face as if asking for sympathy, while 'Jeannette' would impatiently pull my cloak, and lick my hand, as if urging to be taken from that lonesome place. After resting thus for two or three hours, we again started, but had not gone far until it became apparent that 'Reuben' could go no further, without delay, and delay might be dangerous. Unwilling to leave him to starve, my resolution was soon taken. I led him a short distance from the road, drew my pistol, and soon a ball crushed through his brain, terminating 'Reuben's' suffering forever.

"I sprang upon 'Jeannette' who broke into a canter, nothing loathe to leave so desolate a spot as this appeared to be, even to her. Arriving at Carson River I found a temporary settlement of traders, with all the necessities of life. It was a hearty meal I made I assure you, my first one for 10 days. We had lived upon jerked meat, and only once had a little rice. When we left Salt Lake, we took abundance of everything, but before we were half way down Humboldt, we had parted with every morsel to more destitute persons and trusted to Providence for ourselves.

"Frequently we gave up the victuals cooked for ourselves,

to almost famished women and children. It is no tale of fiction—several times I gave the last drop of water and the last biscuit I had, to children who were suffering.

"I have seen men, with quantities of little frogs no larger than a beetle, which they have collected from the river to keep off the demon of starvation. I have seen others browsing like cattle upon the vines of the wild rose, which resembles the berry of our sweetbriar. Many have died after reaching Carson River, and the accounts from the Truckee River route are very distressing. In all I saw and underwent, it appears as if a Providence aided us. Once, when we had given all of our jerked meat to a company of men on the point of starvation, we found in a wild ravine, an ox, which had been left behind by its owner. It had been there sometime, and was pretty good beef. We drove it a few miles to camp, and then killed it, for the benefit of at least 30 men. While many were thus on the point of starvation, others had abundance, but would not spare one mouthful. It was an occasion to test men's souls. Selfishness predominated, but I hope it will receive its reward in the next, if not in this world.

"Thousands came across the plains, and by other routes, and thousands are returning home again. More will leave than came in. There appears to be general disappointment with California. For my own part I cannot say that I regret my trip. I believe money can be made and rapidly, here, but nearly all emigrants came with the expectation of picking gold up by pounds, and returning with their burdens. I am much pleased with the country itself, and would not object to making it my home for a series of years. All I want is my family. I will try it until next summer, and then if I can do well, I will expect you to join me here. If nothing can be done I will return home and live contented with 'love in a cottage.' I return from this place to Sacramento, where you will direct all letters until further orders. I have not yet determined upon a profession. Anything that will make money will suit me. As soon as I start in business I will send you a card. My compass, etc., are yet behind with the train. As soon as they arrive and I get once settled, I will write you long, long letters. I think I will remain in Sacramento this winter. I have written to General Lane, in Oregon, which now promises much fairer than California, and should he advise a movement there, I believe I will try it. Be you patient, however, and of good cheer.

"I have endeavored to find Farrelly Alden,¹ but have thus far failed. I hope I will yet see him. Major Stockton has failed entirely in his mission.

"As soon as I possibly can, I will write 'A Guide for Crossing the Plains,' and send it to you. Father Hays may

¹ Of Pittsburgh, a relative of Mrs. Hays.

have it published if he thinks proper. I am confident that no one will come to California who will read it, and believe it, unless specially invited.

"Once settled down I will devote every spare moment to writing to some of you, to you, dearest, always. How much I would give [were I worth a sou], to see your dear face, and our two cherubs. My old motto, 'Hope on, hope ever,' is getting stale and I am a little tired of being buffeted about so much. All has, however, been so far for the best, and may yet turn out well.

"I am afraid I am only obliterating both writings by this crossing, but I am anxious to write more than I will be able at this time. I expected to send this by a Mr. Smith of Mexico, who returns home, but he has disappeared. I have not seen him today. Should it be obliged to lie here for the steamer, I will send several more to accompany it.

"I have heard from no Franklin or Mercer friends here, neither do I care much to hear from them. I will be certain to hear from such should I be successful in gaining gold. I have very much changed my ideas of friendship, and ask none from the world at large. If I can place my dear wife and children in a position where we can all live comfortably and happy, it will be as much as I aspire to. The minute I am able I will respond to your call and 'come home,' or go to bring you home.

"Direct your letters to Sacramento. I leave for there this evening and from there will write to all. Rachel need not think herself neglected or less thought of, because I did not write to her. I think her the best girl in Pittsburgh, and will send her the first lump of gold I dig for a pin. My love to all—Mother, Rachel, 'Mag,' Kate,¹ and the little ones. I will write to your uncle, father and George Murphy, and to you, dearest wife, by next steamer and every other opportunity.

"I can tell nothing of the Pittsburgh people, farther than that they are upon the Yuba and said to be doing well.

"God bless you and our dear children,

"Your Husband,

"Alex."

"Tuesday. Finding I have an opportunity to write something more I take advantage of it. I cannot answer all your letters in detail until I have read them over a few times more. I send a few flowers to 'Agg' and Martha, acting upon Sam Slick's theory, 'The way to a mother's heart is through her children.'

"If my baggage arrives safely I will have many curiosities to send you, including beautiful flowers and a variety of seeds. If an opportunity offers I will send 'Agg' and Martha a

¹ The McFadden family.

young grizzly bear, as I am offered one quite young. Believe it would make a great play fellow for them. As for the two boys I will look out for two fine horses for them. In the meantime, tell George to keep them strictly at practice with broadswords—small swords and pistols. I have met here with several friends who will aid me in a start, and I have still hope of making money, of which I will inform you in my next. I have been unable to find Farrelly, but have accepted a letter for him. I start for Sacramento at four. It is now nearly time.

"Colonel Jack Hays is sheriff of this place.¹ Another good friend and classmate is sheriff at Stockton, and has invited me there. Mr. Samuel Purdy of Buffalo, is mayor of Stockton. I will see Mr. Washington when I go up. Joe Moody is well, and still in the custom house.

IN THE DIGGINGS

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Volcano Diggings, Cal., March 17, 1851.²

"Dearest Wife:

"In all my letters I believe I have neglected to give you [which I now am able to do geographically], my location. As for the 'shingle' for which you inquire, I have none, unless it be a windlass, situated in one of the most prominent points of the valley, under which, 25 feet below the surface of the earth, I generally spend the greater portion of the day. 'Volcano,' is about 80 miles from the city of Sacramento, and nearly east. A more appropriate name I have never known. The whole region bears evident marks of the most awful convulsions of nature, in times long past. Descending into the valley from the point one sees only granite and quartz rocks, piled one upon another in most incongruous confusion. Here and there is the mouth of a cavern leading no one knows where. Approaching nearer the 'diggings,' the scene is one of intermingled valley and rocky ridge, beautiful beyond description. And when the miners' village is reached nature can produce no fairer picture. Now [to drop down from the clouds], come up the main, and only street. We have passed under two cords of raw ox hide, extending to Sutter's Creek, and supported by two poles, the communicating lines of a waterpower which is intended to pump, and keep dry the

¹ Alexander Hays' old friend the colonel of the Texas Rangers in Lane's brigade, "Jack" Hays, was sheriff of San Francisco County, 1851-1854. Consult "History of California," Hittell, Vol. III., P. 328.

² Slightly southeast, in Amador County, between the Consumme and Mokelumne Rivers. Thousands of men prospected there when Alexander Hays were there, with only "average luck," traditions say. Consult "History of California," Hittell, Vol. III., PP. 111-113; also "Eldorado," Bayard Taylor, PP. 247-248.

extensive diggings of a company, who will individually realize a future in the course of a month, provided that everything turns out as the sanguine proprietors expect. In one month they will be without a dime, unless they learn wisdom. Farther up, on our left you will see another invention for enriching the proprietors 'on the shortest possible notice,' and you will call it a 'salt works,' but it is only a force pump, worked by a pendulum, intended to keep dry another extensive digging, besides which the poor thing is not only expected to dig the dirt, but wash it out, returning the gold into the hands of the ingenious inventors, as 'a reward of merit,' every night. 'Them is gonners, too.' A little further on and you will see a specimen of by far the most numerous variety of machinery used here. An humble windlass, the property, and surmounting the 'diggins' of H., Y. & Co.¹ There are four of us partners, and for the privilege of digging out about one square rod, we have agreed to pay the sum of \$500. This week we will take out more than will pay that amount, but I am afraid our work will not continue long. To you it will appear no doubt enormous wages to receive \$50 for one day's work, which is the case sometimes, but then you will recollect that for 10 days to come we may not make one dime.

"March 10th. I was prevented from writing last night in consequence of being obliged to work with all hands in keeping our digging free from water. We did not finish until 10 o'clock at night, and you may imagine I was very tired. The digging is my particular business, while Yeager and Boucher attend to the washing. We have two or three hands employed besides ourselves. The labor is not generally very heavy, but at times we are obliged to use extra exertion. I told you above of our expectations for the past week and now I am pleased to say that they have been realized. During the week we took out \$700, paid \$400 for the privilege, and divided the balance. I am now better off than I have ever been in California, free from debt, and with something in my pocket. I am sorry to say, not enough to pay my debts, even that one which is most annoying to me. If the same success would follow, I could soon realize enough to return home satisfied, but there are too many drawbacks to permit me to hope. I have been so often disappointed. Should the water remain as it is at present we will be able to do something of account, but should it rise and come upon us often, as it has done already two or three times, we will lose a great portion of our labor.

"At all events, my dearest wife, I will have enough to 'carry me back,' and I will not embark in anything without a certainty of its paying me well. Last mail I sent you a letter and enclosed a few specimens. I have done the same

¹ Hays, Yeager and Boucher.

several times before, and I hope they have arrived safely. The last letter weighed nearly an ounce, upon which I paid the postage. Speaking of postage, I wish you would send my letters unpaid, as I think I have a better chance of receiving them.¹ Each one here cost me from two to three dollars, but that is nothing. The small specimens I sent you were picked out with my own hands from the earth. I have a number of specimens which I intend to carry home if possible, some of them very pretty.

"Do not be too much elated with my prospects, as I have related them to you, but await another letter, and I will tell you all. I half promised you that I would return home in two or three months, but I now wish to make it conditional. If, in that time I find no opportunity of making something worth while, I will do as I have said, but should a good opportunity offer I think I would do injustice to others to decline it.

"As for your dream of coming to California, my dearest wife, that can never be, unless I get to be governor! If I was doomed to stay here forever as I am now situated, I would never consent to your coming here. Remember; dearest, we are not now alone, but have little responsibilities, where training must be attended to. But there is no use speaking further on the subject at present. Oh, how often I wish I could see you, the babies and all once more. I see you eternally, waking and sleeping, but after my visions are over I only feel the more desolate. Often when working, and I happen to strike a rich lead, where the gold sparkles, I wish 'Agg' and Marty were with me. I can imagine their delight as they picked out the shining particles from the clay which I could give them.²

"I can also picture to myself another lady who would take no less delight than the 'little ones,' to be present, but then 'the sober, second thought' tells me she would spoil 'the diggins,' as I should forget the gold, and be 'a-kissin'' her all the time. Who is she? You will no doubt pity me, and my hard lot, but you may spare your sympathy, unless it be to bring me home. A miner's life has not half the horrors you read in the papers. I can complain of nothing, but separation from my friends. If I was now an officer of the army, at this place, and knowing what I do [and a single man], without such dear ties as would make life a blank without them, I would doff the buttons quickly and be a miner forever. It is true that the mass of miners are unrefined and rude, but there are numerous exceptions, with a state of affairs constantly improving. In the whole of my California experience, I have not had occasion to pass angry words with a single

¹ In those days letters could be sent, postage C. O. D.

² The children—Agnes and Martha.

man. The upright man is universally respected, while the rogue is liable to be hung upon the first tree. I have almost become a convert to the creed of Judge Lynch, for here he sits night and day, and I have yet to hear of his first condemnation of a man who had any pretensions to honesty.

"The labor of the mines as a general thing is not so oppressive as report would make out, although for a person determined to make something it is sometimes hard work. If I was working for myself alone, I could get along with little trouble. 'Good luck' is everything to the miner. It was my intention to have gone northward this spring, but so much excitement was raised on the subject of prospects there, that I considered the whole a humbug, and gave it up. Lately there has been an attempt made to raise a southern excitement, and I have been offered the most flattering assurances if I would go there. All we would have to do would be to flog 10,000 Indians and pick up more gold than we could carry away.

"When I am informed of the safe arrival of my letter by last mail, I will send you some specimens, from time to time, but now I am afraid it will peril the delivery of the letter. If it was in my power, that is, if I was in Sacramento, I would send you something heavier than a single specimen or two. As it is, you must wait, and when I get a little more I will go down and probably carry it home myself.

* * * * *

"Two weeks ago three of us purchased an interest [for labor to be performed], in a deep and extensive digging. Last week we induced another friend [Douglass of Mercer], to buy the whole claim in his own name for \$400, each one of the four to be an equal partner. This week [the first], we have taken out \$700, besides paying all expenses, thereby paying for the claim, and leaving as a dividend \$300. Next week I think it will also pay well, beyond that I cannot say, but believe it will not fail. In my next I will tell you. After this is worked out we [three of us], have an old digging to wash out which will pay us something for our labor.

"Your Husband,

"Alex."

With the exception of Alexander Hays' letters in this chapter, the only data extant relative to his California trip are a few lines of memoranda in the handwriting of Major George W. Murphy, in the possession of Gilbert A. Hays, to wit:

"Jim and George Barclay left here for California, January 29, 1849, via Baltimore. Sailed from Baltimore in the barque Kirkland, February 24, 1849.

"The Kirkland did not sail from Norfolk until Wednesday, March 7, 1849. Prevented by contrary winds.

"Alexander Hays left Pittsburgh for California [overland route], on S. B.¹ Isaac Newton, April 25, 1850, at 15 minutes before 7 o'clock in the evening.

¹ Steamboat.

CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE SUMTER

SOON after his return from Mexico, Alexander Hays engaged in the manufacture of pig iron, operating the old "Victory Furnace" near Franklin, Pa., which was constructed in 1803 by Andrew Boner, whose various successors had met with some degree of success, and numerous reverses. Under the Hays management, owing to lack of a sufficiently protective tariff, a scarcity of ore and poor transportation facilities, the venture proved unprofitable and the furnace "blew out" permanently in 1851, and has not since been operated. The ruins of the original structure are still standing. In after life, General Hays often laughingly remarked that this proposition was "the only thing that ever licked him, which he was afraid to tackle again."¹

After his return from California in 1851, Capt. Hays, as he was now known, accepted the responsible position of assistant engineer of construction on the new Pittsburgh and Steubenville Railroad, now part of the Pennsylvania Lines West, which he satisfactorily filled until 1852, and the same position on the Allegheny Valley Railroad from 1852 until 1854. He subsequently served as engineer, first of Allegheny City and then Allegheny County.² Under his direction was plotted and laid out that portion of the old City of Allegheny north of the "North Common," now the North Park, which was for some years known as "New Mexico" on account of the nomenclature of the streets, commemorating and perpetuating the memory of the then recent victories in Old Mexico, in which Alexander Hays had participated and the names of commanding generals of the American army in the war.

¹ This was a charcoal iron furnace of a type very common in Pennsylvania over a century prior to 1850. Its capacity was probably 12 to 14 tons a day. In that year there were 18 similar furnaces in the county.

² In the Pittsburgh Directory, 1856, will be found the lines—"Hays, Alexander, of Hays and Darley, Sharpsburg," and "Hays and Darley, civil engineers, cor. Grant and Diamond."

Among these names, notwithstanding numerous changes of municipal administrations and the consolidation of Allegheny City and Pittsburgh, there may be mentioned Buena Vista, Resaca, Palo Alto, Monterey and Fremont Streets and Taylor Avenue.

Capt. Hays was also employed in a professional capacity in surveying and locating many new roads in Allegheny County and with plans and supervising the building of many county bridges necessitated by the rapid development of the Pittsburgh district from 1854 to 1861. Sewickley Borough was laid out and incorporated in 1853 and the original plot of the borough was drawn by Alexander Hays, which beautiful suburb in after years became the residence of his family and the first great battle in which he participated on the Peninsula, gave the name, Fair Oaks, to a nearby station on the then Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, afterwards the home of the Hays family. Among other positions Alexander Hays held was that of "Borough Regulator" or engineer, for the borough of South Pittsburgh, now South Side, Pittsburgh, for several years up to 1861. He also laid out, in 1859, the first road leading from Sewickley to the beautiful cemetery in that town.

For 10 years Alexander Hays thus dwelt in the joys of his home, and the delight of his little family was sweet peace to him. When the roar of the guns at Sumter came reverberating over the land, Capt. Alexander Hays was still actively engaged in the daily routine of his profession at the very date drawing plans for a bridge for the Allegheny Valley Railroad, then finished as far as Kittanning. Alexander Hays hesitated not a minute. He put away his instruments and laid his unfinished plans aside. Heedless alike of his West Point education, his well earned previous rank in the thrilling service on the Rio Grande and in the Valley of Mexico, he enlisted as a private soldier in the "City Guards of Pittsburgh" a popular and recently-formed military company, whose history and services will be taken up in the succeeding chapter.

When Alexander Hays thus left the arts of peace and became again the soldier, he swore anew upon the altar of his country unyielding allegiance, and undying fidelity to our country's flag, mindful that the country which had educated him for its defense now had a first and a just claim on his services, and that in need, it demanded in silent pleading

the benefit of the military education he had obtained, and also the more valuable one of actual experience in battle and active warfare.

His intentions to again take up the sword were, most naturally, first confided to his wife and in speaking of his engineering work he remarked, "This kind of work is now ended," and he spake prophetically—for him it had ended for all time.

Previous to his enlistment, in the patriotic uprising of loyal Pittsburgh in preventing the removal of the cannon and ordnance stores from the Allegheny Arsenal in the last days of December, 1860, Alexander Hays was foremost amongst those who successfully resisted this traitorous action of John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, and this, though a bloodless victory, was really the first thwarting of the plans of the vile conspirators who were easily lost to sight when real war came, and the real Southern soldier sprang into view and into action, and the fire-eater and the demagogue faded away in ignominy, and of such a type was John B. Floyd.

A short time previous to the opening of hostilities, Capt. Alexander Hays prepared a second thesis on military affairs in the United States and which has never been published. It is made part of this chapter as being contemporaneous with the most threatening period of our national life, and is most interesting. It is entitled:

UNITED STATES VS. EUROPE

The object of the present article is not to communicate statistical facts: neither will any chronological order be attempted. We will merely cast abroad a measure of chaff, and if one grain of wheat can be found therein, the end and object will be accomplished.

The immortal Father of our Country, left as a legacy to his children, many injunctions, which we are not likely to forget, or disregard; although prosperity and financial security may lull us into apparent indifference. First in war—he led our troops to battle and to victory—First in Peace, he enjoined upon us with nearly the authority of inspiration—"In time of peace, prepare for war."

The power of a nation consists not solely in armadas, nor in armories groaning under the weight of ordnance. These are but the instruments in the hands of an intelligent people to accomplish what may be, "a manifest destiny"—and who doubts it?

Our general government regardless of political parties, or sectional interests, has ever kept this maxim of Washington's in view—would to God it might follow all his others as strictly.

The deficiency lies with the people themselves. We are noted as a boastful people, and we may acknowledge the truth, but excuse ourselves, for we have much of which to be proud. But boasters are seldom heroes. What we need, is a true popular national pride, which will find at home, all that it now so much glories abroad.

The thunders of Montibella and Solferino have ceased to reverberate, and the zouave of France reposes upon his laurels, luxuriating in the gay gardens of his native land, and takes part in the gorgeous pageants which a grateful master knows so well and so cheaply to prepare.

The civilized world has added the applause, which always follows brave deeds, and from no quarter has it met with a heartier, heartfelt response than from the United States. There no burning jealousy or smothered hate suppressed the emotion which emanated with the breath we breathed. We have merely cited the zouave, as having been most distinguished in the recent conflicts of Europe. We would, however, be understood to include troops of all arms, and every nation.

When we acknowledge them as friends, we do not under-rate them as enemies, and can intend no detraction. Their deeds of high daring have met with so much approval among us, that our only desire is to recall the imaginations of our people home to a fact which may become an important one.

The disposition to overrate foreign prophets is proverbial, but with the experience of 83 years, gives us permission to claim for American troops a superiority over all others. The claim may be met with ridicule, for "Uncle Sam's" notions of economy and a popular opposition to large armies, have never yet given us a tithe of the numbers which swell the armies of the Old World. We will, then, merely offer our trifling operations as samples, as a merchant offers his goods, with the assurance that we have a very large stock of the same sort.

We will not extend this article by reverting too far back. The experiences of "76" and "12" are well enough known at home, and too well known abroad. Our gallant Scott still lives, and well knows that the bayonets which hurled back the charges of veteran troops when he was a boy, still gleam as highly as then. The "Gray Backed Buffalo Militia," too, have left behind a numerous progeny, "worthy sons of noble sires." Our cotton bales have multiplied, and our rifles in other hands have not lost their unerring aim, but carry a leaden death faster and farther. Yankee ingenuity has supplied us with revolvers, for close encounters, and the bowie knife has done effective service.

For the use of these and every other engine of war known to man, we could assemble in an incredible short time, on any point on our borders, an army, led on and directed by military genius and talent, which Europe does not call in question, and which would defy the world. Such an army as we might call out, would give the world an anomaly which the Roman Empire in her palmiest days with her barbaric millions never presented.

Sovereign and independent nations, yet constituting a single nation of 30,000,000; men inured to every climate from the pole to the equator—speaking the same language and united, not only by general interests, but by the most sacred ties, which bind man to man. We will now merely revert to conflicts with the aborigines of Florida and the West, and leave the reader to refer to history whether the incidents of them are forgotten or never perused. He will find a record there of the American soldier's recklessness and indomitable courage, patience and endurance, under privation unparalleled.

After many years of peace, questions arose which led us into a war with our neighbors of Mexico. Read over again the accounts of Palo Alto, and you will discover a handful of American troops, a majority of them never before under fire, standing unflinchingly the most trying test, either of the young or old soldier—a day's cannonading from a vastly superior force. Follow them on their next day's march and hear their defiant yells as they charge upon their enemy of the day before, now largely augmented in numbers.

Neither entrenchment nor serious natural obstacles impeded the onset of North Americans, and night closed upon the field of Resaca de la Palma, covered with the killed and wounded of the enemy outnumbering our little army. The enemy's border is passed, and after the usual fatigue, privation and suffering of a long march, the Sierra Madre looms in sight, with Monterey nestling in its bosom. Another page of history tells the tale of "who fought, who died" there.

Volunteers strove in honest rivalry with regulars, and well did the volunteers make good the boast and redeem the pledges that in the hour of need our country could rely upon them. Regiments were decimated and officers cut down by scores. Under every disadvantage on our side, for three days that terrible conflict raged, and the "Mountain City" was taken.

As it was deemed policy to attack the enemy in another quarter, one division of the army, composed principally of volunteer troops, who had seen but a few months service is led onward to Buena Vista, and accomplished, after another three days unremitting struggle, the crowning glory of the war upon the northern line. It was fought against fearful odds, but of the hordes who exultingly crossed the desert with Santa Anna to crush the little army composed of nothing

but volunteers, 10,000 never again drank of the waters of San Louis. The other division is directed to take a more southern route, to strike at the heart of the country—that capital of which it is so justly proud. Vera Cruz, and its impregnable [?] guardian, San Juan d' Ulloa, fell an easy prey to the elements of our military organization directed by that mighty genius of war, whose superior we cannot admit. The observing foreigner might here have witnessed the spectacle to which we have already reverted—the representatives of every section of our Union, for the time recognizing alone, and yielding implicit obedience to the authority of our general government. Recognizing no North, no South, no East, no West, and that army as the only "irresistible" thing to be conceived.

In succession comes Cerro Gordo, but the record of it has been made without omission by abler pens than ours. The results of that day would be incredible, did not an army of witnesses testify to the facts, and prove the position we take, that American troops are invincible. It has ever appeared to us as a tragedy on a grand scale, conceived and planned by one mind—enacted by our army—each man perfect in his part—all so perfect, even as to the time of each shifting scene—that it was a complete triumph.

City after city acknowledged the sway of the conquerors, but the great object was still onward. Cortez and his followers alone could have expressed the emotions which filled the soul of every man in that army, as it arrived at the point where the magnificent panorama of the great valley is spread before the eye. Although still far distant—the goal of his ambition—the realization of his hopes, perhaps a dream of his youth—Mexico and its surrounding villages—a monarch city and its court lies before him. Contrasting against art, nature, and superior numbers, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, were but stepping stones to the "Halls of the Montezumas"—and thus was consummated, with less means and in briefer time, the greatest military achievement of any age, in any country. Only "that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction," the operations of our army in the Valley of Mexico, are so much like romance, it might be feared that posterity would doubt the reality.

Our article is too extended already, and we must again refer our readers to the records. We only, as intimated, desired to call attention, especially that of "Young America," to the history of our own country. He will find at home better models for study and imitation than anywhere else on earth, and when he has selected his hero, let him add with proper substitution the adage, "Sparta hath many a mother's son than he."

U. S.

In the light of what so soon occurred, this essay was most prophetic, and its logic was soon proven sound. It reveals the patriotism of the writer and the supreme faith in, and the highest admiration of the American soldier.

Alexander Hays, a few years after his resignation, was reappointed to the regular army, as the news item below, taken from a paper printed in his old home, amply evidences:¹

APPOINTMENT

"The President has appointed Capt. Alexander Hays, a native of this place, son of General Samuel Hays, to a captaincy in one of the new regiments of infantry.

"Capt. H. has served with distinction in the Mexican War, but having resigned his commission shortly after its close, has been in private life until the President conferred upon him his present appointment. His destination, it is thought, will be Utah Territory.

"Wherever his lot may be cast, he will carry with him the best wishes of all who know him, and we have no fears he will ever prove unworthy of them."

This appointment Alexander Hays did not accept. The particular influence that secured the appointment and the reasons therefor are not now known. It was not uncommon to reappoint retired officers and the Mormon troubles then about to break upon the country may have had something to do with Alexander Hays' recall to the profession of arms, for which he had been educated. Franklin Pierce was then President, who knew Alexander Hays' record in Mexico, and Joseph Lane was most potent in the affairs of the Democratic party then in power. It is worthy of mention that Jefferson Davis was the Secretary of War, and Caleb Cushing Attorney General in Pierce's cabinet and both had served in Mexico, and Davis, colonel of the 1st Mississippi Regiment, had been a son-in-law of Zachary Taylor, under whom Alexander Hays had first served on the Rio Grande.

In the interim between the wars that Alexander Hays had not been disregarding of military affairs, though his interest was mainly in the militia, is shown from the notice quoted below, taken from a Pittsburgh paper of the date: September 21, 1858. The following order was printed:

"Brigade Orders No. 2.—The aid and staff of the brigadier-general of the First Brigade of the Eighteenth Division of

¹ From "Venango Spectator" (Franklin, Pa.), March 21, 1855.

the Uniformed Militia of Allegheny County, are hereby notified to appear in full uniform on Monday, the 20th of September, at 12 o'clock M., at Camp Duquesne, near Birmingham. The aid and staff are as follows: Capt. Alexander Hays, aid; Capt. Thomas M. Mosler, brigade quartermaster; Hiram Hultz, brigade paymaster; William B. Negley, brigade judge advocate.

"Also notice is hereby given to all hucksters, auction sales, gamblers and sale of spirituous liquors (unless of licensed houses) that they will not be permitted within one mile of Camp Duquesne.

"By order of the brigadier general,

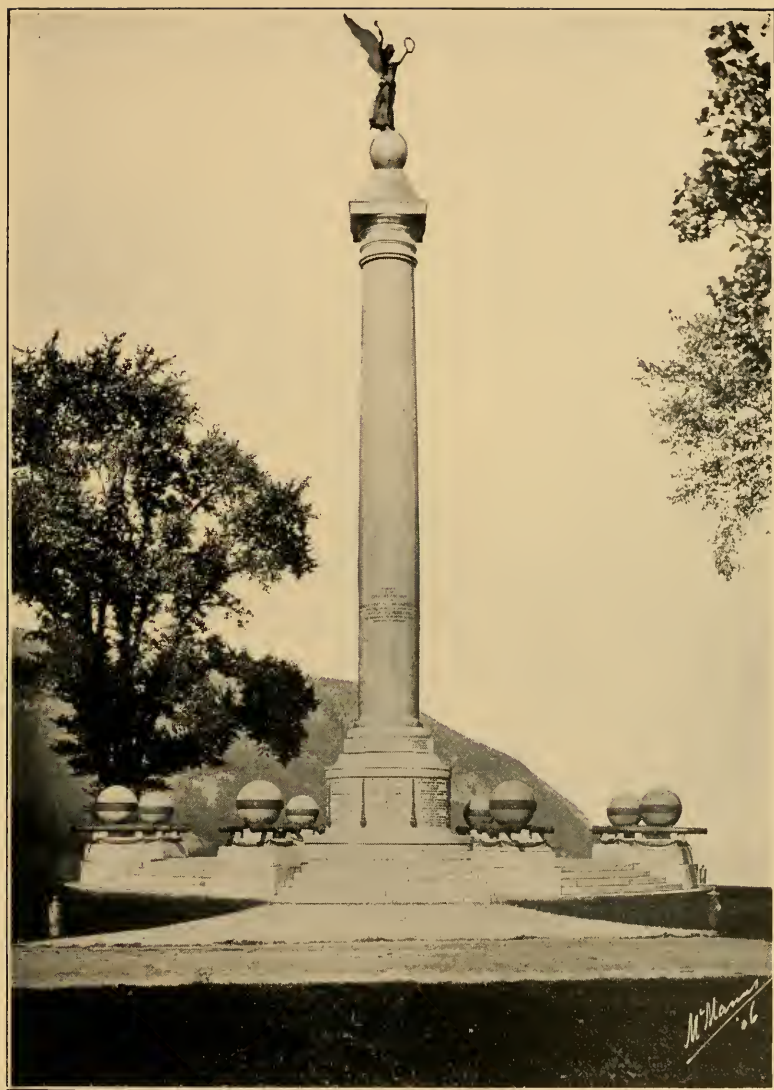
"P. Kane, Adjutant."

Fourteen Allegheny County companies went into camp on this occasion for one week. The old borough of Birmingham has, since 1874, been part of the South Side of the city of Pittsburgh, comprising the territory between South Seventh and Seventeenth Streets, the Monongahela River and the hill.

Of the staff above named, Hultz became a colonel but had no service at the front, but was instrumental in recruiting more than one company and regiment. William B. Negley, after the war a prominent attorney in Pittsburgh, served on his relative's staff, Major-general James S. Negley, and Patrick Kane, captain of Company K, Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, from February 2, 1862, was mortally wounded at Hawes' Shop, Va., May 28, 1864, and died June 2nd. Capt. Mosler is not known to this generation. James S. Negley, previously captain of the "Pennsylvania Infantry," was in command of the camp.

The records of the "Washington Infantry of Pittsburgh" show that the anniversary of Perry's victory, September 10, 1855, was celebrated by a parade of the company, with 102 officers and men in line, and in the afternoon an excursion was made to Sewickley, where the company was entertained by the "Sewickley Guards" and on this most enjoyable occasion Alexander Hays, his rank not given, served on the entertainment committee.¹

¹ "History of the Washington Infantry;" P. 23.



Victory Monument, West Point Military Academy.

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS FROM CAMP THE 12TH REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, THREE MONTHS SERVICE

THE sound of Sumter's guns had scarcely died away until Alexander Hays was again ready for the field. He was among the many thousands who tarried not, but were ready at once and went as soon as an organization could be effected to receive his company.

About one year previous to the presidential election of 1860, James H. Childs of Pittsburgh, proposed to his friends that they form a military company. When asked why he didn't join the old Duquesne Grays, a prominent organization then existing in the city, he replied: "Oh, no, let us get up a new company composed of our own personal friends." At his solicitation a sufficient number of prominent young men were secured, and the company organized under the name of the "City-Guards of Pittsburgh," with Capt. T. J. Brereton, a graduate of West Point, as captain. Maurice Wallace, who had also served in the United States army, was engaged as drill master. Drilling was carried on without public demonstration for some months, when the Civil War began, with President Lincoln's call for volunteers for three months' service.

Capt. Brereton decided that he would not enter the service, and as the company decided they had played soldier long enough they would tender their company, and offered the command to Alexander Hays, then a resident of the city. As soon as it was known that Capt. Hays was in command the company was rapidly filled and organized with the following officers:

Alexander Hays, captain; James H. Childs, first lieutenant; A. S. M. Morgan, second lieutenant. The company was accepted, and was mustered in as Company K of the 12th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Colonel David Campbell. Capt. Hays was made major, which necessitated

the selection of another captain, and Childs, who had previously been appointed first lieutenant, proposed the name of William C. Denny, as one having more age and experience than himself. This was done, and on entering the 12th Regiment the company was made up of the following officers: Captain, William C. Denny; first lieutenant, James H. Childs; second lieutenant, A. S. M. Morgan; first sergeant, Benjamin Bakewell; second sergeant, Charles W. Chapman; third sergeant, John O. Phillips; fourth sergeant, A. B. Bonnafon.

The 12th Regiment was recruited and organized at Pittsburgh, under the supervision of Brigadier-General James S. Negley. The Duquesne Grays and the Independent Blues, the oldest and among the best drilled companies in the city, many of whose members were veterans of the Mexican War, formed the basis of the organization. The Zouave Cadets, a company composed of young men, was formed at Pittsburgh in 1860, during the prevalence of the military furore, occasioned by the visit of the Chicago Zouaves, under Capt. Ellsworth. The City Guards had been but a short time organized, and had never made their appearance on public parade. The remaining companies were newly formed. An election of field officers was held on the 22nd of April, which resulted in the choice of the following: David Campbell of Pittsburgh, colonel; Norton McGiffin of Washington, lieutenant-colonel; Alexander Hays of Pittsburgh, major. Daniel Leasure, from captain of Company H, was appointed adjutant, and subsequently also acted as adjutant-general to General Negley. Quartermaster, James A. Ekin; surgeon, Alexander M. Speer; assistant surgeon, Robert M. Tindle; chaplain, James J. Marks.

Of the above officers, Lieut.-Colonel McGiffin was from Washington, Pa., and Adjutant Leasure from New Castle; the remainder were Pittsburghers. Lieut.-Colonel McGiffin, Capts. McKee and O'Brien and Lieut. Chalfant were veterans of Mexico.¹

The regiment left Pittsburgh on the 24th of April, and arrived in Harrisburg on the 25th, where it was quartered in churches, and in the Capitol. On the afternoon of the same day, the 12th, together with the 13th, was reviewed in the

¹ For company officers of the 12th Regiment and the roster of Company K, Alexander Hays' original company, vide Appendix F.

public grounds by Governor Curtin, and was mustered into the service of the United States. Immediately afterwards, the 12th departed by the Northern Central Railroad for Camp Scott, near the town of York. Here it remained for several weeks, engaged in drill. The camp was not a comfortable one, being at this season of the year, a field of mud. The men soon became impatient for active service. On the 19th of May the regiment was clothed, equipped, and furnished with camp equipage.

The bridges on the Northern Central Railroad, which were destroyed immediately after its abandonment, had been rebuilt and trains commenced running regularly between Harrisburg and Baltimore on the 9th of May. On the 25th, the regiment was ordered to move and take position on this road, from the state line to the city of Baltimore, relieving the 1st Pennsylvania, Colonel Yohe. The order was hailed with delight, opening to the men a prospect of activity. It was posted along the road, with headquarters at Cockeysville, where two companies, I and K, were stationed. The guard duty was very heavy, and soon became irksome, but no attempt by force or stealth, was ever made to interfere with the line. The companies were so much scattered that no opportunity was afforded for regimental drill after leaving Camp Scott. The two companies at Cockeysville were, however, regularly and thoroughly instructed, and soon acquired the proficiency of veterans. In the manual they were daily exercised by Sergeant-Major Bonnafon, an experienced soldier, and in the school of the company by their officers. The men were impatient to be with the advancing column, but were obliged to remain to the end of their term of enlistment in this position.

The service rendered by this regiment was devoid of stirring incident, but was, nevertheless, exceedingly laborious, was faithfully performed, and was of great moment to the government. The highest expectations were entertained of its heroic conduct in the face of the enemy; but no enemy was seen, and no occasion presented for the firing of a gun. It was a noiseless and inglorious campaign, but a highly useful one, for not only was an important and vital line of communication with the National Capitol preserved and protected, but a fine body of men was thoroughly drilled and perfected in

the school of arms, and many, who here received their first instruction, afterwards led with great skill in the most deadly encounters. The field officers had all received a military training. The regiment was mustered out of service at Harrisburg August 5, 1861.

The roster of Company K, with regiment, is most interesting to this generation comprising, as it does, some of the best-known of Pittsburgh's young men of the day, and many who in later days became prominent in business of our great city. William C. Denny, captain, son of Honorable Harmar Denny and Elizabeth O'Hara Denny; and James H. Childs, later colonel of 4th Cavalry and Algernon Sydney Mountain Morgan,¹ his faithful lieutenants, could truthfully have been said to have been among the flower of Pittsburgh's chivalry of those exciting days. Capt. Thomas J. Brereton was a son-in-law of Honorable Harmar Denny and a graduate of West Point in 1843, one year prior to Alexander Hays, in which class William B. Franklin was No. 1, and Ulysses S. Grant No. 21, while Capt. Brereton was No. 30. He had served in Mexico and mention of his military service is to be found herein, among those of the West Point classes previously mentioned. Capt. Brereton acted as assistant adjutant-general of Pennsylvania for the years 1861-1862. He is best known in Pittsburgh as the commander of the Allegheny Arsenal in 1857 and 1858 and for his long residence on the slope of Herron Hill, on what is now Melwood Avenue.

Of these early Pittsburgh volunteer soldiers [of 1861], two became brigadier generals and brevet major generals, United States volunteers, Alexander Hays and Joseph B. Kiddoo, and the last name on the roll, the highest rank attainable in the army of the United States, and he needs no introduction to Pittsburgh or the country at large, and his name always looks good—Samuel Baldwin Marks Young, and he is proud to have been a private in Capt. Alexander Hays' City Guards.

Four of Company K became colonels or lieutenant-colonels, to-wit: Childs [Fourth Cavalry], Morgan [63rd], Bonnafon [78th], Cain [155th]; three became majors—McCandless [Fifth Cavalry], Parke [Fourth Cavalry], Coltart of Company B [Fourth Cavalry]. Five became captains: Chapman [63rd], Denniston [155th], Chalmers [63rd], Baga-

¹ Colonel Morgan died 1914

ley [63rd], Robinson [Fourth Cavalry], and a number of others obtained commissions, and among them George P. Corts, Alexander Hays' "fidus Achates" in the 63rd Regiment of which Corts was the first adjutant. James P. Fleming was a lieutenant in Hampton's Battery [F, Independent Pennsylvania Artillery], and many of the men re-enlisted and obtained non-commissioned rank, such as Robert Stanford, first sergeant of Company K of the 63rd Regiment, who left an arm at Spottsylvania; and William Logan a gallant sergeant of Company I of the 155th Regiment under Capt. Samuel A. McKee, formerly of Company A of the 12th who fell at Petersburg, June 18, 1864.

Henry W. Oliver, Jr., is perhaps the best known name in Pittsburgh business circles, and A. Filson Dalzell has been for many years adjutant of General Alexander Hays Post No. 3, G. A. R., of this city. The "City Guards" was good soldier stock, and as seen, a nucleus for many subsequent commands.

LETTERS HOME

The following letters written home by General Hays will give additional details of the "three months' service" in 1861—and the major's troubles and longings and his desire to rise to an appropriate command in more active service.

The letters are all to Mrs. Hays and are the first of a long series:

MAJOR HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Curtin, May 7, 1861.¹

"Our affairs have been so unsettled and the weather so dreadful, cold and wet, that it has interfered with every attempt to write.

"We were obliged to bring our men into town, but the weather has now settled, and this is a beautiful morning, so that all must go into camp again.

"The camp has been christened 'Camp Curtin,' in honor [I wish I could say 'in memory'] of our governor.

"I have found out that I am expected to do the greatest amount of labor, and also furnish brains for 'our brigade.' No matter, for the fact is already acknowledged here.

"My 'City Guards' are acknowledged to be the crack company of the army in drill, discipline and behavior, which latter has been exceptional.

¹ Camp Curtin at Harrisburg, the great rendezvous of Pennsylvania troops during the entire war.

"Camp Scott, York, Pa., May 9, 1861.

"I have hardly time to say much of horses, but I have a new one—a coal-black—and 'Aleck' has christened him 'Gilbert,' so that my family consists of Gilbert, Davy and Aleck. I was up very early this morning attending to the company drills."

"Headquarters 12th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"York, May 10, 1861.

"Since I have had an opportunity to regulate my own time, I have written home once each day. In order to accomplish this I rise at 4 o'clock A. M., as soon as the morning gun is fired, and while 'reveille' is beaten, stir up the 'City Guards,' to set an example to other companies.

"The young 'guards' are now established as the Color Company of the 12th Regiment and the colors of the guards have been adopted as the regimental colors, a very high compliment not only to the company, but to the young ladies who presented them.

"They are conceded to be the most perfect combination of soldiers and gentlemen that Curtin has yet called into the service of the honorable commonwealth.

"I consider myself the military, physical and moral guardian of the 'City Guards,' and as such I will remain until I return the bodies of its members, with or without bullet holes through them, as Providence may direct, to their homes and families.

"If necessary, upon my authority you may contradict any reports tending to show the demoralization of our camp, or that the men are not well fed. They are deficient in many things, from dereliction of duty in high officials, but to the credit of the camp, the morale is good."

"Harrisburg, May 12, 1861.

"I have been to see the governor and other notables in hopes of promotion, and have hopes to accomplish my object, although the governor is down upon everybody from Pittsburgh. I am an applicant for a regiment, to be formed entirely of Allegheny raftsmen, or else to be colonel of the cavalry regiment."

"Camp Scott, near York, Pa., May 15th, 1861.

"Yesterday we had a grand parade through the streets of York. The sight of 4,000 men on parade is something new for this country, and in the entire crowd no party attracts more attention than Major H. and his black charger, Gilbert! How modest! 'Gilbert' is in training and I expect to be able to cause him to lie down when the men lie down in square.

"In the new levy of troops I have reason to hope for an improved condition. Although the governor is down upon Pittsburghers, I think I have influence to overcome his prejudice in my case. I will be an applicant for an independent regiment, or perhaps for the dragoons."

"Camp Scott, near York, Pa., Wednesday, May 16, 1861.

"My time, excepting in the morning from 5 to 8 o'clock, is occupied until after 5 o'clock P. M. and then I am generally too tired to do anything. My horse is at the door at 8, and constantly in use until evening.

"We get along finely, and you may say to everybody that the equal of 'the City Guards' as gentlemen and soldiers, cannot be found. I am proud of them."

"May 19th, 1861.

"For some days past I have been the president of a general courtmartial, and tried several hard cases. One, a desperate fellow, for 'assault and battery with intent to kill.' He was sentenced to be 'driven out of the service,' and as nobody else understood the very delicate [?] duty, I was of course, detailed to see the sentence carried out. So far as I have heard, the performance gave general satisfaction, both to soldiers and citizens. Upon the former it had the desired effect, and men heretofore boisterous, are as quiet as lambs.

"That the 12th, 13th, and 16th, were, by a juggling trick, read out of the service, was true, but I believe the matter has been settled, as no man, whatever his station, would dare to send them home in the present state of the country. It is my intention to accept any preferment that may be offered, and I am seeking either the command of an independent infantry regiment, or command of the regiment of dragoons, which is to be raised."

"May 23, 1861.

"The attempt to force our men into the regular three years' service has produced much excitement, and as an evidence of my standing among the men, I am constantly consulted by officers and men to teach them their duty. I have the entire confidence of the regiment."

"Cockeysville, May 26, 1861.

"You have heard of our move from York. Our regiment is stationed along the Northern Central Railroad, for its protection. I am at the head of the left wing, which includes 'the Grays,' 'City Guards,' 'Zouave Cadets,' and two companies from Lawrence County. The 'Guards' are three miles in the rear, in care of the bridge over Gunpowder River. It is

a very important watch. I have a guard with me, Roberts' Zouaves,¹ who arrived yesterday evening, and relieved a company of the 1st Regiment.

"This is the worst secession hole upon the whole line, and the previous guards have been fired upon several times.

"The extreme guards another important bridge, and along our whole line are the bridges burned some time ago, but now rebuilt. All citizens, niggers and dogs are required to 'keep off the track,' under penalty of being shot. It is now 11 o'clock, and three alarms have been fired, which is all, however in consequence of the nervousness of the Zouaves, as I really doubt that we have been molested at all. We must, however, keep guard.

"I have really not had three hours sleep in three days, but my voice is as good as ever, as I found in recalling a squad of skirmishers who were after supposed bridge-burners. The ringleader of the bridge-burning, whose house is in sight, was arrested the day before yesterday, and is now a prisoner in Fort McHenry."

"Cockeysville, Baltimore County, Md., May, 1861.

"It is now nearly 2 o'clock, A. M., but I am not asleep, so I will give you a little letter. I have written seven letters tonight, and will finish with this to you.

"We have received no pay, and no prospect of receiving any. I am still dependent on the bounty of friends, and must remain so until the paymaster comes.

"Advise all the friends of the 'City Guards' that they are worthy of all commendation."

"Cockeysville, Md., May 28, 1861.

"I have six companies of the regiment in my division, with Roberts' Zouave Cadets as an especial bodyguard. They require my constant attention, but are good boys.

"When we move I cannot say, but it is pretty certain our destination will be Harper's Ferry. Forty transportation cars for troops have been ordered this night towards Baltimore, which portends present movement."

"May 31, 1861.

"I captured three young men implicated in the cutting of the telegraph wires. They are now in prison at York. I

¹ Company I. Roberts' Zouaves, or the "Pittsburgh Zouave Cadets," of which R. Biddle Roberts, a prominent lawyer, was originally captain, later colonel of the 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, and subsequently aide-de-camp on Governor Curtin's staff on active duty. Roberts did not serve with the company.

know not why all the dirty work should fall to me, but I would pray to be excused from witnessing the agony of mothers, wives and sisters, when their loved ones are torn away. But such is war! It is justified, as we will make Maryland a sound Union state.

"Tomorrow morning we march upon Lawstontown, to capture the parties who burned the bridges. All will be excitement. Court is held in town, and a rebel company of cavalry parades there tomorrow. I will take with me the 'City Guards,' the 'Zouave Cadets' and the Washington County company.¹ I will have too strong a force to meet with resistance, but if I do, God help the rebels.

"How long we will remain here I cannot say, probably 10 days. We are destined for Harper's Ferry, but we will have no fight. They will back out.

"It is now after 10 o'clock and we have two sentinels arrested for sleeping at their posts. Most of my rest is taken at intervals through the 24 hours, as I can catch it. The boys wonder why I am always awake."

"Cockeysville, June 17, 1861.

"I missed the train at Harrisburg and went to Columbia, and thence to York, where I arrived late Saturday. I took the morning train at 4 o'clock and arrived here about 7 o'clock. Immediately on my arrival I met Colonel Campbell, who requested me to go down with him to Mellvale, as a trouble was announced in Stewart's company, the Firemen's Legion. Arriving at Mellvale we found that a meeting had occurred the night before. Four men of the company had absented themselves and were drunk. Capt. Stewart sent a guard of three, but they refused to return. Another guard of four men was sent after them, but they resisted, and succeeded in obtaining a musket from one of the guard. The captain then sent six men, with orders to bring them in dead or alive. On the arrival of this guard they were fired upon by the mutineers with the musket and revolvers, when the sergeant of the guard gave the order to fire. One of the mutineers, known as 'Loafer Bell,' was killed instantly, shot with four balls, another, Knox, had his elbow terribly shattered by a ball. The other two then surrendered. We buried Bell in an ignominious grave. Knox is in the hospital. The other two are in Fort McHenry, and will be tried on Tuesday, and undoubtedly be sentenced to be shot. Capt. Stewart, his sergeant and men deserve, and have received the highest commenda-

¹ There were two companies from Washington County in the 12th Regiment, E, from Washington, Capt. James Armstrong, and G, from Monongahela City, Capt. Robert F. Cooper.

tions for their energetic conduct on the occasion. Enough of tragedy.¹

"I have not much hope that this regiment of ours will be relieved from duty as railroad guards until the three months' time expires. Arrangements are being made to call in sufficient number of companies to fill up the regiment.

"I saw Judge Pearson, and he will send me a letter to Cameron.² I will apply for the regular army."

"Cockeysville, Md., June 20th, 1861.

"I telegraphed to you this morning that I had received the tender of a captaincy in the U. S. Army. Of course I cannot accept it, although I do not intend to decline it abruptly. I wrote to Cameron at once and requested authority to raise a regiment, which I offered in 10 days' notice. I believe he will accept my offer, and if I am backed by my friends, I feel certain of it.

"The 12th Regiment has gone to sticks, and will return home, unconditionally, at the expiration of three months—25th July. The news that I will not probably remain with the regiment, has completed what the want of capacity in others began."

"June 20th, 1861.

"You will have learned that I have been tendered a captaincy, but that is too small a bait, as I require one large enough for a wife and seven children.

"It is said to be all that now can be offered, although I might have done much better had I applied earlier. Never mind, we will have some consolation, and if I am not appreciated I can return to private life, and we will slide down the other side of the hill of life together. I have no fear of the future. I was in Baltimore and at Fort McHenry, day

¹ Capt. John H. Stewart, Company C, "The Firemen's Legion of Pittsburgh." Stewart was, after the war, sheriff of Allegheny County and postmaster of Pittsburgh during Grant's administration. He served also as captain in the "Union Cavalry of Pittsburgh," which became Company G of the 1st Maryland Cavalry. From all the evidence in the case of the trouble in Company C, 12th Regiment, it was downright mutiny and properly and rigorously stamped out as indicated. Frederick Dierst of Pittsburgh, one of the few survivors of the 12th Regiment, who served in Company C, states that these culprits were sentenced to death, but pardoned by President Lincoln. One of these men, Joseph Davis, served nearly four years in the 61st Pennsylvania Regiment, and redeemed himself. The right name of the man killed was Robert Bell and not to be confounded with Bazel Bell of the same company, killed in battle while serving in the 102nd Pennsylvania Volunteers. Dierst further states that the mutineers were fired on by direct orders from Lieut.-Colonel McGiffin, in command of the battalion.

² The Secretary of War.

before yesterday, I met many old friends, who welcomed me very warmly. I was engaged on business with the court-martial which tries the mutineers. I think they will be shot, but hope that duty will not devolve upon me, as all other dirty ones have, if, however, it does, I will do it right."

"Cockeysville, June 24, 1861.

"One month from today the 'City Guards' will have served for the period of three months, and may then be expected in Pittsburgh. What will become of me I am unable to say, but we will see.

"You are aware that I have been tendered a captaincy. I will go to Washington tonight and see Cameron. I have applied to raise a regiment, and pledged one to be ready for orders in 10 days' time. The captaincy I will not accept, and should I be refused, what I believe is due to me, I will retire altogether from the service, to spend my life in peace. I am determined to play second fiddle to no ambitious ignoramus."

General Hays was evidently much piqued when he indited this letter and it can well be doubted that his martial soul would have rested in peace with the sounds of war continually in his ears. The war was young in June, 1861. That was before Bull Run and the new awakening after Sumter. Perish the thought that Alexander Hays could have remained silent in his tent and that he would leave the field, is untenable also. In March, 1864, with the rank of brigadier general of volunteers, he went to his death with a reduced command, and said nothing about resigning. War was war then, and three years had left the only impress possible—the North must conquer.

"Cockeysville, June 29th, 1861.

"I have been in high places since I wrote last. I visited Washington in company with Lieut. Childs¹ on Tuesday last, on business. I saw and was kindly received by all the big guns. My reception by Cameron and General Scott was very flattering. I still hope that the Secretary of War will confer an appointment which I can accept in the regular service. He gave consent to recruit this regiment [the 12th], and in that case I will be lieutenant-colonel. I met a large number of old army acquaintances, who were all glad to see me, and pleased that I had a prospect of returning to the service.

"My business at Washington embraced the matter of our pay. I now have the payrolls made out, and will be paid in a few days. We have received no pay yet."

¹ 1st Lieut. James H. Childs, Company K, later colonel of the 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, killed at Antietam.

"July 3rd, 1861.

"My reception by Mr. Secretary Cameron was very flattering, and there can be no doubt that if I had made application in time I would have been appointed to a higher and important office. As it is, I am only a captain of regulars, and that I cannot accept.

"I have lost my position by devoting myself to 'The City Guards,' and the 12th Regiment. I think now it is due me from the citizens of Pittsburgh that the men of influence petition Cameron in my behalf. My merits are admitted by Cameron, and my appointment would be satisfactory to the officers of the regular army. If the influential men of Pittsburgh ask anything for me before the 15th, of this month, I shall obtain it."

Alexander Hays, a graduate of West Point, an officer of the United States regular army, and veteran of a previous war, was undoubtedly justified in seeking as high a rank as he could obtain. His efforts and his ambition find a striking counterpart in those of his "old army chum," Capt. U. S. Grant, to obtain recognition and preferment, which came in due season, and then the world wondered why the delay.

"July 6th, 1861.

"In a few days over two weeks this regiment will be disbanded if it does not disband itself sooner. The truth is the men have been treated in a shameful manner, and are disposed to become refractory, as their time draws to a close. The worst of it is that Campbell takes little interest in the discipline and leaves it to me.¹ I am determined that they shall not disgrace themselves while I am connected with them, and as a consequence I have a large number in 'durance vile.'

"Night before last I was out on an expedition in search of arms, and took with me two men and Lieut. Morgan."²

"Cockeysville, July 12th, 1861.

"I am under many obligations to you and the friends who have moved so zealously in my behalf to obtain a position in the army. I have been so much flattered lately that I begin to believe I could discharge the duties, even in the U. S. A., creditably. There is not the least doubt as to the individual who is the responsible and reliable field officer in the 12th

¹ David Campbell of Pittsburgh, colonel of the 12th Regiment, and later for short periods, colonel of both 4th and 5th Regiments, Pennsylvania Cavalry.

² 2nd Lieut. A. S. M. Morgan of Company K, 12th Regiment of Pittsburgh, later lieutenant-colonel of the 63rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, often mentioned. Colonel Morgan died in 1914.

Regiment. The War Department knows it, the railroad company knows it, the citizens of Maryland know it, and the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiment know it, and take every occasion to express their sentiments. You will hear a loud expression of it after we return home.

"I do not feel concerned about a position, as the lieutenant-colonel of the 12th is open and I am the acknowledged incumbent."¹

"July 22, 1861.

"Thursday, next, terminates the period of our service, and I suppose that orders are already issued for our relief from duty, although we have not yet received any. Campbell has gone to Washington today.

"A. H."

Headquarters Twelfth Regiment,
Pennsylvania Volunteers,
Cockeysville, July 25th, 1861.

ORDERS.

Sir:

You will proceed with companies "C" and "K" to Pittsburgh, Penna., to be mustered out of service.

You are authorized to make the necessary arrangements for the transportation of the men under your command.

David Campbell
Colonel Commanding.

TO MAJOR ALEXANDER HAYS

General George B. McClellan had on the day the following letter was written, assumed command of the Division of the Potomac at Washington. He had passed through Pittsburgh a few days previously fresh from the scenes of his early victories in Western Virginia and had been a major general in the U. S. A. since May 4, 1861. Having been two years at West Point with Major Hays, they were well acquainted as will later develop.

"Pittsburgh, July 27th, 1861.

"Major General George B. McClellan, U. S. A.,

"General:

"I have arrived at home after three months' service, with the only regret that I was not permitted to see you personally in our own city.

"The regiment with which I have served will be dis-

¹ There were many of the opinion that the three months regiments from Pennsylvania would be reorganized for the three years service, but excepting the 11th and 23rd, all such were given new numbers. A notable instance is the "Old 13th," Colonel Thomas A. Rowley, which went out again as the 102nd in the Pennsylvania line.

banded, and it is the almost unanimous request of our most influential citizens, as well as the desire of the men who have served with me, that I lead out another regiment forthwith.

"All that is required for prompt action is authority from the Honorable Secretary of War.

"If your confidence in me will justify it, will you add your solicitations to that of our citizens, and give me an early reply?

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

"Major 12th Regiment, Penna. Vols."

It appears from the foregoing that Major Hays came to Pittsburgh some days before the formal muster out of the 12th Regiment, so eager was he to obtain the authority to recruit a new regiment and put his plans into active progress.

While yet in service with the 12th Regiment, Mrs. Hays, deeply solicitous for her husband's advancement, addressed a letter to the Secretary of War as follows:

"Pittsburgh, July 11, 1861.

"Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War,

"Sir:

"I am the wife of Major Alexander Hays, now of the 12th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and late of the U. S. A. You may not be personally acquainted with my husband, but I understand you are an old friend of my father-in-law, General Samuel Hays, of Venango County. My object in writing is to lay before you the enclosed petition, signed by the most prominent citizens of Pittsburgh, for the appointment of my husband to a colonelcy in the regular army. I was not aware of the existence of this paper, so honorable to my husband, till this morning, when it was placed in my hands; and upon reflection I have concluded to send it direct to you, instead of intermediately through one less interested in the issue. It may be improper for me to add a line to the high testimonial before you, but permit me to say I have in my house a sword presented to my husband, Major Hays, for his gallantry at Palo Alto, where he took the first gun of the enemy's battery; and another sword presented to him by the Texas Rangers; also a medal presented to him by the Louisiana Volunteers, for his gallantry throughout the war with Mexico. These are memorials to me and my children that my husband has been loyal to his country in the past, and I am sure if you give him the opportunity, in a position he deserves, he will bring home when the war is over, new trophies to inspire the patriotism of his children, or lay down his life for his country. With much respect,

"Yours sincerely,

"Annie E. Hays."

This letter and the influences mentioned were effective, and the orders of the War Department are evidenced in the following exhibits:

ADVERTISEMENTS FROM PITTSBURGH PAPERS,
AUGUST 3, 1861.

COLONEL ALEXANDER HAYS

By virtue of the authority derived from the Hon. Secretary of War, I will organize a regiment for service during the war, to rendezvous at Pittsburgh, on or before the 15th instant. The regiment will consist of ten [10] companies, and each company will be organized as follows: One captain, one first lieutenant, one second lieutenant, one first sergeant, four sergeants, eight corporals, two musicians, one wagoner and eighty-two [82] privates—101 aggregate. Assurance is given of prompt, active and honorable service. Commanders of companies or detachments and individuals desirous of taking part in the struggle which will determine the permanency of our free institutions, can report at once at No. 64 Fourth street, formerly Adams Express office.

Alexander Hays,
Colonel.

Old residents will remember that Fourth street is now Fourth avenue and next to the Farmers Bank was the Hays recruiting office, the bank's number being then 66.

Headquarters Sixth Cavalry,
Camp Scott, near Pittsburgh.

ORDERS. August 25, 1861.

I. Capt. Alex Hays, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., having been appointed colonel of volunteers, he is hereby assigned, with his full rank as colonel of volunteers, to command of all the troops at Camp Wilkins, and he will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

II. He will push forward, with utmost rapidity, the organization of companies, and as each company is mustered into service, he will dispatch it promptly to Washington to report to the adjutant general of the army. When the tenth company of his own regiment is mustered into service he will repair with it to join his regiment.

III. A. Q. M. Ekin will provide transportation for all troops Colonel Hays may send forward.

By order of the Secretary of War,
W. H. Simons,
Lieut.-Colonel 6th Cav., U. S. A.

Approved,
L. THOMAS, Adt. Gen'l.
September 27, 1861.

In the meantime Major Hays had been reappointed to the regular army. This appointment he did not accept, preferring to await some higher appointment in the volunteer service, which he felt was sure to come.

WAR DEPARTMENT

Washington, June 19, 1861.

Sir:

You are hereby informed that the President of the United States has appointed you captain in the 16th Regiment of Infantry, in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the 19th day of June, 1861.

* * * * *

Should you accept, you will at once report in person, for orders, to the colonel of your regiment [Colonel A. Porter, Sixteenth Infantry] at Chicago, Ill.

Simon Cameron,
Secretary of War.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HAYS,
16th Regiment Infantry.

The result of the influences as a whole and the known record of Colonel Hays in the war with Mexico, were most potent in the formation of his new regiment—later the famous 63d Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Colonel Porter, it may be remarked, commanded the First Brigade of Major General Hunter's division at the first battle of Bull Run, though the Sixteenth Infantry was not in the battle. Alexander Hays missed the first battle at that famous run. He did not miss the second and he was in service in the vicinity for six eventful months, as will appear.

CHAPTER XI.

THE 63RD PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS AROUND WASHINGTON

IF NOTHING else were wanting to form an estimate of the great heart and depth of affection of Alexander Hays, letters written from camp and field would be amply sufficient. During the hours when he should have been sleeping, and amidst the constant interruptions of official duties, on the battle line—in any place—at any time—these letters to wife and dear ones, reveal the innate kindness and characteristics of the husband and father as well as the soldier. The general never minces words. He speaks right out; he writes often, for in another hour he may be among the slain. He is loyal to his comrades. He believes in George B. McClellan. His first brigadier, Charles D. Jameson of Maine, who died the next year, appeals to him as a man and a soldier. Phil. Kearney comes to command the division. Two strong lights blend, and there is magnificent brilliancy; Kearney and Hays—both die. Both names are forever emblazoned on the “eternal camping ground,” for fame is kind as well as great, and never passes by the worthy and the deserving.

Alexander Hays’ thoughts never stray from home and loved ones. He writes lovingly. He writes often—daily when possible. He sends his wife his pay. The little details of the home do not escape him. He advises; he requests; he makes merry. Love is the theme of his heart and love pervades all his home correspondence. “There may come a day,” he doubtless thought, “when I shall write no more, so I write each time the feelings of my heart; I will write its burnings and its longings, its desires and antipathies. I write my soul in words that shall live and ever say ‘I was loyal to God, my country and my loved ones,’ and love shall live in my expressed thoughts when the heart is still.”

And it was even so.

The gossip of camp and field does not escape him. Mrs. Hays, who has often visited the camp, knows many of the boys of the 63rd Regiment. He tells of them. He tells all one would want to know.

To his revered father-in-law, John B. McFadden of Pittsburgh, he writes as to an elder brother, newsy, bright letters that one friend and patriot would write another friend and patriot. When Alexander Hays cannot write, his faithful adjutant, Cortis, with ready pen, does so for him, or "Billy" McGranahan, the sergeant major. Soldiers and friends both these, and they write in the spirit of the man they write for, and in the spirit of the battle that portends.

In the formation of the grand Army of the Potomac, Alexander Hays is not without trouble and tribulation. He is ambitious; he is proud; he is devoted; his regiment is the best. He disparages sometimes, for he is human and was in the midst of alarms, in the hurly-burly of the early days of the Civil War. He saw men epauletted and uniformed in splendor; he saw these men, pompous and important on dress parade—some good drillmasters, some good executives, all of some ability. He does not see these men on the skirmish line, and he also misses them when the battle line advances. He looks in vain for them when the charge is made, and finds them not, and he expresses his contempt.

But it was so also in other regiments. The winnowing and sifting process went on daily until only soldiers remained when the process was completed. The soldier of the flame of smoke and hell is the soldier of song and story. The epaulette is the symbol of rank and pomp. The powder stain is the enemy's tribute, and he who gains it must be close to that enemy. Alexander Hays and his men were ever close to the enemy. In the glowing and hearty letters of Alexander Hays there is much to admire, much to study—they are graphic; they are soulful, they tell of "arms and the man"—they tell vividly of war.

The 63rd Regiment, owing to the great necessity for troops in Washington, left Pittsburgh without a regimental organization. Two full companies and several squads, in all about 400 men, departed for what proved to be the front, on the 26th of August, 1861. Recruiting continued at Pittsburgh, during the month of September, and with three companies

from outside the county of Allegheny, viz.: in Beaver, Clarion, Venango and Mercer counties, reporting to Colonel Hays at the old fair grounds at Penn and Twenty-eighth streets, Pittsburgh, then known as Camp Wilkins, he was enabled to forward enough recruits to Washington to complete the regiment. A. S. M. Morgan of Pittsburgh was made lieutenant-colonel; Maurice Wallace, also of Pittsburgh, major. George P. Corts was appointed adjutant and James M. Lysle, quartermaster. John T. Crawford was the first surgeon, promoted to brigade surgeon in a few weeks and succeeded by W. H. Worthington, transferred to the 99th Regiment in February, 1862, and James K. Rodgers from that regiment took his place. James A. McFadden was assistant surgeon. Charles W. McHenry was the first sergeant major but Colonel Hays promoted him to be captain of Company G, and he was succeeded by Solomon Kline, Rev. James Junius Marks, who had been chaplain of the 12th Regiment, filled the same position in the new regiment. William P. Hunker was appointed quartermaster sergeant, and Jacob Lonerbaugh, commissary sergeant; Charles D. Schrieves, hospital steward; John Howenstine was principal musician, and Robert C. Hawkins the leader of the regimental band, and that band was a good one. The band instruments were donated by personal friends of Colonel Hays in Pittsburgh, and they were the finest that could be had and the 63rd's band soon became famous in the army and is frequently spoken of in the colonel's letters and in Mrs. Hays'. The various happenings in camp and the incidents of the service are so carefully and fully detailed in the letters that no comments will be made here.

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Hays, near Washington, D. C., Sept. 18, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"I am here safe and sound, and if you had witnessed my reception you would be disposed to jealousy. This family of 900 children were frantic, and if ever a poor parent was hugged to death, I came near suffering. I was very much pleased with my regiment, as I ought to be, for it pleases everybody else. We are still engaged arming and equipping, which is very tedious, and requires the time of all my staff. I hope Corts will arrive today.

"I have met many old acquaintances, and met with a most cordial reception from all.

"I cannot as yet see General McClellan though I was invited by his adjutant general to call upon him. As a general thing, the general is invisible, although not green. In the adjutant general's, quartermaster's and all other departments, I have been recognized as a regular, which gives me great advantage.

"Feeling some concern for my regiment, I expressed some anxiety to Seth Williams,¹ General Mac's head man, and was assured that the general would see me in the right place. There is less anxiety felt here for the safety of Washington than you feel at home. We move under restrictions, as every officer is required to carry a pass, no matter what his rank. I will now close this, which will be carried by Lieut.-Colonel Morgan, who goes home, and will tell you much more than I can write. My warmest love to all the little and big Hayeses, and everybody else, and God bless you all. I will bring up all my correspondence square in a short time, and then intend to keep it so.

"Your husband,

"Alex. Hays."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Hays, near Washington,

"September 26th, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"I have made several attempts to write, but I have been very busy, and so much engaged in the affairs of the regiment that I could not concentrate my mind upon a letter, even to my dear wife.

"I received yours by Robinson this morning, and I assure you it gave me great satisfaction, very great. It afforded relief from the incessant annoyance of my family of 1,046 children. Sometimes I think every one of them regards me as appointed for his own especial convenience, and I lose my constitutional equanimity of temper, but the poor fellows take my ebullitions so kindly that I feel sorry that I am obliged to scold.

"I ought to be, as I am, very proud of my regiment. Already there is not in the service a more subordinate or better disciplined one. My word appears to be gospel to them, from the major down to the 'nigger cook,' who gives us daily food. My intercourse with the various departments has been exceedingly pleasant. I find everywhere old friends, who welcome me back to my old trade. We, I mean the 63rd, are spoken of as The Regiment, and I am only afraid that too much will be expected from us. I must say so far my highest expectations have been realized. Though sadly defi-

¹ Major-General Seth Williams, West Point, class of 1842, adjutant-general of the Army of the Potomac, and adjutant at West Point 1850-1853.

cient in drill, perfect order reigns everywhere. It is now after 'taps,' 10 o'clock, and I have just returned from an observation. Everything is as quiet and orderly as if the encampment was of veteran regulars. I rarely hear through the day a profane or improper word, and our guard tents have been almost wanting of occupants. Our equipment is progressing rapidly, the men are well fed, and a jollier crew I never saw. This day has been the President's fasting and prayer. The only duty required of the men was to brush up and the most of them took advantage of the permission to do washing and ironing at a small stream which runs about half a mile from the camp.

"The camp is within view of the Capitol, and half a mile distant. It is then about one mile to the different departments, from where we obtain our supplies. After guard-mounting, and I have signed the provision returns, and such papers as are permitted to be sent, I go with my quartermaster to the War Bureau to bore for supplies. In my quartermaster I have made a most judicious selection, and my adjutant can't be beat, even darkey Dick is a trump.

"Daniel has not yet recovered from his disabilities, and I have used 'Leet Shields,' only since I came. 'Leet' is universally admired and appears to appreciate his distinction, if his arching neck and disposition to prance along the avenue is any indication of what a horse thinks.

"We have already instituted a full-grown church, and Dr. Marks is also a trump. He has procured a very large tent and services are held regularly, whenever exemption from military duty permits the men to attend. Brother Danks leads off in evening prayer meetings.

"The regiment is now entirely full, with a full band of field music, and I would like to have the children hear fourteen drums and ten fifes roll off reveille. I have also nearly a full regimental band and hope Morgan will make arrangements for the instruments with Kleber before he leaves Pittsburgh. Rippey is encamped near us, but has only 500 men, and fears are entertained that he will yet fail in raising his regiment.

"Perhaps I may be a brigadier when next I write. Who knows?

"Take it all-in-all, I am perfectly satisfied thus far.

"I might write much more which would be of interest to all at home. The country within sight is dotted white with the encampments of many regiments, and the roads are thronged with teams loaded with the material of war.

"Occasionally we see the vast balloon going up on its message of reconnoissance, and hourly hear the artillery of the forts beyond the river practicing for the coming ball. The 63rd will be there, and if Providence favors, it will tell a tale in history, or I am deceived.

"Our guns are intended for close work, and we will be able to furnish our enemies with a treat of ball and buckshot, with a dessert of cold steel, for of such are the 63rd 'Mudsills.'

"I ought to quit, for all except the guards are asleep, and I must be up first in the morning.

"As soon as I am able I will establish a regular time for correspondence with friends at home. Until then they must expect irregularity. The health of all is excellent, and I am pruning the regiment of all that may hereafter prove a physical incumbrance. Dr. Crawford is fine and thorough as general pill-peddler of the establishment, and our 'country cousin'¹ may become his second, as Crawford pleads hard for him, and says he is an excellent surgeon. If he does, he will keep his place.

"I have had a letter from Uncle James and you may say that all will be right. To cousin Tom, many thanks for his gold pen. It is invaluable, for I never had so much writing to do. A general invitation is hereby extended to all friends to stay away 'until further orders.' In arranging my companies I fear I will be obliged to overslaugh Bagaley as a lieutenant, and then where will be my favor in the eyes of their royal highnesses?

"I have a captain to dispose of and may telegraph to Ben Bakewell to come on.

"Next Sunday I will write again, and at as much length as possible. Fifteen minutes waking dream of your dear self and our pleasant home, and the colonel of the 63rd will²

"On with his cap, out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good night."

"God bless you all, that is a prayer which I can always sincerely utter.

"Especially kind remembrance to Rachel I [McFadden] and to all friends.

"Again I will write to Leet and the Economites for their favors. Love to Mag and Kate and their appendages.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"Just to fill up this page I send a thousand kisses to all the little ones at home."

¹ The doctor here referred to was Mrs. Hays' cousin.

² The first instance of General Hays' favorite and oft-quoted lines from Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg." Vide his description of "her fancy ball" and the stir in the neighborhood of "the Kilmanseggs' luminous mansion" on the night of its giving:

On with the cap and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good night,
At least for the usual season!
But, hark! a clatter of horses' heels;
And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,
Like Wilful Murder and Treason!

ADJUTANT CORTS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Headquarters 63rd Regiment, Penna. Vols.,

"Camp Shields, near Washington City,

"October 1st, 1861

"My Kind Friend:

"I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of 29th September and October 1st, also the paint, brushes and needle books, all of which will have my attention and be properly applied for the benefit of the officers and men in the 63rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and a better, more orderly and genteel, and I will anticipate a little, and assure you a more effective regiment is not and cannot be brought into the service during the war. This may seem mere boast, but time will prove what I now assert. Since we came to this side of the river we have been so very busy getting the camp properly arranged and the men made comfortable, that but little time could be devoted to drilling. From this time forward the entire attention of all hands will be at drill. With the imperfect drilling heretofore given we can boast of having been highly complimented by all lookers-on, as we marched from Camp Hays to Camp Shields, for the general appearance of our regiment, this too, when we were but partially equipped. Hard to tell what they would have said if all had been fully uniformed, and not otherwise equipped. No doubt they would have expressed their feelings in the common and rather vulgar expression, 'ain't that a bully regiment,' and they would have only told us that which we were fully aware of and mighty proud we are, too.

"The colonel is constantly to be found looking after the comfort of the men. Late and early he can be found somewhere in the camp instructing in the many duties of officers and soldiers. Already he is loved by the men for his attention to their wants, and very soon they will worship him, or I am mistaken in human nature.

"Our brigade consists of the 63rd [always first], 61st, 32nd and McKnight's regiment.¹ The 61st is Rippey's; 32nd, a Philadelphia regiment. We are not entirely uniformed and equipped, but expect to be in a day or two. You asked me to inform you how the consolidation of companies was accomplished. I am glad to say very agreeably to all. The Mercer county squad and Chapman's make one company; McAninch and Ormsby one company; Venango and Armstrong counties one company; the others were recruited full. Our report this morning shows 1,038 men and officers, and when I tell you 1,046 is a regiment, you know how near we are full, in fact, we have all we want at present. Captains of companies as they stand in line of battle: 1st, Berringer; 2nd, Hanna; 3rd,

¹ The 32nd Regiment renumbered the 99th Pennsylvania, McKnight's, the 105th Pennsylvania.

Danks; 4th, McHenry [assigned to command of the Venango and Armstrong squads, now the 'Morgan Guards']; 5th, Ryan; 6th, Chapman; 7th, McCullough; 8th, Reid; 9th, Ormsby;¹ 10th, Kirkwood.²

"George P. Corts."

TO MR. JOHN B. McFADDEN.

The 32nd Pennsylvania Regiment became later the 99th in line, the numeral 32nd being assigned in the renumbering to the 3rd Pennsylvania Reserves. Colonel Amor A. McKnight's regiment became the 105th, the celebrated "Wild Cat Regiment" of Western Pennsylvania. Colonel McKnight was killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. The 105th remained with the 63rd in the same brigade until the expiration of the 63rd's term of service, when their recruits and veterans were transferred to the 105th. Colonel Romaine Lujeane of the 32nd Regiment resigned in November, 1861, and was succeeded by Thomas W. Sweeney, and in January, 1862, upon his resignation, Peter Fritz, Jr., became colonel. Both regiments were Kearney's men and wearers of the "Red Patch."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Franklin's Brigade, Camp Shields, October 3, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"I have many favors to acknowledge from friends at home, and most especially am I indebted to you for your kind letters. They are the most cheering receipts, which I am called upon to sign. I have not written as often as I desire but a little time will remedy that defect, and I know you will be patient, when I assure you that I find full employment of my time. Often I sit down to write and find my mind wandering through the different departments of the war office at Washington, that I give up its control and abandon the effort to write.

"The 63rd is now encamped upon 'the sacred soil of Virginia,' about four miles from the Capitol. The ancient name of the location I find is Belleview, but we have rechristened it

¹ Spelled also Ormsbee and probably correct, as it occurs thus in the Pennsylvania records.

² Pittsburgh veterans acquainted with the 63rd Regiment and its history will not be able to recognize the companies by Adjutant Corts' designation by captains commanding, hence the following letter designations may be of service: 1st, Company A; 2nd, C; 3rd, E; 4th, G; 5th, I; 6th, K; 7th, H; 8th, F; 9th, D; 10th, B.

Shields. It is situated upon a high ridge overlooking the original slave mart of the Southern Confederacy [before it was born], Alexandria.

"Within the limits of camp we have two fine country houses belonging to 'secesh' ladies. One of them is used for a courtmartial and the other is in possession of our friend, Dr. Crawford, as a hospital. The doctor has just read me a most excellent letter to the ladies of Pittsburgh, acknowledging our hospital equipment. I will follow it with one to the Economites,¹ and another, private, to the Shieldses. Speaking of Shields, 'Leet' is acknowledged to be the finest horse in the service. The men of the regiment appear to be more proud of him than I am. It is something to own such an animal, and to be able to exact the envy of 'mustang generals,' which 'Leet' evidently understands, as he never comes near one of them without 'putting on extras.'

"I sent the childrens' letters to Capt. Danks, which he returned with expressions of thanks, and satisfaction. He is an excellent man.

"Looking out from my tent as I write, I see Dr. Marks' big tent above all others. He has done and is doing much good. Every evening we have service, which is well attended.

"Altogether we have the best regiment in the service, and our friends need not fear of competition, although it may be a sorry day at home, the day we meet our enemy. I could not possibly ask more than I have realized from my regiment already, although they are far from perfect, but give evidence of a will and disposition to be whatever I wish.

"I have written this before breakfast, and must now send it off, as the mail man leaves for Washington.

"In a few days we will be paid and then I will send you my first pay as a colonel.

"If there was any probability of our remaining here I would invite you and Miss Shields² to visit us, but we may move any hour.

"God bless you all. My love all around and I will endeavor to send it often.

"Your Husband,

"Alex."

¹ Economites—inhabitants of the town of Economy, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, a celebrated community—town of the Harmony Society, now defunct. The society was a generous contributor to the 63rd Regiment and to the Union cause at large. The Economites were intimates and neighbors of the Hays and McFadden families.

² Miss Rebecca Shields, aunt of Capt. David Shields.

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Shields, Franklin's Brigade, October 3d, 1861.

"John B. McFadden, Esq.,

"Dear Sir:

"I am under many obligations, too numerous to mention in detail now, so I return this receipt in bulk.

"In the first place, the box, whatever it may have contained, entrusted to young Wilson, was left by him on board the passenger cars at Harrisburg, and has never reached its destination. The boots, pants, hat, etc., arrived safely. The glass of Patrick's I think I will send back, as I would not like to have it imperiled by an accident.¹

"I return by John McIntyre the draft [\$50.] which you sent. I have drawn the pay of a captain [16th Infantry], for one month, which enables me to afford much relief to the indigent of the regiment, and that was all I required for the time. I will be entitled to the pay of colonel from the 23rd August, ult., the greater portion of which I can transmit home. The old pay accounts between myself and Colonel Campbell are adjusted to my satisfaction.²

"I am always very busy, which must account for any supposed neglect of friends at home. I never knew my capacity for business before, and it is too varied to explain its nature. I have never written so much in the same length of time in my life. I am first up in the morning, and the last in bed at night. My horse generally stands saddled before the tent, and I am everywhere, within 15 minutes after call. No regiment has a better reputation than mine, and so far as I have been able to ascertain, the confidence between commander and command is mutual. I never professed to make saints out of raw recruits, but I can defy any living man with the records of the dead, to prove a body of 1,050 men, whether they be denounced 'roundheads or saints,' to show an equal number of men, among whom there is less to offend the most fastidious stickler for morality, for in two or three days I have heard but one profanation of the name of our Maker.

"My guard house has no occupant, and when I write at 11 o'clock, the silence within our camp would do credit to a graveyard.

"Rippey is encamped upon one side of me and it is proverbial that 'comparisons are odious,' but never was the fact stronger exemplified. Example is contagious, and I can observe its effects, for our order extends beyond our lines.

"The first event to mar our family peace occurred tonight, and that is of trifling importance. One of my lieutenants, an

¹ "Patrick"—Lieut. Patrick A. Farrelly, Mrs. General Hays' step-brother. Vide Appendix D. A field glass is referred to.

² Colonel David Campbell, 12th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

excellent man, accidentally shot himself when returning from Alexandria—a mere flesh wound.

“Young Bagaley,¹ in whom you take so much interest, is, I believe, finally installed in his place as second lieutenant, and is doing well in his place, and will continue to do so, provided no inter-meddling friends visit the regiment.

“I am sorry to be obliged to report that James McF. was disqualified from holding the position of even hospital steward, and has been consequently reduced. No more of this, and entirely confidential. As for my other cousin, Dr. A., he was selected for assistant surgeon by Dr. Crawford, and may become so if he passes examination, but if he does not you may rest assured that he will be merely assistant surgeon, and no airs will be tolerated. I alone, command the regiment until further orders.

“You ask me many questions, which I would be pleased to answer if I had time and space. I have not yet seen General McClellan for the reason that I would not intrude upon a man so much engaged. The reception I have received from his adjutant general and staff is sufficiently satisfactory, and I will ‘bide my time,’ for a personal interview. My friends need not be concerned.

“I can think of no more, but rest, as I must be up first in the morning, and I will write again soon and often.

“I left at the arsenal a crupper to be made for me [paid for]. Will you see it sent forward. Direct letters to Washington, as usual. Our postmaster calls daily. I will keep an eye on young Cook’s interests. Mowry is well and everybody’s son else. I want you to send me every squib published in the papers, good or bad, concerning the regiment, in order that I may attend to it.

“One word for the Economites and the Shieldses. I will write as soon as possible. Will you send me a statement of the disposition of the funds contributed by them for the regiment, and tell Leet Shields that ‘Leet Shields’² is the admiration of the army and the idol of his owner. The men of the regiment take as much pride in him as I do, and I heard it remarked that ‘old colonel looked devilish well in his new hat,’ as I crossed the parade in my new outfit.

“Yours sincerely,

“Alex Hays.”

¹ Lieut. Theodore Bagaley of Company K of Pittsburgh, “who made good,” and who was severely wounded with loss of arm at Malvern Hill June 30, 1862, and “discharged December 15, 1862, by reason of said disability.”

² “Leet Shields,” the colonel’s horse, presented by the Shields family.

The reference to relatives and the assurances that they have nothing to hope for on the grounds of relationship, show that Alexander Hays would favor no undeserving ones. Both parties mentioned later secured commissions and served in active warfare.

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Shields, October 8th, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"I have a mind to complain that I do not hear as often as I should from folks at home, but I will not, as I expect they will 'go and do likewise.'

"Reveille has finished, and the coffee mills indicate the progress of breakfast. It rained heavily all night and my boys in many cases present the appearance of wet rats, but the morning is fine. It is election day and the paymaster is here, so that the ills of last night are already forgotten, for the cheer and song mingles with the rattle of camp kettles and mess pans.

"The regiment still enjoys good health. Dr. Crawford is promoted to brigade surgeon, and will probably be assigned to our brigade. I want and think I will have a surgeon and assistant appointed for the regiment at once.

"I informed you we were to enter Heintzelman's division. It is not settled who will be our brigadier, but since the boys have heard that Heintzelman was to command us they expect work. I overheard one fellow say that he had made his will before he enlisted under Alexander Hays, and now was glad of it.

"Night before last I had a very severe attack of cholera morbus, and yesterday did not appear much among the men. It was worth being sick to discover the interest they took in me, and old Altman made a formal protest against my getting sick at all, as the regiment could not afford it. I have been writing this letter for two hours, and am so incessantly interrupted that it is almost next to impossible to write at all. The postmaster will soon be around and I must close it or defer sending until tomorrow. I expect with him today several letters from home.

"Everything in which I am here concerned is as satisfactory as ever. Adjutant Cortis is flying around very busy and full of importance.

¹"Sam Hays is awaiting the arrival of the sutler, Mr. Stewart, but is invited by a company to accept a lieutenancy. Bagaley is safe in his position, and you may say 'to her royal highness,' does very well. Sergeant 'Bob' Mowry is well, and does very well so far.

¹ A nephew of the general's, son of his brother, David B. Hays.

"Guard mounting is just now taking place, and the bands of regiments, scattered around for miles, make it appear as if it was the opening of a county fair on a grand scale.

"The quartermaster calls for this letter and it must be closed, so good bye, and God bless you and all our friends. Much love and many kisses to the little ones. If any event of importance transpires you will get immediate notice of it.

"I wish 'Jim' McFadden would visit us and bring our instruments, in which case we will pay him for coming.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"P. S.—We gave a grand dinner to Mrs. Colonel Romaine Lujane day before yesterday. She visits her husband, and is a cousin of Mrs. Sewall of Allegheny."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston [Nannie], near Fort Lyon, Va.,

"October 19, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"I am going to write you a short letter, just in proportion to the size of this sheet, for the reason that I will have no time to write more before the mail leaves. I received David Shields and your letter, and packages, last night. I will take care of Dave, and will also write you a letter almost daily from this out, and will fill every nook of it with love and high estimation of your dear self. By the way, I have a Mrs. Hays in the regiment, whom I did not know until yesterday. She was introduced by Dr. Marks, and is a lady nurse.

"Assure all your friends who have friends with us, that all are well and constitute a very 'happy family.' Poor Corts has been very sick, but is recovering. I will go to Washington City on Monday, but will write to you tomorrow again.

"Last night Richardson's brigade¹ marched out to the pickets. After ten miles they drew in the enemy, but found them too strong, and this morning passed our camp on return.

"There go the drums for guard mounting, and I must be off. I wish I could have you and the children here for a day. The twelve drums and twelve fifes would please Alden, and Gilbert² might claim the ten bugles, which are blowing furiously, for practice.

"You may tell them I have a bugle and am learning to play.

"Here stands the mail boy and asks: 'Anything for the office?' So good bye and God bless you all. I intend in

¹ Major-General Israel B. Richardson, West Point, class of 1841, killed at Antietam, September 17, 1862.

² The general's sons.

my next to give you a special invitation to see us. Good bye again; God alone knows how much I love you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Heintzelman's Division, Camp near Fort Lyon,

"October 19, 1861.

"Dear Sir:

"I have many acknowledgments to make and inquiries to answer, that I fear I will omit something, but I will do my best and answer for all, as far as I can.

"In the first place, our relative and friend, Dr. Allison, will not be either surgeon or assistant surgeon of the 63rd. James McFadden will be transferred to the 61st, and will be appointed hospital steward. It is almost impossible for me to find time to write. If I sit down to it I am sure to be interrupted. I am up last at night and first in the morning. As soon as reveille ceases I receive the reports of my officers, and every officer is required to be present. I then sign all the provision returns and then requisitions to sign, which occupies my time until breakfast, and afterwards through the day, I am constantly about, so much occupied with my duty that even if a spare moment is granted to me, my mind is too much absorbed to write, or think of anything else except the 63rd. My health never was better, and it would be regarded as a great misfortune for the regiment should it fail.

"I am delighted to learn that the newspapers pass me and the 63rd in complimentary silence. Not that we have anything to fear, even competition, but we wish to speak for ourselves.

"David Shields arrived last night, and is now in my tent with me. I will take care and look after him, as far as in my power. Corts has been sick, and still is very unwell. Chapman acts as adjutant. Childs, Bakewell, Weyman and Denny¹ were here, and if 'Bill' Denny had a poor opinion of us, I think he will return home enlightened. We are always pleased to see gentlemen, and as soon as the friends you mentioned have arrived I will take them in charge. The articles which you and others have forwarded arrived, and are most satisfactory. I have no hats for my men, which suit my own hats. As the other officers have no hats, the men appreciate the compliment of my occasionally appearing with the feathers on. I wish you would make a trip and

¹ James H. Childs, Benjamin Bakewell, William P. Weyman, and Capt. William C. Denny, all of Pittsburgh, Capt. Denny having commanded Company K in the 12th Regiment, and Childs, colonel of the 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, was killed at Antietam.

visit me, I could then tell you all, and you could see for yourself. Come and bring your wife.

"I will follow this up from day to day, until I have answered your letters, for I must soon close for this morning's mail.

"We are but a short distance from the enemy's pickets, and may be ordered out at any time. I will go to Washington on Monday on business, but I am not allowed to be absent over night.

"Love to all our friends, and in time I will send remembrances to all.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alexander Hays,

"Colonel 63rd Regt., P. V."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, Va., November 7, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"I am rather disposed to believe that it is my time to raise complaints. Last Sunday night at or near midnight I received a dispatch by a government messenger, sent by General Porter,¹ which read: 'Mrs. Hays is in the city, and wishes you to come in as soon as possible.' I left early in the morning, and at Alexandria found all the bridges rendered impassable by the storms of the preceding day. Only one boat could run, and that uncertainly.

"For three or four hours I chafed along the wharves [in my own peculiar manner], but at length a boat came and I reached Washington about 10 o'clock. I went to every hotel in the city, and to Stanton's. I waited all next day for an answer but received none. Mrs. Crawford at length arrived, and satisfied me that you had not 'left your bed and board,' so I returned to camp and have since awaited patiently for a solution of the hoax.

* * * * *

"I forgot to tell you the result of the telegram I received. Before I left for Washington the news had spread that Mrs. H. was coming. The result was a new arrangement of my tents, and when I returned without you, I found a tent furnished with a stove, carpet, etc., and a bed consisting of pine tops, which I have since found to be most comfortable.

"I sent by Major Wallace to you \$400, for which I have never received a line.

¹ Major-General Fitz John Porter of West Point, class 1845, then in command of a division in the defences of Washington, hence well known to General Hays from three years association at West Point.

"The regiment is in excellent health, and it is false, as represented in the Pittsburgh papers, that Wallace was after recruits. We are full to 1,046 men, and that is all the law allows.

"Capt. Danks and all from Sharpsburg are well. Kirkwood is one of the best officers I have. I can write no more at present but will write as often as possible.

"My love to all—mother, father, brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces, but most particularly to the dear little ones at home.

"I am delighted with your and mother's pictures and would like to have the others. God bless you all.

"If you wish to come on, you can do so, if you can make arrangements with Aunt Rachel to keep house. By application to General Porter papers will be furnished to my friends, and there is no obstacle in the way. It is most likely we will soon go into winter quarters. What does 'Dave' Shields write about his tour of 'picket guard?' He is well. Love again, and again God bless you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

ADJUTANT CORTS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Headquarters 63rd, P. V.,

"Camp Johnston, November 25, 1861.

"My Kind Friend:

"Your letter received yesterday. Mrs. Hays goes home today, and will give a much more interesting and precise account of the 63rd than I can write at present. Happy to say we are all to get new guns today, which will put us on a war footing. Will be glad to have Von Shultz and any other good men to the number of twelve or fifteen, but it is impossible to get leave for McIntyre. Capt. Danks is making every exertion possible to get home. If successful will be able to bring some recruits, and can take charge of any others intending to come. I would like to have a good servant sent by Danks, and will be greatly obliged to any of my friends who will take the trouble to employ one at soldier's wages: \$13.00 and \$2.50 allowances per month. Boadley became worthless and I sent him off. All well.

"Truly your friend,

"George P. Corts."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, Va., December 6, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"I received a letter from you yesterday, per Mrs. Frank Robinson, and but one other, by mail, the day before. These

are all received since you left Washington. I was pleased to hear of your safe arrival, finding all so well at home. I fear very much that such warm receptions as you received here and there, will have a tendency to spoil you, and induce you to go to and fro frequently. But you will always be welcome at each end of the route.

Mrs. Frank was delighted with her reception. Morgan and I called with our band and serenaded her, but you will hear of that. The Browns¹ are expected today, and will be well cared for. The health of the regiment remains excellent, with no more prospect of removal than when you were here.

* * * * *

"I have a thousand more things to say, but must take another time. I will send long accounts by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and will endeavor to write often and regularly hereafter.

"My love to all at home. A kiss for everybody among the little ones, and a kind remembrance to all inquiring friends. God bless you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

ADJUTANT CORTS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Va., December 9, 1861.

"Dear Friend:

"The instruments arrived on Monday, and are very handsome, giving general satisfaction, and soon we will be able to report our band being 'A 1,' in keeping with all connected with the 63rd. I am not boasting when I speak highly of our regiment, telling simply what I know to be true, and in comparison with other regiments, squads of regiments, etc., etc. Actual observation, fulsome praise is not necessary for our success. No newspaper correspondents employed to puff us as you well know, and which is the case with all other regiments in the service. I mean the poor, sickly attempts resorted to by some of having their names constantly paraded to give them notoriety, which is not theirs, at least they have not shown it so.

"Annexed you have the letters and commanders of the companies: Company A, Capt. Berringer; Company B, Capt. Kirkwood; Company C, Capt. Hanna; Company D, Capt. Ormsbee; Company E, Capt. Danks; Company F, Capt. Reid; Company G, Capt. McHenry; Company H, Capt. McCullough; Company I, Capt. Ryan; Company K, Capt. Chapman. All good officers and first rate companies. Colonel Rippey² has

¹ Pittsburgh people, Mansfield B. Brown and wife.

² Colonel Oliver H. Rippey of Pittsburgh, killed at Fair Oaks.

at this time about 500 or 600 men, but is to be made up from the regiment lately commanded by Colonel Mason¹ [?] of Philadelphia, and will be the 2nd Pennsylvania Reserves. I am glad he is to be made up. He is the best of the lot brigaded with us.²

"J. M. Little and Mr. Weyman paid us a flying visit today, complimented us highly on the general good order of our camp, and the great cleanliness shown on all sides in comparison with other Western Pennsylvania camps they have visited today. This may account for the general good health of our men and the large number of sick in the regiments above mentioned. We have a clean camp and always will while the officers now in command are at their posts, and they are always there.

"The colonel is in Washington tonight awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Hays. Some unprincipled hound caused us quite a disappointment some time since. We had all in readiness for her reception but were badly sold.

* * * * *

"Quite sorry to hear of the indisposition of Miss Rachel,³ and hope it is but temporary. Much obliged for your goodness in sending me the socks from mother, received per hands of Dr. Marks.⁴ The colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major and all officers well, and ask to be kindly remembered to you.

"My best regards to your family. Good night.

"Truly your sincere friend,

"George P. Corts."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston [Nannie], near Fort Lyon, Va.,

"December, 1861.

"My Dear Wife:

"You would suppose that a country fair was being organized here this morning if you were present. In the first place, like all other such occasions, it is raining a small deluge, and around me are beating the reveilles of twenty regiments. The regiments are like the bands which are playing for them, some of them very small, as the band is—one fife and drum.

"The 63rd lies in the extreme left of the "Grand Army," where the first assault of a rebel attack would be met. About a mile beyond, across a magnificent valley, is to be seen the

¹ The name is William B. Mann, not "Mason."

² Colonel Rippey's 61st Regiment was filled to its quota by the addition of several companies recruited in Philadelphia about this time.

³ Rachel McFadden, sister-in-law of Alexander Hays.

⁴ Chaplain of the 63rd Regiment.

national domain of Mount Vernon. I think, within a week, that the 63rd will be in close proximity or perhaps beyond, and then I will write of the Tomb of Washington. Who will refuse to fight with such an incentive near them?

"Since I commenced this letter, I have been interrupted to give my autograph about thirty times, necessary for bread and butter, and for all things necessary for the soldiers' comfort. Again comes another interruption to settle a question between the quartermaster and the doctor. I have been two hours writing what I have written, answering a thousand questions and giving a hundred orders.

"I am endeavoring to go to Washington for our pay, and if I succeed you may expect a remittance, certainly in a few days.

"I was much surprised [agreeably], to have a visit from Dr. Dale and Aunt Josephine. They saw the sights of the vicinity, and saw the 63rd on review with General Jameson. We gave them a soldier's dinner, and I hope they were pleased.

"'Leet Shields' was on parade and if he had borne a king, he could not have behaved more handsomely. Everybody says 'what a noble horse,' and as I ride through Washington and Alexandria, I overhear the remarks highly complimentary to the rider, who of course is not taken into consideration [and that from the ladies], 'what a pity such a noble horse should be taken where he may be killed.'

"'Dave' Shields is duly installed as high private in Capt. Reid's company, and you may assure 'Aunt Beck'¹ that I will keep the boy in view in return for the high compliment which she pays me in intrusting him to my charge.

"Corts is still quite weak but is convalescent. All are well, and tell all the friends of the 63rd that all are well, as we have only five men in the hospital, whereas, Colonel Samuel Black² has over 25 sick in the crack regiment of Pittsburgh.

"Everybody says that the 63rd is 'the trump' regiment [Mr. McFadden will explain 'trump'], and so it is [although I never boast of it.]

"The interruptions have amounted to a thousand, and if I remain in my tent any longer they will interrupt me all day, so I will carry this letter [per Leet Shields³], to Washington.

"Other regiments are very jealous of our equipment—band and general 'gettin' up,' but we do not care, as the drum corps of the 63rd is returning from brigade guard mounting, knocking into silence with its thunder, the lesser noise of all

¹ Miss Rebecca Shields.

² The 62nd Pennsylvania.

³ Leet Shields, the general's horse.

others. I hear Sergeant Bob Mowry calling to his company, 'fall in,' to march to Fort Lyon to work on the fortifications, but it rained too hard and Lieut.-Colonel Morgan of the 63rd, engineer of the work, gives the order to dismiss companies.

"My dear little wife, you will believe that I have not much time to write to even you. My life and reputation and that of my children are all invested, and I must make good use of the capital. It is very probable that in a few days we will be advanced to the extreme pickets. It would have been ordered before this, but I protested on account of our improper arms. Orders have been issued from headquarters that my regiment be completely armed and equipped at once. Capt. Danks is just in [another interruption], and reports all well. He is an excellent man.

"If I do not close I must forego my visit to Washington, and this must wait, as the mail boy has gone two hours ago.

"If you can induce Rebecca Shields to come with you, or come alone, you are invited to pay us a visit, I will get you passes from Washington, for I have more influence than the papers give me credit for.

"Love to all our friends, and remembrances and kisses to all our dear little ones. I dare not think of you at all too much, but God bless you, and I know my prayer will be answered.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, December 12th, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"Capt. Danks surprised me when at supper last night, by reporting his return. I received the meanest, shortest letter from you that ever a wife wrote a loving husband, but it was very acceptable. I have received no letters from home since you left Washington, excepting two by private hands. I wrote, enclosing a letter for Capt. Danks, a few days ago, but he tells me he did not receive it. I regret it, inasmuch as it contained instructions to him to remain at home until I ordered him back. Danks gave me a recital of your adventures with Mrs. Spurgeon, which is amusing, after it is over. We have talked over all the surmises to account for the lady's conduct, and Danks' last suggestion that possibly I was the Mr. Spurgeon whom the lady saw in company with you in Washington. If so, the powers of darkness curse me! That I, 'a poor, but honest soldier,' should be taken for a wife-stealer, or a fanatic preacher?

"I really sympathize with you, in your tribulation, but 'All's well that ends well.'

"Each day I take some new stand with 'the boys,' and now I order that from 11 o'clock to 12 o'clock, while Morgan is

teaching school to the officers, I, the colonel, must not be interrupted, and that time I intend to devote to writing to my friends. So look out for gush of correspondence. I suppose I must go to Washington, which I do not like. I will therefore dispense with general news and state particulars. Poor old 'Dad' Beringer is quite sick with an attack of pleurisy. All the other boys are very well. There are two vacancies—one captain and one lieutenant to be elected in the 63rd.

"Yesterday morning the regiment was turned out at 3 o'clock, not by drum but quietly, man after man, and I am pleased to report that in 15 minutes after I made the call, every man was on 'the war path,' fully equipped and painted. It was, however, a false alarm, and we did not leave camp.

"The Jersey men along the picket line and around us, have a christening of their own for us—the 'bully for you' regiment¹ and 'the bully for you colonel.'

"Richardson's brigade have marched out two miles on the Springfield road, and I think we will for this winter rally around the Tomb of George Washington, but we will see.

"I have really so much to write that I can get nothing in order, as I wish to write it, and you must take it as it comes, but I will relate a 'little episode,' as Artemus Ward says. After I left you at Washington, I rode down to the ferry boat, where a very handsome little fellow [saddle-colored] asked permission to hold 'Leet' on the boat. When we arrived at Alexandria he had fallen in love with the horse, and wished to go with me. I mounted him behind me and in spite of 'Leet's' kicking, we rode into camp, and such a little darkie was never seen. He is the envy of all my acquaintances but I will write to the children and tell them of 'Little George,' the son of a slave.

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown² I expect to see in Washington today, and in order to see them I must stop.

"God bless you all. How much I love you. 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Va., December 17, 1861.

"J. B. McFadden,

"Dear Sir:

"I have just received yours of the 14th, and will endeavor to commence a series of letters in answer to many which I

¹ A tune played on all occasions by the 63rd's Drum Corps—a great favorite with Colonel Hays. The music is to be found on page 411, "Under the Red Patch," and intra, Chapter XXI.

² Referred to in letter of December 6th.

have received from time to time from you. The 63rd is in its old location, and we can obtain no intimation of any intentions either to send us forward, or go into winter quarters. I have partially taken the responsibility in the latter case, and permitted the men to procure wood and build such structures as they please, to keep them comfortable. Drills were suspended and all day the camp appears as engaged as a colony of beavers preparing for winter.

"My decision portends nothing, as an order may come at any moment to move, but the men are satisfied and will be, even if they have to vacate their new quarters as soon as finished. Whatever may be said of my regiment I have the most cheerful and obedient men in the service. As this is the result of four months' experience and I have nothing to fear for the future, I think it something to boast of.

"On drill, neither in numbers or discipline, can any other 'hold a candle' to us, and ours always is the post of honor, and supposed danger. But enough of the 63rd, and I will take a lawyer's advice, and 'let well enough alone.' If we move you will receive early information. We have just received the intelligence that a lieutenant of dragoons in our division has been shot on picket. He escaped home with eight buckshot in his back, and may live, and owes all he has got to his own indiscretion.

"I find I will be obliged from the very numerous interruptions occurring, that I will not be able to extend this letter to the extent I had intended, I will enclose a few lines to Annie, with a promise of writing more tomorrow, and only give what follows:

"I fear that 'our idol is broken,' and that our general has lost his prestige before the nation and army. I say this from my own observation, although I have read a most scathing attack upon him by Charles Elliot, Jr.¹ It is very difficult if not impossible to get a copy of the pamphlet, but if I can obtain one I will send it.

"God help our cause if we are not settled upon our leaders, and God help the 63rd, for it will have a 'hard road to travel.' This is strictly in confidence.

"I must acknowledge, in a heap, the many favors and attentions from you for some time past, but I will endeavor to make up in time. I have told 'the contraband' of his proposed watch. He grins from ear to ear and answers 'yes sah!' I have his picture taken on the black pony, upon which he cuts a grand display at brigade drills.

"The men call them 'George and Darkie,' the colonel's right and left bowers, but I must reserve an account of the two for a letter to the children. I must write a note to Annie

¹ Charles Elliot, Jr.—probably the noted Methodist divine and author and editor.

to enclose, for the mail boy waits, and I have been a long time occupied, in its interruptions, in writing this letter.

"Affectionate remembrances to mother, Rachel, James, Tom and everybody else who may take an interest in me or mine.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston[Sacred Soil],

"December 26, 1861.

"Dear Wife:

"You may possibly feel a slight interest to hear from 'the army in Flanders,' and with the greeting that you have spent 'a merry Christmas,' to be followed by 'a glad New Year,' I have concluded to borrow an hour from this night's sleep, to make some kind of an answer to a dear, kind letter received from you this morning.

"Yesterday morning [merry Christmas at home], I was notified that the 63rd must march at 4 o'clock in the morning, to repel a threatened advance of the rebels. I was not well when we started, and it turned out a day of sad mishaps.

"In the first place, I was badly swamped in one of the mire pits of Virginia, and when we reached our outer pickets, in an attempt to pass along the regiment, 'Dan' slipped and fell from a frozen bank, and we got a very severe fall. 'Dan' was not hurt, but my right leg was under him, and I was severely bruised. I am well enough tonight to go around among the men and 'talk cross,' but their sympathy when we fell, has more than repaid my sufferings. Besides, today, I had a visit from Mrs. Jameson, who sends her best love to you, and evinces so much regard for us, that I cannot help loving her. She is very anxious that you should come on again, and after next pay day I say yes.

"Upon your arrival I will be the occupant of a comfortable log house, and hope to make you more comfortable than upon your last visit. Use your own discretion, as to whom you will bring with you. There is no longer a doubt of our destination, and we will remain where we are, inasmuch as we have a strong force of rebels to watch opposite our present location. I have written the above and find my nervous system too much damaged, but will continue as best I can at intervals. You must not suppose I am sick, for I think my general health was never better, but the concussion I received has unstrung me for a day or so. I think if I had been furnished a chance at the rebels after my reverses on Christmas Day, I would have pitched in very wickedly. You are aware of the condition of my unusually amiable temper at ordinary times, and can easily imagine what it becomes after its pos-

essor had been soused into the filthiest swamp, and afterwards bruised upon the hardest specimen of 'sacred soil.'

"It is useless to take up time with any particulars of our camp, as you have seen for yourself. The men have built numerous log cabins and arranged their tents to make themselves more comfortable. The usual good health prevails.

"Morgan and Corts are now in my tent arranging the pay rolls for next Tuesday. You may then look for a remittance, which you may use entirely at your own discretion.

"I sent you by Lieut. Schonlow a picture of George and Darkie. The latter is a noble horse, and will be a treasure at home. I will send him as soon as I have an opportunity. I have tendered him for use to Mrs. Jameson.

"December 27th, 1861.

"After a day's interval I have again resumed this letter. I was too unwell, and with many interruptions, I was too nervous to write or think what I ought to write. A day's rest and several letters and a parcel from home, from you and the children, including the pictures of three very dear little faces, have quite restored me. When the parcel arrived [by Davis], I was lying in bed, and Doctors Crawford and Rodgers had called in to see me—not professionally, as I did not need their services. When the string was untied the pictures were passed around and admired by all. Dr. Crawford attempted to appropriate 'Agg's' to himself, and finally carried all three away to show them to Mrs. Jameson.

"Corts and I quarreled over the ownership of a knife, fork and spoon, which was only settled and peace restored by Corts displaying his name engraved on each article, and he won't tell me who sent them. I must not omit to acknowledge the receipt also of a note from dear Aunt Rachel, enclosing a copy of her 'grandmother,' but I value the picture very highly, and will take good care of it. It gave genuine satisfaction to numerous of her acquaintances who saw it, and reminded me in its style of one Miss McCann, whom I met in Pittsburgh 15 years ago, who has since been the mother of nine children. Have you ever met the young lady? for you certainly were present when she sang 'Widow Macree.'

"I received Miss Rebecca's [Shields] box for the hospital, for which I will make prompt acknowledgment in my handsomest style. I will write to Aunt Rachel, and spin her the longest, funniest tale of the wars that my conscience will allow. I will write to mother a letter of love and ask for a continuance of her prayers in my behalf, for I know if 'the prayers of the righteous avail,' hers will be effective. I will write to Aggie and comply with all you ask. To tell the truth, I fear I am promising too much, as it will be beyond my ability to make full acknowledgment for all the remembrances from home.

"But in my bed tonight, from which I have just been aroused by the long rolls, beaten three miles away [you know, at Fairfax Seminary], I devised a plan by which I will hereafter have some time of my own. My plan is to have a time when I will not be interrupted by anybody or his wife. For fear you might misinterpret the alarm I mentioned above, I will merely say that it was a false one, and that I am going back to bed as soon as I finish writing. I send you enclosed a picture to refute Mr. Brown's statement regarding the clothes, and ask you to say if the individual is not well dressed, but I will nevertheless wear the new clothes you sent, in compliment.

"I have detailed Lieut. Brown and 'Dave' Shields as two of the most intelligent young men of my command, to be educated in the 'Signal Service.' They will for a time go to Washington and Georgetown, and when perfect will return to the regiment.

"Now then, on the subject of your coming on to see the 63rd. Mahomet, when the mountain could not come to him, went to the mountain, and my little prophet must do as Mahomet did. If I am so situated as to receive by any possibility, you can come at your pleasure, without consulting anybody, either old women or old men, who have forgotten that they ever loved. [If they ever did.]

"With assurances of love to all, to relieve any anxiety you may feel on my account, I feel in as good health and I think as I ever did.

"Yours,

"Alex."

"P. S.—I have written this on a desk extemporized by Little George. It is a small board, neatly covered with papers. I sit by the stove and George snores at the foot of our bed."

"December 26, 1861.

"Tomorrow I will be on horseback, for 'Dan' and 'Leet' are like ladies, and feel neglect, and I am almost 'blue-moulded,' for want of use. I would tell you much more but you must come and see for yourself. I want an amanuensis very much and think you would suit me. If this scrap was larger there would be more written upon it, but 'enough is as good as a feast.'

"Dr. Crawford brings Mrs. Crawford over, for the benefit of her health, as soon as the 63rd can build her a house, which will be within this week, for I have said it. I am indebted to him and will repay in my kind. Mrs. McGonagle,¹ from Clarion, is coming. Mrs. Jameson is here, and the general

¹ Mrs. McGonagle of Clarion, Pa., mother of Lieut. John G. McGonagle of Company F, who died at Meadow Station, Va., June 21, 1862.

says very well, for she has not called upon me for several days. Mrs. Rippey is here, and I heard today that Mrs. Wallace is coming, although the major did not tell me so. If this scrap had more room upon it it would be like the other side, and have more on it.

"A. H."

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, December 28th, 1861.

"Dear Sir:

"I have passed through a prodigious exploit [for me] having written six full pages of a letter to Annie.¹ You will be satisfied for this occasion with a brief one, and refer to hers for a plan I have laid to be more voluminous in my correspondence hereafter.

"The 63rd occupies the position of 'left wing' of 'The Grand Army of the Potomac,' and from all appearances will remain so until Spring, for a very good reason—if we go away the rebels will occupy the ground. Our celebration of Christmas day you will find in Annie's letter, with the omission that the regiment marched 20 miles, nearly one mile of which was through the bed of Accotink Creek, with water averaging to knee depth, notwithstanding which the men entered camp with cheers, and called all sorts of edibles 'turkey,' although the real bird was very scarce.

"I have seen several letters in the papers, each lauding particular regiments in Jameson's brigade, but not one mention of 'ours.' The last, an item of which I am very proud, and only hope, if we have real friends, that they will let us alone [out of the papers]. Every letter is a burlesque among us here, and the 63rd stands without an equal on this side of the Potomac.

"As a proof of my assertion, while our superiority is admitted unanimously by strangers, the bitterest rivalry, or rather envy, exists against us in our own brigade. I do not say this in any spirit of boastfulness.

"I would like to answer the numerous questions you have propounded from time to time, but can only now write as affairs occur to my mind, and promise more in the future.

"You will glean something from my long letter to Annie of Lieut. Brown's and 'Dave' Shields' promotions, etc. Tell all inquiring friends of this regiment that good health, spirit and plenty prevails.

"If I do not close the mail will. Kind regards and love to all.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

¹ Annie—Mrs. Hays.

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, Va., Jan. 4th, 1862.

"Dearest Wife:

"I am sitting all alone in our tent, in your chair, with a good fire in the stove, after everybody else is in bed. I have been made happy in being able to acknowledge so many favors as I received from home by Lieut. Schonlow this day.

"This was the formal presentation of 'our flag.' I had sent the several flags a week ago by little George, and supposed all formalities over, but today we were surprised by the arrival of General Moorhead¹ and Judge Shannon, with Colonel Purcell, Governor Curtin's aid, to make the presentation. Dr. Crawford forbade my taking any part in it, inasmuch as I have been taking quinine in large doses for a week past. I hate explanations but suppose I must now make one. The next day after I had written that long letter, of which you were so proud, I was called upon by General Jameson and urged to go after my guns to Washington city, inasmuch as we would in all probability be reviewed by General Heintzelman, or somebody else, in a day or two.

"I plead inability, but the general plead, and thinking of his sweet little wife, I consented. I rode to Washington, and after a hard day's work, returned home with the new guns, a very sick man. My own doctors gave me no relief, but I sent for Dr. Crawford, who has since fed me on quinine and some other nauseous drug, but thanks to him, I am now well, although weak, and as happy as convalescents always are when they are allowed to eat heartily and receive from home such kind remembrances as I did today.

"Crawford says I had strong symptoms of typhoid fever, and says I must continue to rest, so I did not go to the presentation, of which I was very well pleased, as my friends know I am not very eloquent on the subject of 'The American Flag,' when a speech is to be made. General Moorhead addressed the 63rd on behalf of the flag and Governor Curtin, and Capt. Reid received the flag on behalf of the colonel, and I am told, made a beautiful reply. In fact I think he did quite as well as I would have done myself, if I had been present. [Ask Jim's and Tom's opinions on the subject.]²

"I am now going to bed to punch George's ribs to keep my feet warm and go to sleep, and tomorrow I will probably renew the subject and write you a long letter.

¹ General James K. Moorhead of Pittsburgh, then a member of Congress from the Pittsburgh district.

² Major B. J. Reid, for many years a member of the Clarion and Allegheny County bars, responded in a most fervent and eloquent speech. Major Reid was the father of Judge A. B. Reid of Pittsburgh. Vide "Under the Red Patch," PP. 49-54.

"Sunday, Jan. 5th.

"This is a beautiful day, although cold, not too cold for comfort in my tent, and the sun shines brightly outside.

"You have asked me why 'the little quartermaster fell into disgrace? Well, he took the liberty of taking 'Dan' and 'Leet' out of their stables while I was away on the pony, and rode them to Alexandria. I therefore reduced him to his company, but upon his return and apologizing, with a promise to do so no more I reinstated him, and he is now in his old place. It is not safe for anyone to take liberties with my horses, or [as Scripture says], 'anything else that is his.'

"The clothes sent are beautiful and fit to a T. I received the sash, which I now find I needed very much. The spoon, knife, etc., from your father are and will be highly prized, but what does he mean by saying he sent me others? I never received any. By whom did he send them? Mrs. Jameson has not been to see me for several days, but I am going to call tomorrow. I suppose we will be obliged to send home our lady nurses, as they say they cannot get along with our doctors.

"I must not write you too much and so often, otherwise you will be spoiled and I will have to keep it up. I do desire very much to write to Agnes, Aunt Rachel and Miss Shields, but they must wait until my nerves are restored.

"Tomorrow 'the cornerstone' of your new house will be laid. The material is prepared and the workmen are ready, and in three days I will be able to receive you properly. The edifice will be one story high, with two rooms on the ground floor, and will be very comfortable. I will procure a pass in Washington and meet you there, so pack up and come along. I will write today to your father and tell him it must be so. I will also write you when I get your pass, and advise you what to provide for your comfort while here. Have you Mrs. Titus to take your place at Linton, or who?

"Richard Lucas leaves in a few days 'on sick leave,' for Pittsburgh and if possible he will take the pony with him. Henry Rosier [in the horse department], is also 'home-sick,' and wants to go home. If he goes I will have no help but George, but we can get along.

"Those pictures are a great comfort to me, and I will review them every night. God bless the originals. My love to all, Aunt Rachel and to mother, and now with the balance of this sheet, all love to you yourself.

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Jan. 5th, 1862.

Dear Sir:

"Lieut. Schonlow yesterday returned and presented your letters and packages, for which I am under additional obligations.

"Your information of the Reverend Stewart's recent lecture has called forth the indignation of every officer who has heard it. I have heard but palliation offered for his cause, and it is time his audiences discovered the fact, if it is a fact, which is that the reverend gentleman is deranged! He is doing more injury to Christianity in the army than could be done if all the vices, which he has enumerated as belonging to the army, were ten-fold, and sensible Christian ministers then sent for its reformation. He has debased the character of chaplains so that the present cry against them will be redoubled and end in their expulsion. Without having charges to prefer against mine, after six months' experience, I do aver that I consider the present institution of chaplains a nuisance, but this in confidence, and more again.

"The clothes are splendid, and fit almost perfect. I was not aware that I needed 'fixin' up,' until they arrived, and tried them on, then I found they were absolutely necessary. The sash is beautiful and that, too, I did not think was necessary, until I contrasted it with the old greasy, unraveled one and then the want was apparent.

"I will not omit the knife, fork and spoon, which shall not escape my special charge as long as I have eyes to read the inscription. As there appears some mystery about another knife, fork and spoon, which you say you sent, will you unravel it, and if the articles were sent, say when, where and by whom, as I never received them. In a former letter you mention the sending, and with the letter came the articles specified. I took possession, of course, but Corts claimed them, and I would not give them up until Corts referred me to the engraving on the handles, 'for George P. Corts,' whereupon I receded. A note from father, referred to in your letter, was not enclosed.

"By the way, before I go farther and forget it, Dr. Marks showed me a letter from Mr. M. B. Brown, in which he mentions 'that an effort will be made to remove all incompetent chaplains,' but he does not say much of Mr. Stewart's meeting, and nothing of the part he took in it. Write me again upon this subject, and you may slyly hint to the clerical reformers that in selecting chaplains for competency and efficiency, they must also look for the qualities of gentlemen, inasmuch as the gentlemen who compose the army will not be satisfied to have thrust into their society every fanatical, miserly individual, only because he is orthodox and draws the pay of a

captain of cavalry, and because he is chaplain expects the men of this army to be menials, and save him the expense of a private servant, although he will certify upon his honor each payday, upon his pay account, that a certain 'John Smith, servant, color, black' has served him in that capacity for the last two months, and for which he [the chaplain], receives from the United States forty [\$40] dollars, and although he is entitled to three [3] horses, owns none, but expects to borrow from the colonel [perhaps because he does not keep them], just because it is for the use of the chaplain, because he is a chaplain, who, when payday comes, 'certifies upon his honor that he has kept three [3] horses,' and draws from Uncle Sam the sum of forty-eight [\$48] dollars, on his honor it ought to be sacred! I am done with the parsons [if they will not behave themselves] obey the eleventh commandment and follow in the footsteps of the Blessed Master, whom they profess to serve [which same Master never drew the pay of a captain of cavalry, and was not allowed three horses].

"I did not intend to get into the church much in this letter, but as the old lady remarked when she let the crock of butter fall, 'I've gone and did it,' and now to wind it up for the present, I enclose a pay account, by which you see that each parson ought to at least have one 'nigger' and three horses before he can certify upon his honor, without violating the code of ethics which I was taught. See if Mr. Stewart has had the nigger and three horses, and if he has not signed these rolls.

"I will now proceed on my own account and explain why I have not written for a week or so, and why this handwriting is not my old style. For something more than a month I have been troubled with attacks, symptoms of bilious colic. By a day's rest I could stave them off by taking a little medicine. It is ascribed to my restlessness and failure to take sufficient rest.

"After writing a long letter to Annie,¹ which I was barely able to write, I was obliged to go to Washington to get my new guns. I returned to camp very sick, and Dr. Crawford, fearing I was in for a case of typhoid fever, has dosed me ever since with quinine and opium. I have been very, and am still quite nervous, but otherwise never was better in my life, in fact, I will be better than ever in a day or two.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

¹ Annie—Mrs. Hays.

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

[Presumably written about January 6, 1862, in Camp Johnston]

"Morgan,¹ I think, will obtain his leave of absence, but maybe before our paymaster comes out. I will, however, make a remittance home by some means as soon as possible.

"We will not leave this location, in fact we cannot, until Spring. It is Annie's wish once again to visit me. As she has never had many 'leaves of absence,' she has leave to come whenever she thinks proper, and I will have a very comfortable home for her and a pass provided at Washington. If possible I will send the black pony, 'Darkie,' home this week.

"Now for quinine and opium, and then to bed.

"Love to all and good night.

"A. Hays."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, Jan. 6th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I expect to hear that everybody is jealous of you on account of my devoted attentions to you alone of all your sex [lately]. I won't write long, I tell you, so that you may not anticipate before you turn to the next page. Corts is in just now and tells me he is writing to your father. I write more to satisfy you of the state of my health, because I know, in spite of my training for the last 16 years, you are 'too susceptible.' I have been engaged all day watching the erection of our new house. As it rose, tier after tier, my spirits rose with it. It is a wonder, for laying aside the bright anticipations of its future occupancy, it will be the only house I ever owned in my own right. Well, it has risen breast-high, is 20 feet long by 12 in width, susceptible of being separated at will into two rooms. I will send for boards to Alexandria, and for bricks to 'the Kemp House.'

"It would be very gratifying to you or any one who loves me [do you]? to see the alacrity with which men work when I ask them to do anything for me individually.

"It is seldom I call upon them, while others are dunning for details of men to work for them, and they know it. Today there was a rivalry amongst the 'best workmen,' and each teamster recited the good qualities of his team, but the black team insisted upon the hauling, inasmuch as I had pronounced the colonel's team to be it, although 'the greys' assumed the same preference. It was a frequent remark that a certain finish of a certain log was not sufficient—it might do for the colonel, but it could not pass, as Mrs. Hays was to occupy the machine. I am assured that within three days it will be ready for occupancy, so that you may as well 'pack your trunks.'

¹ Lieutenant-colonel 63rd Regiment.

"At all events it will be far superior to your former accommodations, although the old tent, under George's superintendence and firemanship, is comfortable and cozy.

"Colonel Morgan, I suppose, got off today, and will no doubt have a pleasant visit. I wonder if he will not marry somebody? If he does, and I have not set a precedent under similar circumstances, I would say he was daft, but from your own blessed experience I can't but advise him 'to go it while you're young.'

"There is no evidence of a forward movement, for some time, in fact I think it impossible, no, highly improbable.

"Now then to the point of coming. You must come. Morgan has leave of absence for two weeks from this day. You will have an opportunity of coming with him [that two weeks will be a long time to me], but if you have an opportunity and possibly come sooner, come on. We will not be paid until the last of this week, but if I have a letter from you, coming soon, I will go to the city and draw my pay and make you a remittance at once. What of Mrs. Titus, or will Aunt Rachel take charge?

"In making your preparations, if you can conveniently, you had better provide yourself with sheets, etc., which can return with you.

"If you desire to bring Agnes we can accommodate her in our new house with a separate room, and it would be a trip which would last her a lifetime, and then you could come alone.

"I think I am now far behind your 12 mean, little short letters.

"Love to all, and to George and Mag especially, and I will write to them. God bless you all, and kiss the babies.

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, Jan. 8th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I write again tonight for fear I may not have overtaken your No. 13, which I received today, but which you forgot to number.

"I am right well pleased with the world tonight, firstly, because I again enjoy perfect health, have discarded quinine, opium and every other drug, and substituted buckwheat cakes, sausages, tongue, cold beef and ham, diluted with a cup of good green tea. Secondly, our house is now ready, and will be opened for the 'traveling public' at once. I would like that you were to be the first lady visitor, I feel certain you will be the first lady boarded. I will leave the description of it for you, excepting that I will say that it is admitted to be the grandest establishment in the brigade. Dr. Marks is building [a pen], as he expects Mrs. M. in a short time, and

today he entered protest against my establishment, and seriously, too. He thinks I ought not to make so much better preparations to receive my wife than the other officers who expect theirs are making. Inasmuch as the contrast will be so great that the other ladies will feel slighted. I announced in the phraseology of the illustrious Artemus Ward, 'well, let 'em feel.' Just as if my wife wasn't a darned sight better than anything with hoops on, that comes to visit the 63rd.

"Remember, now, I am only going to write to the full of this page, in order to save postage.

"It has been cold for some days, with a little [very little] snow upon the ground, but this evening the weather moderated, and now it is raining. I have been so comfortable in my tent, however, that I have not felt the cold, excepting when I went out. Little George is a great fixer-up of everything, and he has so rearranged the tents, pinning down and stopping up holes, that no air enters, besides, he always has on hand a good supply of hickory wood, and sits by the fire and feeds the stove. You will be surprised to see his tidiness and thoroughness in all that concerns me. There is not a lazy ounce in his whole corporation. I will bet a horse that his mother is a trump. His father is a slave. Only think of his impudence? He insists upon me using a spit-box! Finding that I was annoyed by being called into the front tent to sign papers he procured the lid of a small box and covered it neatly with paper as a knee desk. He receives the papers to be signed, hands pen and ink and I can discharge my duty without leaving my chair. I can send him to Alexandria for 20 different articles, and he will omit nothing, and does better than I could myself. He and his pony are great favorites with officers and men. I feared that he would be spoiled, but so far he has resisted all influences and is as respectful with his 'oh, yes sah,' 'oh, no sah,' as he was before he came. He takes great interest in all of you at home, and nothing appears to give him more pleasure than to display our gallery of family pictures to visitors. Then he puts on a comical soberness, which would be called dignity if he was older, and anything but a little nigger. Rebecca Shields would give a mint for him. He evidently does not like to part with the pony, but he never says a word about it. I asked him if he would prefer to go home with 'Darkie' and remain. His prompt reply was: 'Oh, no sah, I stay wid you.' George is a saddle-colored trump.

"Sam Hays is well and doing well, is as fat as a pig. He has given evidence of better qualities than I believed he possessed. He will not go home, as he intended. I do not allow him to hang around me, but require him to be at the sutler's and attentive to his duty.

"The sutler has established a mess for the officers, nearly all of them board with him. My mess consists of myself.

Outsiders, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Rosier and George. I found that there was too much truth in the old adage: 'too much familiarity breeds contempt,' so I gave notice to all 'to quit on the 1st January,' and I am highly pleased with the result.

"Major Wallace went to the city today for the purpose of drawing his own and my pay. I directed him to forward two hundred [\$200] dollars to you, which I have no doubt you will receive promptly, at least let me know.

"I suppose you would like to hear some 'war news,' but to tell the truth I have none. I have not been on speaking terms with General Mc. since I came to this war, otherwise I might know more than I do at present, I can however, guess as well as any sagacious correspondent of any lying newspaper, and I guess we will stay where we are for some time to come. We may take an occasional trip towards Occoquan to exercise our troops and satisfy the Rebs that we are here. It may be possible that some demonstration of other bodies of our troops may render an advance of the 'left wing' necessary, but then it will be neither far nor fast. When I see 5,000 horses assembling in Alexandria I will pack my knapsack and write to my friends to 'look out.' You come on, I don't care who says no, and if we should advance I will leave you with Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Crawford. You will be company for each other and will hear the news sooner than if you remained in Pittsburgh.

"I send you 'Old Heintz's' phiz. He and I are on speaking terms and he won't have any other guard around his headquarters, except the 63rd.

"God bless you all. [I am glad I was able to write one short letter to you without making love to you, but it was hard work.] I will now write a short letter to your father, then

1 "On with the cap, out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good night."

"I will send as many pictures as you desire, although I have none of myself this side of Washington. An edition is preparing by an artist for the regiment. One individual alone ordered 100 copies.

"Especial love to 'Rache' and 'Mag.' I will write that letter to George.²

"I will not write to your father tonight until I hear from him on the subject of 'chaplains for the army.'

"I have so much to say that it is impossible to commit it to paper. It is, therefore, 'indispensable for the best interest

¹ Tom Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg."

² Mrs. Hays' sisters and her brother-in-law, George W. Murphy.

of the service' that you proceed to Washington, D. C., otherwise I will desert and the country will lose a good man.

" 'Love hath its thoughts we cannot keep,
Visions the mind may not control,
Waking as fancy does in sleep
The inmost recess of the soul.

" 'Where faces and forms are strangely mingled,
Till, one by one, they are slowly singled,
To the lips and the cheek and the eye of her
I worship like an idolator.' "

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Va., January 19th, 1862.

"Dear Sir :

"I received yours date 16th, this morning and also yesterday date, 15th, for both of which I am under much obligation. I am flattered by your expression of a desire to hear from me and I will neglect no occasion to communicate any matter of interest. It is with sincere sorrow and regret that I announce an event now: One of my captains was bayoneted by the provost guard in Alexandria last night, in some brawl. He was not mortally wounded, although I almost wish he had been killed. The affair will no doubt be announced in the papers, and will be the subject of investigation by court-martial, but do not speak of it as coming from me. I feel deeply mortified. When lately on picquet ¹ I took him myself with a 100 men to support my advance scout of another 100, under Kirkwood. [By the way, you may say to Mr. Speer that no nobler soldier treads the soil of Virginia than his nephew, Bill.] While awaiting and listening for a signal from our advance forces, although we were exposed to a most raw and cutting wind, I never listened with more pleasure to a professional songster than I did to the sweet notes of McHenry as he hummed the words of 'Lorena,' which in our regiment has become a 'household word.'

"I wrote you on my return from picquet that we were all safe, excepting Corporal John Thomas ² [Company E], who was wounded slightly by accident. I received a telegraph of inquiry from his wife today, but have been assured by Capt. Danks that Thomas has himself written to his wife. His wound is but slight, but it may be some satisfaction to hear from me

¹ Note the general's preference for and use of the original spelling for picket.

² Corporal Thomas seems to have been more seriously wounded or for some other cause he was mustered out in April, 1862, for disability.

that Corporal Thomas is one of our 'color guards,' and that Corporal John Thomas is a 'perfect trump' of a soldier.

"'From the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and the pen writes, and I fear I will be unable to give you much news beyond what I have written. Morgan has now the command of the regiment, as I have been detailed president of a general courtmartial. I am forced to stick in occasionally an emphatic word to aid him, as a no or yes from 'Old Aleck,' as the boys call me [behind my back], is generally a settler of all questions.

"I cannot really speak in too high terms of the conduct of the 63rd while out on picquet, and it is due them to correct Mr. Wilson's statement of only six prisoners. That was one day's work. We returned with 13 white men, three niggers and three fine horses. The conduct of the men was excellent. I believe they will prove as staunch as regulars.

"I feel anxious to hear often from some of you on Rachel's account, in fact, if she should be able she might come on with Annie. In a possible case of any movement interfering with the visitors, they would be company.

"I have a letter from Agnes in which she pleads for permission to come with her mother, but I think she is 'o'er young' to leave her grandmother.

"Capt. Hanna is now at home on leave and will return about the 25th. Annie can come with him. He is a 'Brother of the Mystic Tie,' and will take good care of her.

"Mrs. Jameson is anticipating her arrival with impatience, as well as others. I will look for and if telegraphed will meet her in Washington.

"¹Biddle Roberts is to be provost marshal of Washington City.

"Henry Rosier starts today with the black pony for Pittsburgh. He will ride him as far as Baltimore and then have him transported on the cars. I will so arrange it that he will pay the transportation out of his own money, which please pay to him on delivery of the horse, and I will remit the amount, and let me hear as soon as possible.

"I have no time to write more. My love to mother and Rachel, with best regards to all. I will write to Annie tonight.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

"Nephew Bill" refers to William S. Kirkwood, captain of Company B, promoted up to major and died June 28, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville. He was the nephew of Messrs. William and John B. Speer of Pittsburgh, plow manufacturers. The captain, who was stabbed, was discharged

¹ Colonel Richard Biddle Roberts, a prominent Pittsburgh lawyer who went out as colonel of the 1st Pennsylvania Reserves.

from the service in November, 1862. He is marked "honorably discharged" on the adjutant general's register for 1863. He was a man of talent and education and a musician of note, as the general states.

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Jan. 24th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"Have only time to write a very short note before our mail carrier leaves for Alexandria.

"Have deferred writing expecting to hear when Annie would leave for Washington. When she leaves I wish you to telegraph to Colonel Roberts and he will telegraph to me here.

¹ "James is with us, although I only see him at night when I am with the regiment. He is well, and enjoys military life apparently. I leave for the courtmartial in the morning and do not return until evening. Jim occupies my house, which is snug and comfortable, and will be much more so when Annie arrives. We are all in remarkable health.

"Love to all.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

MRS. HAYS TO HER MOTHER, MRS. J. B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Va., Feb. 1st, 1862.

"Dear Mother:

"Just after sending off my letter to you I received a short one from father, the first news from home and very welcome. Today little 'Rachie's' excellent letter was received. Mrs. Jameson was spending the day with me and was so much pleased with the letter that she asked it shown to the general. I hope to hear soon again. Rachie had better send on the cap as soon as it is finished. There is nothing new from the Army of the Potomac, nothing but rain, snow and mud. As for an advance in the present state of the roads it is impossible. It would take a steam engine to move a cannon now.

"The 63rd are as merry as crickets, and the health of all is good. The colonel has adjourned the courtmartial over to Monday, so we have had a long talk of our home and the children. Poor Alex, at times he feels gloomy to think of the future, and the thought of never being at home again; his health is good, and never was man so looked up to as he is by his men. He is doing well, so I have much to be thankful for.

"Capts. McHenry and Chapman had their swords returned

¹ James B. McFadden, the general's brother-in-law, brother of Mrs. Hays.

today and are now doing duty. It has been a severe lesson to all, but the colonel says he already finds it has had a good effect on the men. I went up to call on David Shields in his quarters. He looks very comfortable and says he is as happy as he can be.

"Dr. Marks has a large new tent in which he holds church. I expect to go tomorrow.

"I cannot say what day I will go home, it depends entirely upon how the children are doing. Please, mother, let me know exactly how they are doing. Alex would like me to stay longer, as this will be my last visit to the 'Army of the Potomac.' There is no doubt now but the army will move as soon as the roads are passable.

"Tell father the colonel has as many clothes as he needs. The vest fits nicely. The colonel does not wish the negro, Henry [Rosier], back, and he gave him express orders to go to father the instant he arrived. I never saw the colonel more annoyed than when he read father's letter. I hope the pony was in good condition. I know David will take good care of everything. How does Mrs. Patterson get along? Has Rachel come home yet? I hope her visit has done her good. Is 'Mag' still getting better? Why don't Aggie write? The mail carrier waits, so good bye. All well.

"Annie."

MRS. HAYS TO MRS. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Va., Feb. 3rd, 1862.

"Dear Mother:

"Yesterday morning [Sunday], the sun arose bright and clear, and was the first real sunshine since I came, so all felt happy and comfortable. I will tell you how I spent the day. At 10 o'clock Capt. Danks called to go to church with me. We found the large tent crowded that not even standing room could be found, still I managed to get in. I never was in a more solemn meeting; many of the men were affected to tears. Dr. Marks read an excellent letter from M. B. Brown. In the tent were Adjutant Corts and Capt. McHenry.

"After dinner the colonel drove me up to the hospital, where we found the patients looking clean and comfortable, much better than when I was here before, and not one severe case, most of them are suffering with rheumatism. Some reading their Bibles, others had hymn books and newspapers, everything was quiet. As Alex passed along the beds he had a cheerful and pleasant word to speak to all. How kindly he was answered; some tried to get up that they might speak to him, or catch his hand. His influence is wonderful. The lady nurses speak in the highest terms of him.

"As we rode home we stopped upon the top of the hill to enjoy the view. At our feet lay the camps of more than

50 regiments, all out on dress parade, and as the sun shone upon the glistening bayonets, it looked more like a scene of enchantment, than one of civil war. The music floated upon the evening air, making me feel sad. How many will return to their homes, God alone knows.

"Alex, after sitting a long time quiet, turned to me and said: 'Annie, there is a scene you will never forget. I would give any money if your father was beside me.' How much I wish he could come, for in a few weeks there will be a great change.

"When I returned from the hospital I found my house full of the negroes from Mr. Mason's.¹ They gave me a warm welcome. Tell 'Rachie' I gave the beads she sent and the children were much pleased.

"After supper I went again to the prayer meeting, and some of the prayers, mother, I will never forget; some were for a widowed mother, then for a beloved wife and children so dear. A big soldier next to me sobbed aloud. Tattoo beat while we were in prayer, and I never knew it came so soon. This week is to be devoted to prayer meeting each evening, for next Sunday Dr. Marks intends having a communion service. Persons of all orthodox churches are invited, besides a number of young men are going to unite with the church, and become soldiers of the cross. Several will be baptized. When I came home Alex told me I should have the prayer meeting in this house if I wished. I intend doing so. May God bless and hear the prayers offered.

"The colonel is still holding the courtmartial. He cannot tell when they will be through. Mr. Corts told me that when the colonel gave Cpts. McHenry and Chapman their swords he gave them a lecture they will never forget. McHenry sent me down the manuscript of that beautiful piece, 'The Picket Guard.' He is the author of it.²

"The more I see of the field officers of the 63rd, the better am I pleased. Colonel Morgan has improved, Alex says, very much, also Major Wallace. On Saturday Mr. Lysle³ brought the colonel the very handsomest shoulder straps I ever saw. The officers said they would not allow their old colonel to wear such buzzards as were on his coat. Mother, I felt proud of Alex when he started off for the courtmartial this morning. I never saw him look so well.

"I have not seen Lieut. Brown yet, as he is in Georgetown. I hope to see him before I go home.

"How does Mrs. Patterson get along with the children? I feel anxious to hear more particularly how they are. I wish

¹ George Mason, on whose farm the regiment was encamped in Fairfax County, Virginia.

² Charles W. McHenry, captain Company G, 63rd Regiment.

³ Lysle, quartermaster, 63rd Regiment.

Aggie would write. Give my love to all. I will set the day for my return when I hear from home.

"Your daughter,
"Annie."

The poem beginning, "All quiet along the Potomac tonight," is generally credited to Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers. There are yet men living who testify that Capt. McHenry wrote the poem. General Hays' own hand certifies it. In the South, the claim has been made for Lamar Fontaine, a private in the 2nd Virginia Cavalry. Adjutant J. A. Young and Capt. George B. Chalmers¹ can attest that Capt. McHenry wrote the piece, in spite of Mrs. Beers' fame. The letter above from Mrs. Hays is contemporaneous with the poem.

If Capt. McHenry did not write the poem, he successfully imposed upon Colonel Hays and others of his comrades of the 63rd Regiment, for Capt. Chalmers claims to have seen McHenry writing the piece. There is no doubt that the poem was printed in Harper's Weekly in 1861 and that Ethelinda Beers, or Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, as she signed herself later, was paid for the poem by the Harpers, for the check as a voucher is still retained by them. It appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger" in February, 1863, from the pen of Lamar Fontaine, and still later another Southern soldier claimed the authorship. A less characteristic caption is "The Picket Guard." It was in the fall of 1861 that the phrase: "All quiet along the Potomac" was most familiar and an almost daily newspaper headline. Colonel and Mrs. Hays fully believed in McHenry's authorship. Fontaine's rival in the South was one Thad Oliver.² Mrs. McHenry wrote Mr. Gilbert A. Hays while the 63rd's history, "Under The Red Patch," was being prepared, that her husband always claimed authorship and that he asserted that more than one of his comrades saw him write the poem.

The following letter from the Hon. George Mason to

¹ Capt. Chalmers died December 20, 1912. He was a wonderfully deep bass, celebrated in Pittsburgh as a singer. He firmly believed in McHenry's authorship of the poem.

² Consult "Bugle Echoes," a collection of poems of the Civil War, by Francis F. Browne; P. 67, and "Under the Red Patch;" P. 58; vide also "The Peninsula Campaign in Virginia," by James J. Marks, chaplain of the 63rd Regiment; P. 78, viz.: "The danger of the picket line suggested the following beautiful gem, of the authorship of which I am uncertain," followed by the poem in full. If McHenry wrote it, why should Marks not know?

Colonel Hays has been preserved and is in the possession of the Hays family, coming to them through the grandfather, John B. McFadden. It is a rare document of the early war days when the Northern people and soldiers were careful to do nothing to give offense. Such a thing as a crow carrying its provisions as it flew over certain parts of Virginia, had not been heard of or even thought of.

“Sir: “Spring Bank, Va., Nov. 17th, 1861.

“Emboldened by your kind note of sometime since, in which you were so good as to say you wished to be informed of any injury done me by those under your command, and that you would afford me protection, I must beg to call your attention to the wholesale destruction of my rail and other fences around your encampment. I have been long sick in the house, and therefore cannot positively say when this was done, but my attention was directed to it by my servants and family this morning, and I rather suppose from what they tell me, the greater part of the destruction has been done in the last 48 hours. It turns my whole premises into the commons, and renders my fields useless to me even when no longer occupied as an encampment.

“I earnestly, sir, pray your attention to the subject and that I may have some redress for so important an injury.

“Very respectfully sir, your obt. svt.,

“G. Mason.”

“P. S. Can you inform me who commands the regiment east of your encampment, where similar destruction has taken place, as I wish to communicate with him on the subject?”¹

The Honorable Mason felt constrained also to post this notice, the original also, preserved in the same manner:

“Spring Bank, Va., Decr. 20th, 1861.

NOTICE!

“Having had several applications lately to rent a room in my house, and being compelled from my own very bad health and the condition of my family and household, to whom quiet and rest are so indispensable, to decline doing so, I have to say that our condition renders it impossible to let a room to any one, and I hope, therefore, to be spared in the future the unpleasant necessity of a personal refusal.

“G. Mason.”

¹ Memorandum in the handwriting of John B. McFadden attached to this letter. “This ‘notice’ on the other side, was written by one of Virginia’s greatest aristocrats, and a deep-dyed Rebel, whose great age only prevented his taking a decided part in the rebellion.”

To rightly understand the locus of the Mason farm and the character of the man, the following extract from the story of the 63rd Regiment is appropos:¹

"We marched down the old Leesburg pike a short distance and then filed right. We left Alexandria on our left, and crossing the historical Hunting Creek, noted for the immense flocks of wild geese and ducks that frequented its waters, passed the partly completed Fort Lyon, and after going about three-quarters of a mile further on the Alexandria and Pohick road, encamped on the farm of a noted Rebel named George Mason. We were now on the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac and in the corps commanded by General Heintzelman.

"A more bitter or non-compromising Rebel never lived than this man Mason upon whose farm we were encamped. He hated the very name of North, and everything connected with it. A more haughty, overbearing autocrat never existed, and it was gall and wormwood to him to see the boys in blue on his place, and the hated Stars and Stripes flaunted in his very face. He was a prominent politician, also a magistrate, and it was said his great delight was to have poor whites arrested for petty larceny, trading with his negroes, or other trivial charges. He would have them tied to a post in his yard and would sit on his porch and rub his hands with glee to see them writhe under the lash well laid on by a stalwart overseer. He had been very wealthy, and as a politician, had worked hard to embitter the South against the North. He was the author of the celebrated bill brought up in convention to have all Northern men expelled from the state of Virginia, and was one of secession's most ardent advocates.

"But a day of retribution came at last. One beautiful morning in May he was startled by the terrible news that Colonel Ellsworth, with his zouaves, had crossed the Potomac, entered Alexandria, and invaded the 'sacred soil of Virginia.' Terrible consternation seized him at once, and hasty preparations were made for immediate flight. He gathered up his large band of slaves, packed up his plate and other valuables, loaded his wagons, put his family into carriages, and in the wildest haste, made a start for Richmond. But he had a bitter dose yet to swallow. Just as his family carriage, followed by his slaves, reached the great gate leading to the Pohick road, a squad of Union cavalry dashed up and halted the procession. The family was terribly frightened, and it is said that Mason's profanity was sublime and picturesque. He cursed the Union and its defenders, called them mudsills, Lincoln hirelings, Yankee scum, and other pet names, declaring that such an outrage on a Virginia gentleman would cause rivers of blood to flow. But the soldiers were firm and marched him and his

¹ "Under the Red Patch," PP. 37, 38.

family back to the house where, for many weary months, he was compelled to remain a prisoner, never being permitted to leave the premises. This meant a holiday for his slaves, many of whom ran off, all delighted at the state of affairs and greatly enjoyed the discomfiture of 'ole mastah,'

"The camp where we were now located was known as Camp Johnston, though the boys with the usual habit of giving fanciful names to all our camps, called it 'Camp Pennyroyal,' and here Jameson's brigade settled down and remained until March 17, 1862."

Chaplain Marks paints Mason's character in dark colors. He says:

"Mason's boast and glory was that the blood of the Stuarts flowed in his veins, being a descendant of Charles II., and certainly the general contour of his face strikingly reminded one of many of the portraits of that family, and in the expression of cold, savage brutality, he fell short of none of his illustrious ancestors. This man is one of the few of whom I have yet to learn of a single good act to shine like a gem in the general waste of a barren life. As a son, by his unnatural cruelty, he brought upon himself the curse of his mother; as a magistrate, he was as remorseless as James II.; as a master, there are no words in the English language to paint him."

"War laid upon the Honorable Mason a savage hand. His fields were encampments; his fences were consumed for fuel; his forest lands were soon treeless, and Mr. Mason could look over his wide farm and see everywhere desolation. This was the winter of his discontent. The very presence of our soldiers filled him with frenzy, and his rage was beyond disguise. But after a while his avarice mastered every other passion. In order to obtain damages for the ruin of his property he took the oath of allegiance, brought in a bill of \$80,000 against the government, charging \$20,000 for the cord wood we cut and \$10,000 for his fences. * * * Such is one of the aristocrats who plunged the whole country into war and brought ruin on Virginia."¹

Just how the transformed patriot, Mason, was recompensed cannot be gone into here. The 63rd Regiment left him and his history has not been handed down further.

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Feb. 5th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"I have depended upon Annie² to write while she belongs to the 63rd. I am still on duty with the general courtmartial, which occupies my time from 9 to 3 each day.

¹ "The Peninsula Campaign," etc., Marks, P. 30.

² Annie—Mrs. Hays.

"Annie is comfortably situated and you need not expect her home for a week, unless her presence among the children is demanded. It will be her last and only opportunity to observe and study 'The Grand Army.' When we will move is not apparent, though it must be near at hand. Our troops are suffering from 'hope deferred,' and an advance will be hailed with joy. For my own regiment I can speak with confidence. I believe I can rely upon them in every emergency. I have tried them on march and in bivouac, and given them the smell of 'battle afar off,' which they snuffed as eagerly as Job's war horse. Our Austrian rifles have been tested and throw a ball with terrible force to long distances, but the men have been taught and will rely mainly upon the four-ribbed bayonets, which are a splendid appendage for drilling holes in Rebel carcasses.

"We have some frosts at night, and the ground is covered with snow to the depth of several inches. Today the sun is shining brightly and may give us mud in exchange for our snows. I hear no complaints among the men of suffering or want. All are in good health and comfortably housed. If we have a want it is for woolen mittens [with one finger], and if the patriotic and charitable ladies at home wish to add to their soldiers' comforts, let them send on mittens.

* * * * *

"I have no more time but have Annie to finish the budget. My love to all, to mother and Rachel, and to all the little ones at home.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alexander Hays."

MRS. HAYS TO MRS. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Va., Feb. 6, 1862.

"Dear Mother:

"I have just received letters from father and James¹ and feel glad to hear good news from Linton.

"Yesterday the lady nurses came down to see me and as their sick men were convalescent I invited them to spend the day with me. I walked up to Capt. Ormsby's company and asked them to go through the bayonet exercise for the ladies, for they are better drilled than any other company in that exercise. You would be surprised to see how active they are. Indeed, Ellsworth himself might be proud of them. I am sorry they have not a better captain; he is a worthless man.

"Well, after we came home from drill I sent for the band, who gave us some good music until dinner time.

"After tea we went to prayer meeting and found it crowded, as usual. During the exercises eight young men arose and requested the prayers of the congregation. It was

¹ John B. McFadden and his son James.

a most interesting meeting. The ladies went home much pleased with the day, the first day of relaxation for over three months.

"This morning the colonel and I were all ready to go to Washington, but it commenced raining, so we gave it up. I intend going up to invite Tillie and Ellie Hutchison to spend some days with me as I am fixed up very nice, and I know they would be much pleased. I wrote a note to Mrs. Stanton and will send the wagon any day they wish. The colonel will go to Stanton's with me when I go.

"This morning Lieut. Schonlow tendered his resignation on account of ill health. He has never been well since his return. I do not know how soon he will go home. I will go with him, I think.

"On Monday, 10th, 11th, 12th, the 63rd go out on picket duty. I hope the poor fellows will have good weather, for it is most terrible now. The colonel being on the courtmartial, will not go with the regiment unless there is a prospect of a fight. Colonel Morgan has command.

* * * * *

"I am glad the pony is doing well, and hope the children are careful not to go too near him. I am sending the children some valentines.

"How is Rachel getting along with General Jameson's cap? She must try and do it very nice. Aggie's letter I was much pleased with. Tell father that Mrs. Brown's box to Dr. Crawford has not yet been received.

"Klinefelter has not made his appearance, but I suppose he will come this evening.

"I can hear the Rebel batteries firing all day on a gunboat.

"McDowell of Ormsby's company has no money to send home.

"David Shields has spent part of this afternoon with me. He looks very well and tells me he was never better in his life. After he left I sent him up some tomatoes for his supper.

"Tell father I read that part of his letter to the colonel in which he spoke of Mr. Stewart selling liquor to the officers. He says it is a falsehood, and he would like the name of the person who said so.

"General Jameson has just made me a most pleasant visit, invited the colonel and myself over to dinner at 6 o'clock, but I declined as the colonel is only at home in the evening. I promised to go and spend tomorrow. The general says he registered my name at the War Department for the first vacant post, and will send a guard home for the children.

"But it is almost night, so I will close. Love to each one of my babies.

"Yours,

"Annie." ¹

¹ Annie—Mrs. Hays.

Mrs. Edwin M. Stanton and Mrs. Hays were girlhood friends, distantly related, and in their intercourse called each other cousin. Mrs. Stanton was Miss Ellen Hutchison of Pittsburgh. The estimate of Capt. Ormsby of Company D is a correct one. He resigned in March, 1862, before he was under fire. He had been first lieutenant of Company I of the 12th Regiment, and shone as a drillmaster. He became a drillmaster for recruits at Harrisburg, and his name appears subsequently on Pennsylvania records in the militia rosters of 1863, but not at the front. He was in no way related to the Pittsburgh Ormsbys. After the war Ormsby, or Ormsbee, did not return to Pittsburgh and his subsequent career is unknown to any of the regiment.

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Feb. 8th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"Annie received a budget of letters today of various dates—two from you of the 4th and 5th. All day and tonight she is suffering from one of her ordinary headaches, otherwise she is in perfect health, and appears to have enjoyed her visit very much. Mrs. Jameson has just left us, and her sympathetic visit has done 'a power of good.'

"Your letters contrast the weather of your section with ours, as though you imagined we were within the tropics, which I assure you is not the case. We would give anything for a good continuous freeze. On the contrary, we have a succession of winds, sleet and snow storms, all ending in mud, that we would be willing to exchange our location for any place else.

"Our house is very comfortable, and is much admired by all visitors. I am promised a sketch of the premises by 'our own special artist,' a member of the regiment band, and Annie will carry it home with her.

* * * * *

"I remark in two of your letters a charge against Mr. Stewart, our sutler. Without any discussion of the case, as colonel of the 63rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, I pronounce it a bare, malicious falsehood, which could only have originated with the friends of the scoundrels who endeavored to buy from me what he obtained from an appreciation of his character as an honest, upright, Christian gentleman. I am not at all disturbed by the charge, although I know he will be when I communicate it to him, as I shall tomorrow morning. I have conversed with you frequently on similar subjects, and expressed my opinion that an individual preferring such

serious charges against others, beyond their immediate reach, should have the manliness to give their authority for their statements.

"Hereafter no notice will be taken of any report derogatory of the regiment, which I have the honor to command, or of any one connected with it, unless a responsible name can be furnished as its calumniator.

"We were much dissatisfied as was also Mrs. Jameson, that you had prevented little Rachel from writing to the general, and presenting her own cap. No one would more enjoy such a letter and present, and that is not much to his credit, as a far greater soldier 'suffered little ones.' You don't understand 'human nature.'

"I am pleased you like the pony. He is certainly a trump. I don't want you to send Henry back, as I have two contrabands who only cost their boarding, which is paid by the U. S. [as prisoners], and I would not exchange either of them for Henry. [Rosier.]

"I paid Dick and Henry their full wages, but as a security for the delivery of the horse, made Henry pay all expenses home, which should be refunded to him, as well as that of his own passage.

"I will stop now as it is growing late.

"Annie is sleeping as quietly and gently as if in her own bed at home, and in a few days, with the first responsible escort, she will be 'homeward bound.'

"Love to all, mother, Rachel and the dear little ones at Linton,¹ and to everybody who cares for us at home.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alexander Hays."

"P. S. My duties on courtmartial prevent my accompanying the regiment on picquet, but Morgan² will be there."

MRS. HAYS TO HER DAUGHTER, AGNES

"Camp Johnston, Feb. 9th, 1862.

"My Dear Agnes:

"I have just received an excellent and very welcome letter, and will try and write as well as I can, but I have just got over a severe headache, which has lasted three days, and feel yet very weak.

"I am glad to find from your letters that all at Linton are doing well. How happy I will be to see all their dear faces again, but I cannot tell what day I will leave, for I do not know of any person now going, if there is no one going I will have to start myself.

"The 63rd start on three days' picket duty tomorrow at

¹ Linton, the home of the Hays family along the Allegheny River opposite Sharpsburg, now Morningside Road, Pittsburgh.

² Lieut.-Colonel 63rd Regiment.

daylight, so Camp Johnston will be deserted except by the guard. Your papa will give the command to Lieut.-Colonel Morgan, but will ride down to see how they get along. Papa was wishing he could have his little ones here for the next three days, as we will be alone. Every day he gets out your likenesses and admires each one. I wish we had dear 'Jimmy's.'¹

"Mrs. Jameson is quite anxious to see the cap 'Rachie' knit, and has requested me to have her write a letter to the general when she sends the cap.

"I felt much disappointed that Klinefelter did not call at the store for the package, but he says he was in such trouble about his brother, who was blown up on a steamboat a few days ago, that he never thought of his promise until it was too late.

"This morning we had communion service for the first time. There were over two hundred communicants, 40 of whom have taken the sacrament for the first time. Eight men were baptized. Mrs. Jameson and the general came over, and went with me. They were surprised to see such a congregation. Brother Danks, Jones and myself compose the choir, but all joined and I have seldom heard better, for all sang from their hearts.

"There was quite an excitement in camp when the news of the surrender of Fort Henry came. The band played all the national airs, and the 63rd cheered as if they would burst their throats. We hope soon to hear of more victories, when the roads dry up. Not a day passes but we can hear the Rebel batteries firing on some gunboat or oyster sloop. Tell Alden² I have many stories to tell him, as the guide, Williamson,³ spent the evening here and told me all about the fight at Potter's. He is guide for the left wing.

"Tell grandpa not to mention anything about Lieut. Schonlow's resignation, as he will perhaps reconsider.

"Your loving mother,

"Annie A. Hays."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, Feb. 22nd, 1862.

"Dearest Annic:

"I have begun the second to you since you left, although I have received one very brief one day before yesterday from

¹ The Hays baby.

² "Alden," eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Hays.

³ "Williamson was valuable to us as a scout and guide. He was a shrewd, cunning man, who had been injured by some of the wealthy whites, and revenge was, I feared, a stronger motive with him than a desire to benefit his country." "The Peninsula Campaign In Virginia," Rev. J. J. Marks; P. 81. Williamson's subsequent history is unknown.

home. I was disappointed today inasmuch as several letters arrived for me, I knew there was a mail, but nothing from you. We are all in usual health and spirits. It has rained very heavily, and the mud is becoming almost bottomless. I saw Mrs. Jameson yesterday, and gave your love. She is the same always.

"In the absence of a letter from you I have very little to write about, and will consequently make this very short, but if I receive one tomorrow will write again in the evening.

"I miss you very much, but more of that again. Love to mother, Rachel and to all the little ones at home.

"I will write the letter I promised to Rebecca Shields¹ in a day or so, as soon as the spirit of writing takes me.

"God bless you and all. There is nothing new as to moving.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Feb. 23, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"I received yours of the 21st, as promptly as mail could bring it. I have heard but once, and very briefly, from Annie since she left for home. I have written twice myself and was disappointed I did not hear from her by this day's mail also.

"Our celebration of the birth of Washington was extremely limited. The 'Farewell Address' was read and the boys appeared to appreciate the occasion, and enjoyed themselves according to their means.

"I am pleased to learn that Capt. Reid is on his return to the regiment. We are in want of 30 men to fill our complement of 1,046 men. Two recruits arrived today, leaving a difference of 28 men.

"So many, in fact all other regiments, excepting ours, are very deficient of men. Maxwell has but 770 men [I pity them], McKnight not over 800, and the New York regiment, which took Rippey's place, I am informed, has no greater number.

"Rumors of moves and removes are very prevalent here, but I am not aware of any intended designation for the 63rd.

"Two regiments from this division I am informed are now at Pohick Church to protect Mr. Low, the aeronaut, while he makes a reconnaissance of the enemy's lines, per balloon.

"Our friends need not be surprised to hear of sudden movements, but you shall hear promptly, although as I have said, I neither know when or where.

¹ Rebecca Shields, member of the well known family of the Sewickley Valley, and aunt of Capt. David Shields, a generous worker for the 63rd Regiment and the cause.

"My regiment never was in better condition, and anxious to 'pitch in.' As far as they, my boys, are concerned, they will not deceive the expectations of their friends, and will not ask a precedent from any regiment.

* * * * *

"I write again to Annie and hereafter will write regularly to her each Sunday if possible. Tomorrow I take command of the regiment, which needs me much. I am now relieved from courtmartial service, which is tedious and vexatious. Morgan is well, also Kirkwood and everybody else. Love to mother and Rachel, and regards to all friends.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alex."

During the winter of 1861-1862 several Pennsylvania regiments were still in process of formation. Colonel O. H. Rippey's regiment, the 61st, was completed by detaching four companies from Colonel David B. Birney's 23rd Pennsylvania [the Birney Zouaves]. Colonel Maxwell's regiment was the 57th, and McKnight's the 105th. The 87th New York took Rippey's place in Jameson's brigade, the 61st Pennsylvania going to Graham's brigade of D. C. Buell's division of Keyes' corps, and winning subsequent renown in the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac under Generals Sedgwick and Wright.

Colonel Maxwell of the 57th Pennsylvania did not go into actual service, having resigned March 4, 1862. Colonel Hays had an opinion of him that can be best expressed by the word "contempt." It was in the 87th New York that Corporal James Tanner served, and lost both legs at Second Bull Run, the same battle in which Colonel Hays was wounded and disabled.

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, February 25th, 1862.

"Dear Annie:

"I will now write this, my third since you left, in exchange for only one received from you. I was disappointed yesterday, and will be more so today, if I do not hear from you directly. I am anxious to hear of yourself from yourself.

"Nothing has transpired of much interest, excepting the proceedings of the 22nd, which was celebrated in the church by reading the 'Farewell Address,' with the addition of patriotic songs and music from the band.

"Today services were held in the church several times, I hope with the best results. I have at length been relieved

from my duties on courtmartial, at which I feel well satisfied, as they were annoying and irksome.

"We are all well as usual. If I hear from you today I will try to write again tomorrow. God bless you all, and give my love to all at home and at 104.¹

"Your husband,

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, February 27th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"As I have promised to give you the earliest information of anything indicating a movement of the 'Grand Army,' I will tell you all I know. The fold of the 'Anaconda' [which is destined to strangle rebellion], and within which we are quartered, has for some time past given indication of what was going on at the head and tail of the monster. Last night [too late for this day's mail], the development was made completely by the receipt of an order from headquarters, which I believe was general, 'to hold the troops ready to march at a moment's warning, with two day's provisions [cooked] in the haversacks of the men.'

"The announcement of the orders was received by my men with cheer after cheer, in prospect of change from the dull, monotonous life they have led in camp since last September, and from stimulated hope that they might be permitted to show the country that there were other soldiers than those whom favoritism had sent forward to Forts Henry and Donaldson, Roanoke Island and Port Royal. When we move no one can surmise, although certainly within a few days.

"The troops march with the smallest possible quantity of baggage, only four wagons being allowed to my regiment, which now numbers one thousand and twenty-four men [1,024]. No officer is allowed more than a carpet bag, or hand trunk, and individual baggage must not exceed 50 pounds.

"The batteries of the Rebels along the Potomac which for so many nights disturbed [?] our peaceful slumbers, have for the last two or three days ceased to reverberate.

'So darkly glooms the thunder cloud,
That swaths as with a sable shroud,
Virginia's distant hills.' ²

"The Rebels are evidently endeavoring to withdraw the artillery which they have on the Potomac, back towards Manassas, but if our leaders are not deceived, Heintzelman will be with his division between them and their haven, while

¹ No. 104 Penn Street, now Penn Avenue, near Hay Street, now Fourth Street, was the McFadden family residence.

² Quotation not found; likely a war-time poem.

Hooker will cross the river from the Maryland side, and hurry up their transportation.

"I have put no faith in rumors, until they are confirmed, but we have a rumor tonight that Banks has been repulsed. We know his division crossed the Potomac yesterday, but tomorrow we will hear the truth.

"It is useless that I should take the time to speak of probabilities or possibilities, which you will see described daily in your morning papers.

"I received eight recruits today, fine, active young fellows, who look as if they could sling a bayonet without much training. That is to be our weapon—cold steel, propelled by Northern muscle. I called upon General Heintzelman yesterday, and spent an hour with him examining maps, etc. We never meet without having a little amicable quarrel. He thinks there is no such regiment at the 63rd, and one of his parting remarks to the colonel of the same, upon an occasion in which the point had been carried against him was, 'I knew you 20 years ago, and you would always have your own way.'

"Just now I hear a gunboat firing down the Potomac, something is going on, and I feel anxious, for a few days ago the general requested me to give him 25 good boatmen to go on a reconnaissance by water, with his topographical engineers, and I fear they will get into trouble.

"Maxwell has resigned and John Wilkins¹ is appointed colonel of the 57th. God speed the new colonel. The 57th lies across a road from the 63rd.

"Since Annie left I have written at least four times to her, twice enclosed to you. Today I have a very meagre letter from her, the second which she has written since her return, in which she complains that I have not written to her at all. I cannot understand it, for surely there cannot be so much defect in the mails. I will endeavor to write to her again in the morning before the mail leaves, but I am admonished by my watch that it is morning now—half past 1 o'clock.

"Love to mother, Rachel and all at 104, and to poor dear Margaret my warmest sympathy, in the new afflictions which Annie has announced to me in her letter. I feel much more than I dare express.

¹ John Wilkins did not succeed Colonel Maxwell. Charles T. Campbell, however, did, and remained in command until wounded at Second Bull Run at the same time as Colonel Hays, who speaks of him in subsequent letter as being in the same hospital. Maxwell was a West Pointer who did not graduate. Colonel Campbell made the 57th one of the best regiments in the service. A short time before Appomattox it was consolidated with the 84th, but retained its number. Colonel Campbell was a veteran of Mexico. He was a captain in the Eleventh U. S. Infantry. Vide Wilcox "History of the Mexican War," P. 643.

"Kind regards to all the friends of the 63rd. Assure them all are as they would wish them to be—in health, and contentment, until our country has no further need of them.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, Va., March 3rd, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I will only write a few lines, as I have not time and anything from you to answer. I have received only two short letters from you since you left me at Washington. I have written this, the fifth, and will continue to write at short intervals even if you will not write to me.

"You ought to be scolded but I cannot do it, so I will write the remainder good humoredly.

"Well, 'dear gal,' after the terrible fright which the general commanding threw us into on the subject of 'on to Richmond,' we are just where his order found us.

"We are not idle, however, for this is our picquet tour, and as soon as I finish I will mount 'Dan' and march to the borders. Our picquets are advanced four or five miles. We are now on the Occoquan, and Morgan will hold Pohick Church.

"Wallace rests at Lewis Chapel, and Corts and myself 'lay around loose' among them, wherever we are wanted. I always pity the poor devils, we are crowding them on all sides.

"I have the news of poor little Wallace's death, and can imagine the grief of poor 'Mag.'¹ God bless her, and support her under this new affliction. I know I am considered indifferent to such matters, and outwardly it is so, but no one, not even you, knows how deep it goes to my heart.

"I can only write the dull routine of camp from day to day. You have always something new, even if it is one of 'Jimmy's' last jokes, so write. I will write whenever there is anything transpiring, and be assured, dearest wife, that wherever I am and wherever it be, in death as well as life, I will turn my thoughts to you.

"God bless you and our children. I have something more to say when I return.

"Love to all.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

"P. S. Tell your father that reconnaissance is derived from the Celtic, and that reconaissance is a Yankee corruption."

¹ "Mag" refers to Mrs. George W. Murphy, Mrs. Hays' sister.

TELEGRAM
NATIONAL TELEGRAPH LINES

Office 68 Fifth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fort Lyon, Washington, March 5, 1862.

To John B. McFadden, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Capt. C. W. Chapman and Quartermaster James M. Lysle were killed this morning on a scouting party by the Rebels.

Alexander Hays,
Colonel 63rd P. V.

In the history of the 63rd Regiment will be found this account:

"Our picket lines were on the Accotink while those of the Rebels were on the Occoquan, and between these two streams was a tract of country which might be called debatable ground which was overrun by the scouts of both armies, and parties from either side would collect forage and pick up everything of a portable nature that could be used in camp, hence the people living on this tract were in a sad predicament, being robbed by both sides—not a chicken, sheep, hog, or anything eatable left them, save such things as they could securely hide from the keen-eyed foragers. Sometimes these scouting parties would meet and there would be a skirmish. An affair of this kind occurred on the night of the 5th of March, 1862. We were on picket at Pohick Church, and a detachment of the regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Morgan, had gone out on a scout toward Occoquan. The Rebels prepared a trap for them, and as they were passing along a dark and lonely road, they were saluted by a severe fire from the enemy in ambush which killed Capt. C. W. Chapman of Company K, Quartermaster James M. Lysle and Private Cyrus Moore of Company G, and wounded several others. Our men returned the fire, but it is not known if any of the Rebels were killed or wounded. In these things the enemy, on account of their knowledge of the ground and having the sympathy of the inhabitants, who, by some means or other, always managed to notify them, escaped when we thought we had them bagged."¹

There are two other accounts of this affair, one written at the time by Chaplain Marks, the other by Robert D. McKee of Pittsburgh, in 1904. Mr. McKee, a private in Company D, related:

"The 63rd was sent to the neighborhood of Pohick Church in the winter and spring of 1862 to do picket duty. The Church is on the Mt. Vernon road about nine miles from

¹ "Under the Red Patch;" P. 48.

Alexandria, Va. Between this place and Occoquan Creek was neutral ground then, not occupied by either army, but was infested with bands of guerrillas who made a practice of ambushing scouting parties of Union soldiers and even sentinels on picket. To break up this reprehensible and murderous warfare, scouting parties were sent out to be kept on this hitherto unoccupied ground; not only to prevent such occurrences but to capture the guerrillas.

"On the night of March 5, 1862, a detachment of the 63rd Pennsylvania, under Lieut.-Colonel A. S. M. Morgan, of about 100 men, returning from a successful expedition to this end, was ambushed near Pohick Church. Capt. Chapman, Lieut. Lysle and Sergeant Chalmers, who were in the lead, fell at the first fire. The first two were killed. Chalmers was desperately wounded. The detachment had almost reached their post. Private McKee, the nearest picket, hearing the firing, immediately turned out the guard. The woods, brush, thickets of pine and undergrowth were thoroughly searched but in the darkness the treacherous enemy, familiar with the grounds, easily eluded our men and escaped."¹

Chaplain Marks states: "We had heard through Williamson, a scout, that there was a large party of Rebels who crossed the Occoquan nearly every morning, and took position on a ridge of hills in front of us. Here they remained during the day in observation. A plan was laid for their capture.. To effect this, Colonel Hays selected about 50 men from different companies, who were commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Morgan. The men left our picket line about 3 o'clock in the morning and passed through dark pine forests, beyond a farm house, on the way. When they had gone about half a mile from this house they came to the road which the enemy usually took from Occoquan. But they, for some unexplained reason, came up that morning by another way, and passed by our men almost within the touch of their hands; but coming along a new path, there was felt some uncertainty in regard to who this strange company were. The impression of some of our officers was that it was a body of our own men out on scouting duty.

"The enemy marched to the house, learned of our passing, and returned and laid an ambushade for us. After remaining here nearly an hour, the colonel commanded the men to rise and march back to camp. They started to return and had advanced more than one-fourth of a mile when the click of guns in the heavy forest arrested the four or five in advance. They drew their pistols and peered into the darkness. Instantly the enemy fired, and Capt. Chapman, Lieut. Lysle and Moore, private in Company G, fell. Capt. Chapman and Lieut. Lysle died in a few moments, and Moore in less than a hour.

¹ "My High School Days," a brief history of the Pittsburgh Central High School, 1855-1871, by George T. Fleming. McKee was a graduate—class of 1860.

"Our men returned the fire and rushed into the forest and drove the foe before them. The enemy lost by our fire three men, and in this number, it was said, their celebrated leader, Burke, who had distinguished himself as a picket murderer."¹

General Hays refers again to the affair at Pohick Church in his letter of March 29. He was much incensed at certain reports circulated in Pittsburgh, and justly incensed.²

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, March 10th, 1862.

"My Dear Wife:

"I know you have been anxiously expecting to hear from me since the disaster which befell my regiment. I might have assuaged flying with as much success as to attempt to write in the situation in which I have been placed for the last five days. You have heard of the tiger robbed of its whelps, and you can imagine what specie of tiger I represent. I have not scolded anyone. The fault is too egregious to be within my jurisdiction, and I am patiently awaiting the actions of higher authority. The reverse of any blame upon myself, I still fear that Morgan will have to suffer the consequences of investigation. Thirty or 40 Rebels, all permitted to pass our men in ambush, to conceal themselves in ambush against us, and three of us forfeit life. I can hear the expressed wish that 'the old man had been there,' but there is no evil from which some good cannot be extracted. The regiment is determined upon vengeance and confidence is stronger than ever that the colonel will be on hand next time.

"The bodies were forwarded on the 7th to Pittsburgh. Before leaving all were borne to the church tent, and I never knew the doctor more eloquent. 'There was no dearth of woman's tears,' for dear little Mrs. Jameson was present and cried her eyes out.

"Last evening at parade promotions were made to fill vacancies. 1st Lieut. McClelland of Company E to be captain Company K, 'for bravery and self-possession on the morning of March 5th, when a detachment of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers was waylaid by the Rebels,' vice Capt. Chapman, killed in action.

"2nd Lieut. Bagaley, 'for uniform good conduct as an officer and a soldier,' to be first lieutenant Company K: 1st Sergeant Mowry, 'for his bravery and self-possession on the

¹ "The Peninsula Campaign In Virginia," Rev. J. J. Marks; PP. 81-82. "The History of the 63rd Regiment" mentions no loss of the enemy.

² Vide next Chapter, second letter.

morning of the 5th of March, when a detachment of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers were waylaid by the Rebels,' to be second lieutenant of Company K.

"I have several other promotions to make, but I thought the above was sufficient for one occasion. Ormsby is undoubtedly cashiered, and his place will be supplied. I think Sergeant Gross will be made a lieutenant. I would like very much to favor your choice applicant for a commission, but my conscience will not allow me to do injustice to any brave man in the regiment.

"There, I will write no more at present, but will write to your father tonight, and you again very shortly.

"Mrs. Emerick¹ has gone to some house to board. I have not seen her for a week, and think she ought to go home.

"My love to all the dear ones at home, and at 104, and take a full share to yourself for your kind solicitations, and remember that Hope and Faith work wonders.

"Love to Margaret and George and to Katie. God bless you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"P. S.—2nd Lieut. Haymaker² to be quartermaster, vice Lysle, killed in action."

John McClelland did not succeed to the command of Company K, vice Chapman. The promotion was evidently reconsidered by the colonel. McClelland subsequently became captain of Company E. After the war he served as county commissioner of Allegheny County and died in office. W. Hays Brown, first lieutenant of Company K, procured a commission from Governor Curtin but died a short time afterwards and never commanded the company. The other promotions mentioned by the colonel were made.

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Johnston, March 15th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote to you yesterday by young Chapman, with a promise to write again if I possibly could, before we left for

¹ Mrs. Emerick, wife of Private John A. Emerick, who was wounded and died in Richmond, July 11, 1862. Emerick was a member of Company E.

² 2nd Lieut. William N. Haymaker of Company A, father of Judge John S. Haymaker of Allegheny County, who was mustered out with the regiment as quartermaster at the expiration of its term.

'Lower Dixie.' Since our retiring from the Occoquan we have been awaiting the signal to move.

"We found today that there had been a failure somewhere to provide transportation, and in consequence we obtained this day's grace.

"Richardson's brigade started yesterday, but were halted at Fort Lyon, where they are still remaining. It has poured down rain since yesterday, and their condition is exceedingly disagreeable. Each man's tent is now an India rubber blanket, or rather two blankets constitute one tent. Our tents are still standing and afford comfortable shelter to the men, although I was requested to strike them and use the blankets. I will not move an inch until I am ordered, and sure of transportation.

"Alexandria is thronged with artillery, dragoons and infantry—Sumner's division—until they are shipped we will be permitted to remain as we are.

"What is to be our destination no one here knows. Nothing has transpired except the fact that a larger army goes southward.

"Woe, woe to Dixie. How thankful I am that the 'havoc of war, and the war's desolation,' has been spared to our dear homes. It would turn my brain, ending in desperation, to see and know that my wife, children and friends were in the position of Rebel families. I have anticipated myself, the bitterest hostility to us, and I do not blame them. In spite of all efforts of officers, men will trespass, and many officers are not gentlemen enough to remember that they ever had a home. For the 63rd I have nothing to complain, or heard any. The general admonition on all necessary occasions, 'remember, men, that you all have mothers, wives, daughters and sisters at home,' has so far been cheerfully obeyed. God help the violator so long as I command.

"I will mention one occasion of exhibition of female sentiment which occurred on our last visit to the Occoquan. It became necessary in extending my line of picquets, to occupy the premises of one 'Lady Lee.' I stationed there Major Wallace, with a number of men as a reserve. I have no officer more exacting in his discipline than the major, or more deferential to ladies. Lady Lee has a very sweet young lady daughter, about the age and size of Agnes. One morning it was discovered by them that some depredation had been committed on an old chicken by a soldier. In the presence of our officers the sweet young lady expressed her sentiments, in a wish to her mother, 'Oh, mother, I wish I could murder every one of them,' which met with the old lady's approval—Herodias and her daughter! My dear girl, I expect to have my ears pulled by one of these 'secesh' ladies some of these days, but I will hold a husband or a big brother responsible.

"You ought to see my house in camp and you would be moving if you were present. The rain has deluged me, and almost washed the house away. In anticipation of moving I permitted the covering to be loosened, and when the storm came I found it out. The two French bedsteads occupy the only dry spots, but, like Mark Tapley, 'that it is a circumstance under which it is creditable to be jolly.' The men at least are comfortable, and I can make myself so.

" 'Dave' Shields paid me a visit today. He is a noble, independent boy, and as soon as I possibly can make him a lieutenant, I intend to do so on account of his own merit, but I do not wish his relatives to know anything of the matter.

"Mansfield Brown has paid us several visits [not on my account], but to secure for his son appointments which are due to others. If he imagines his boy to be the most worthy of my interests he is egregiously mistaken. A decent respect for my noble Capt. Chapman would have dictated at least a delay for his funeral, before application was made for his vacant shoes.

"Since the orders we have received to march, I have observed something wrong in our beloved chaplain, and have frequently expressed to my confidants that he intended to secesh.¹ Today he requested me to afford him an interview, and informed me he had a 'call.' That it was from no dissatisfaction with the regiment, but that he had been called to transfer himself into some general hospital, located in some pleasant city, and that he was influenced moreover by the ill health of his wife, whom he could then have near him, and be permitted to 'smooth her pathway to the grave.'

"Your husband,

"Alex."

FROM COLONEL HAYS TO HIS WIFE

[Original letter lost, presumably from Camp Johnston, Va.]

"March 16th, 1862.

"Again has notice come that the 63rd will be required to march tomorrow morning with six days' provision to—nobody knows where. This evening at parade as I looked along the line of my boys I felt very proud, and have never seen them look so well. This was our inspection day and I found the guns in most excellent condition, although I was obliged to preach a great deal on the subject of packing knapsacks.

¹ "Secesh" to secede or resign." The chaplain, however, did not go at that time, remaining in the service for a year afterwards.

COLONEL HAYS TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW,
MISS RACHEL McFADDEN

"Camp Johnston, Va., March 16th, 1862.

"Dear Sister Rachel:¹

"I feel that it would be a sin and a shame if I did not write to you before the 63rd sailed for—I will tell you in my next letter, which is about as definite as I am able to determine, our destination.

"Sensitiveness of obligations is a peculiar phase of my eccentric character, whether I appear as debtor or creditor, but I cannot avoid the acknowledgment of the indebtedness of myself and my regiment to you for your many evidences of kindness and attention.

"The time is not yet come for a full development, but already, if you could witness as I have done, your good deeds made manifest, you would not slacken in your labors. We have no hospital now, as all of our sick have been sent, either to Philadelphia or Annapolis, in anticipation of our march.

"By the kind thoughtfulness of yourself and your friends our hospital, while we had one, was rendered a paradise in contrast with those around us. Quiet, neatness, and abundance pervaded every part, and suffering humanity expressed to unknown benefactors, the thankfulness of grateful hearts. We were unfortunate in the physician assigned to us, and I fear he failed to acknowledge as he should have done, the indebtedness which I now acknowledge, and which you will please express to all who took an interest in the good cause.

"From our present surgeon, Dr. Rodgers, I have the assurance that he has most abundant supplies to meet every ordinary case within his charge, but we may call upon you and your friends again hereafter.

"Yours sincerely and gratefully,

"Alexander Hays,

"Col. 63rd Regt., Penna. Vols."

"One slip more is wanting. Give my love to all, each and everyone at home. God bless them all. I love them very much. [I cannot review what is written.]

"A. H."

COLONEL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"March 16th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"This morning I find I will have time to say a little more in addition to the long four pages I have already written. It was my intention to have sent several letters along with yours,

¹ Miss Rachel McFadden of Pittsburgh, sister of Mrs. Annie McFadden Hays, well known as a member of the Pittsburgh Sanitary Commission, and chairman of the Executive Committee of the Pittsburgh Sanitary Fair in 1864.

but the four pages went beyond my endurance in a leaky house. Today is Sunday, and after inspection I will devote the greater portion of the day to writing.

"There is nothing new this morning, and no prospect of leaving today. The morning has come with the promise of a beautiful day.

"I will say no more now, but will be able to write you again from this camp.

"God bless you all, and my love to our dear children, and to all at 104.¹ As much love as a man can feel for a woman, take to yourself, for you have it always.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

COLONEL HAYS TO MISS RACHEL McFADDEN

"March 17th, 1862.

"Dear Rachel:

"When I commenced to write last night I had no idea that the result of my labors would afford anything more than the accompanying hackneyed acknowledgment of 'woolen shirts for the destitute Hottentots,' although it was written from the dictates of my heart. There were other obligations I owe to you which I would acknowledge. Your kind care and devotion to my sisters and their children. Poor, dear Mag, she demands all the sympathy and love her relatives can command. Annie ought to be thankful in comparison. Take care of them all, and from time to time communicate with me and I will not fail to reciprocate.

"I have not one doubt or distrust of results of the war, and its speedy termination, so far as present magnitude is concerned, but it will be a long time before we can sing of 'gentle peace returning.' Of my own personal safety I never take account. With a full faith, peculiarly my own, I believe I have been and am reserved for something good, and with such a righteous cause as ours, who would hesitate and doubt?

"I must write to your father, and if possible, to Rebecca Shields and Mrs. Chapman before I leave, besides you have had more than your share, and can imagine more, that I would express if time permitted.

"Your affectionate brother,

"Alex."

"Love to mother, and if you are capable, express it fully."

¹ No. 104 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, John B. McFadden's residence.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN

THE letters in this chapter need but little added to portray fully life at the front in an active and most notable campaign. They date from March 18, 1862, and Sergeant McGranahan's, under date of June 28, 1862, is the last until the same officer finds time to write again for the colonel to Mrs. Hays from the "bivouac of the regiment, four miles from the James River," which letter is made the first of a new series in the next chapter, entitled "From Harrison's Landing to Second Bull Run."

The love of family and home, and the little details of the home and the camp, all receive attention from the colonel's ready pen, and the handwriting of the letters, even in the hurly-burly of such a service, is marvelously neat and free from blots. They are graphic and interesting enough to speak for themselves in the main, with an occasional word of explanation and some footnotes.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Alexandria, Va., March 18th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"Yesterday evening the 63rd embarked on board the 'North America' and 'Champion,' for some destination unknown. Colonel Morgan¹ commands the 'Champion.' This morning I paid him a visit and found the boat so much overloaded that I ordered it back to the dock. It is infamous, under the nose of General McClellan that our men's lives are imperiled by such inadequate transportation.

"To an accident of a sinking ship, you are indebted for this epistle, a proof that there is nothing so bad but something good can originate from it. Another boat has been ordered up to take the place of the 'Champion' and I am awaiting her.

"I have scarce seen the 63rd in such good condition [rubbing off the rust of the last six months], and what is much better, they are as subordinate and obedient as children.

¹ Lieut.-Colonel Morgan, 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Although they will occasionally break out, their march through Alexandria has been characterized and commented upon as a regiment which was either regular, or the best volunteer regiment that had passed through the town. I can give you no news. The town is filled with troops. Where they are going or what they are to effect, I am unable to say. Such enthusiasm I never dreamed of, excepting in reading the history of 'The Crusades.'

"I am sorry to confess that the army looks with distrust upon the occasion of the evacuation of Manassas and its consequences.

"The 63rd, the only regiment of our division which penetrated so far towards and beyond the Rebel lines, has so far received no recognition from the powers that be. But we disregard them, as we have self-confidence that when the time comes we will be acknowledged by our friends as worthy of our reputation.

"I must now go aboard the 'America,' and forget that I have a wife and children, but only for a little while.

"My trunk went forward yesterday by Adams Express, directed to the address of Annie.¹ One of the express agents who knew her sent the trunk before I saw him, but I suppose it will be all right. I have written this within sight of my boat, with a store box for my desk, and a pen which the patentee never intended would do half service. Love to all at home. Goodbye and God bless you all.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Hamilton, Near Fortress Monroe,

"March 29th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I am living in hopes that this day's mail will bring me letters from home. I have received nothing since leaving our old camp, now two weeks past.

"Previous to starting I wrote several long letters, one to you, enclosing the key of the trunk, and another to Rachel, both of which I do hope reached their destination. I have written since and gave directions to have you direct as above.

"I feel satisfied that you have not failed to write, and that there are letters in Alexandria. Our destination was unknown when we sailed down the Potomac, and I could then give no directions for the address of letters. I have since written and if no accident happened to my mail, I ought to have had returns at this place. We are expecting a paymaster almost daily, and we need one badly. When the last remittance was

¹ Annie—Mrs. Hays.

made to you, it only left me \$32.00, although I have got along on tick. Pay for two months is now due again.

"In this letter I am writing to you on items, intending to accompanying it with one [nominally] to Agnes, descriptive of the last two weeks.

"No sight could have been more imposing than that of the various fleets which transported us.

"Marching from Fortress Monroe we passed through the famous village of Hampton, once the most beautiful watering place in Virginia, now a mass of charred ruins and towering chimneys. It is really a sorrowful picture of so many homes made desolate. We are now encamped about a mile in advance of the ruins. The country has been delightful, highly ornamented and cultivated. The weather has been fine until today, and now an unpleasant sleet is falling.

"The health of all parties is excellent. I certainly never was in better care with the exception of a cold.

"My military family consists of the same horses and colored individuals as you know. We draw rations for all from the commissary, and have abundance.

"When or how we move, no one pretends to know. Porter's division is 12 or 15 miles in advance of us, but you will hear of such things through the papers. Sam Black¹ is in advance, and Rowley and Rippey are somewheres in our neighborhood.

"For fear that you might not have received your trunk, from loss of letter with key, I will repeat that it was shipped by Adams Express, directed simply to Mrs. Colonel Hays. I hope you will have no trouble with it.

"I have with me my picture gallery, and nothing is more gratifying to me than to take a look at them. Your last is a decided addition, but I miss the face of dear little Jim.²

"March 30th.

"After writing the above I received your two most welcome letters, the last of the 25th, and if I could, that is, if it were possible, I would love you more than ever for your attention.

"Nothing has transpired of interest except that sleet has turned to rain, and it is now pouring down, so that our mail will be unable to go today.

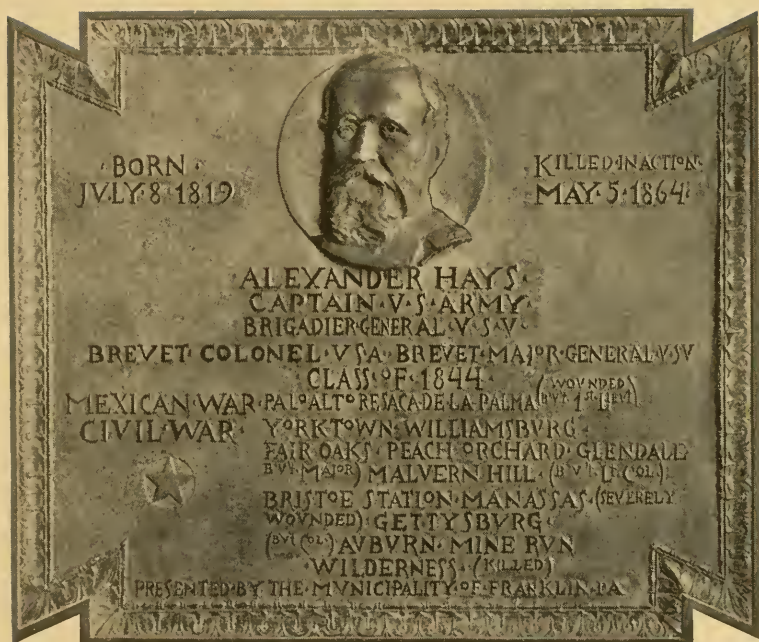
"I am very comfortably situated, Morgan and I in our tent, with a good fire. The men are also comfortable in their little shelter tents, and merry as crickets.

"Agnes will receive her letter tomorrow. No time to finish.

"A. H."

¹ Samuel W. Black, Oliver H. Rippey and Thomas A. Rowley, colonels of the 62nd, 61st and 102nd Pennsylvania regiments, all of Pittsburgh, and all veterans of Mexico.

² The Hays baby—the general's youngest son.



Memorial Tablet, Cullman Hall, West Point.

"I am again summoned to act as the president of a general courtmartial to overhaul mauraders upon the citizens. There are 40 cases to be tried, and I am very proud to report, not a single case of them in the 63rd. If we bore as good a reputation at home as we do in the service it would be our deserts, but we cannot expect it when dirty hounds repeat their falsehoods.

"In answer to S. Hays,¹ or anyone else, I will explain of Lysle and Chapman, and as I slept their last night with them I ought to know best. In the first place there was not any liquor within miles, in the second place I myself aroused the party at 3 o'clock in the morning, and gave them my usual injunctions of caution. The report given you of their condition is not only false, but libelous to the dead, and a gross charge against myself. Sam Hays was not there and has not yet returned. I shall be sorry when he does, but I will call him to account and he must give his authority.

"I have now written you your share but will send the other epistle in 'Agg's' ² name, for the benefit of all.

"Be of good cheer, and do not let your spirits droop because you may not hear from me as often as you desire.

"Love to all at 104, and to each and every little one at home, with a kiss for each. God bless you all.

"'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'

"As much love to yourself as a man weighing 190 pounds can be imagined to entertain for a woman.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"Klinefelter ³ has heard from his home. Danks is well, and Taylor is now restricted to camp, which you can state to Madame F. Everybody is well and in excellent spirits, only three sick.

"A. H."

Innuendo and surmise were common in the early days of the war, and Colonel Hays' indignation and vigorous resentment are most natural.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Hamilton, Near Hampton, Va., April 3rd, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"It gave me much pleasure to receive today a letter from you, and another from Annie. I was sorry to hear of the

¹ Samuel Hays—the colonel's nephew.

² "Agg"—Miss Agnes M. Hays, the general's oldest daughter.

³ Klinefelter, Danks and Taylor—members of the 63rd Regiment.

death of your old friend Dr. Addison.¹ He will be missed amongst you, but most by his family.

"It is now after 12 o'clock, and we have orders to march at 7 o'clock A. M. The papers, give you in advance of anything I can write, news of our operations, so that it is needless to take up space to mention them, even if we could more than surmise. In fact, we know nothing. You, at a distance, can know much better than we, who are at the cannon's mouth, what is going on. I only know that we move with daylight.

"I would have given one of my horses to have afforded you an opportunity of witnessing what I have within the last two weeks. The dear people, with their millions per diem, have bred a monster. Every field and every avenue is thronged with soldiers, and every command is forward! And such soldiers any country would be proud to own. All that is wanting is to try their mettle.

"If God is on our side we cannot be beaten. As we close upon the enemy, every man becomes more and more a soldier. We have no citizens to embarrass us, and create another Bull Run.

"General McClellan came up last night. I saw him at General Heintzelman's and would have called upon him, but he was too much engaged. We will meet upon our march.

"The 63rd retains and maintains its good character. As an evidence we have the confidence of Heintzelman and Hamilton,² I believe without rivalry. General Hamilton is an old acquaintance, and I feel confident will make a good commander, as cool and imperturbable as marble.

"I have been on another courtmartial for a week past, but take command of the regiment and call the court together, as opportunity affords. I never thought I was a Solomon, but I am the law-giver of the division.

"I must really cease and take a nap. Poor Agnes will have to wait for her letter. I am endeavoring to find time to write her a long description of everything. You can tell her that I have received her letter enclosing a partridge, and an excellently executed bird it is. I have written a long letter to Annie. God bless her! She has no equal on earth. I have commanded her to remember she is a soldier's wife. Keep up her spirits, and hope for the best.

¹ Dr. William Addison who lived at 129 Penn Street, a few doors from the McFaddens, on opposite side of the street, one of the most prominent Pittsburgh physicians and a long-time friend of the McFadden family and Colonel Hays.

² Major-General Charles S. Hamilton of West Point class of 1843, who commanded one division of Heintzelman's corps, and Fitz John Porter the other.

"I have written at length but I wish to make an explanation, for I fear you all think I ought to write more frequently. The truth is that when not engaged and absorbed by active duties, my mind is so intensely bent on the future, that I lose control of everything except the forward!

"I will write as frequently as possible to Annie, at least, and will do my best for you.

"Give my warmest regards to Uncle Thomas and his family. Why do you never mention him? Love to mother, Rachel, Margaret and all interested in 104 and Linton.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alexander Hays."

"P. S.—A magnificent day and everybody elated with the forward movement."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Hamilton, Near Hampton, Va., April 3rd, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I received today a very welcome letter from you, mailed on the 31st of March, and also one from your father.

"I am now giving you an evidence that you have the first place in my heart before all others, as I ought to write several letters, but for fear I am not able to carry out my good intentions, I write to you first, as you are and always have been to me, 'first in peace' and 'first in war.' If you have not heard from me as you say for two weeks, it is because letters which I sent you by private hands, to be mailed in Alexandria, were never mailed, and I regret it exceedingly. You must, however, keep up your spirits if you do not hear from me as often as you wish, and remember what I told you 16 years ago—that you are a soldier's wife, and must bear yourself accordingly.

"We have received orders to march tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock, to follow Porter's division. My courtmartial is suspended and I have been very much engaged in getting ready. As usual everybody pesters me with questions. I sometimes imagine that I am the principal of an infant school, instead of an infantry regiment. My officers will not learn to take responsibilities, but I ought not to complain for their dependence, I believe, arises from their entire confidence in me.

"McGranahan¹ is now engaged in putting up two pictures of the 'field and staff' of the 63rd. I am sorry to say they are so miserably taken, but it cannot be helped now. We could obtain only a few. My position is not very classic, but

¹ William McGranahan, "Billy," then sergeant-major of the 63rd Regiment and later adjutant and killed at Chancellorsville.

it is a very natural one of mine, and I always wish to be taken as I am. Let me have your candid opinion of 'the group.' Did you receive the key of the trunk?

"When you write you need make no excuses of 'want of news.' It is enough to hear of you and our loved ones. Linton¹ is now a point of more interest to me than any other spot on earth, and the smallest tattle about it is better than foreign news.

"I wish in my heart you could have witnessed 'the pomp, pride and circumstances of glorious war,' transpiring here for the past two weeks. Such an army and its accompaniments are grand and sublimely so. Drill and discipline have done wonders, and raw material has taken regular shape. God is certainly on our side, and with Him we cannot be beaten. I never was so proud of my country and countrymen.

"Dear wife, I must write to others a few lines. I do not intend to sleep much, as it is now almost 12 o'clock. I have my teapot alongside or I would not be able to keep awake.

"God bless you all. A thousand loves for Agnes, Alden, Rachel, Gilbert, Alfred and last, but not least, dear little 'Jim.'² Love to mother, Aunt Rachel and 'Mag.' Kind remembrances to all friends. To yourself I have always been making love until it has become a part of my being, and now, dear girl, I again command you to be of good heart.

³ "Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
 'Till the vengeful strife is over,
 Then we'll meet, no more to sever,
 'Till the day we die, lassie."

"Your husband,
 "Alex."

"4 O'clock, Reveille, April 4th.

"The camp is all alive. The men eager and anxious to advance. I feel the influence myself, and never enjoyed better health.

"I send you a peach bloom from the gardens of the ruined village of Hampton.

"Again, God bless you all at home. "A. H."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Union Camp, Near Yorktown, Va., April 6th, 1862.
 "Dear Wife:

"We arrived here yesterday and are now encamped about a mile and a half from Yorktown, and within a mile of the

¹ Linton, the Hays' home, on the hill opposite Sharpsburg, on the Morningside Road, now called Morningside Avenue, in Pittsburgh.

² The colonel's children.

³ Quotation not found.

advanced batteries of the Rebels. Yesterday one of our batteries played ball with one of theirs nearly all day without any particular marked result. Five or six horses and two or three men were killed on our part. What the enemy suffered we have not learned. Our position is concealed by dense woods, which protects us from their fire. Several shot and shells have been thrown at us at random, but none of our brigade have been injured.

"Today I witnessed one of their attempts. Our men are filled with curiosity, which is very difficult to restrain. A group had gathered upon an eminence, in full view of the enemy, who waiting until at least 50 were gathered together, let fly a rifle shell, which passed directly through the crowd, killing one, wounding another.

"About noon we heard upon our left heavy musketry, which probably came from General Sykes'¹ regulars, who had turned the rear of one of the enemy's field works. The skirmish was distinctly visible from our picquet lines, and the enemy's consternation was very considerable. Our balloon has been floating in the sky all day, and already I believe our general knows all about their positions.

"Numbers of gunboats are in the river, and within a few days Yorktown will be completely invested. Our heavy guns are arriving, and the music in the grand dance may be opened in the morning.

"It is surprising how many works the enemy have erected between this point and the fortress, and then, after all their labor, retired and gave us undisputed possession. No outsider can estimate the force or positions of our army. I believe it is not the design of General Mc. to assault the city, but to carry it by regular approaches. But we will see. The progress of the attack will be awfully grand, but you shall hear of it.

"I never enjoyed better health, or enjoyed better spirits. I can now write more collectively since it has come to the pinch. We are living like fighting cocks—for breakfast, in addition to army rations, our mess had a quarter of fine young pork, and through the day a quarter of veal, and a secesh turkey.

"Dismal discord just now reigns in camp, and is spreading over the plains for miles around. A young mule has awakened from his evening nap and expressed his disgust for the service by an unearthly bray, which is taken up and re-echoed by 5,000 of his fellow beings, until one believes that all the asses in Christendom are here.

"I have a drawing of the steamer 'Monitor,' sketched for me by a New York artist, who has attached himself to my staff, which I will send with this if I can. U. S. Grant's picture is received and creates much interest.

¹ Later Major-General George Sykes of West Point class 1842, then commanding the regular brigade in Porter's division.

"Now, dear wife, I believe I have discharged my duty for this night. I will crawl under my shelter tent, and sleep soundly until morning, provided the enemy throws no shells amongst us.

"Will Hays Brown is here with his commission from Curtin as captain in the 63rd, but there is no vacancy and I cannot do injustice to a worthy man by creating one for anybody's especial benefit.

"Now, then, God bless you all, and be of good cheer and faith as I am. A faith that I will be reserved for a good purpose, in God's providence. Kisses all around. I had the family out on review today on the lid of a box. Good night!

"Yours forever,
"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp, Near Yorktown, Va., April 10th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"It was my intention, although tired and wanting sleep, to have written you a long letter. Yesterday I took my regiment on a reconnaissance. It rained all day upon us, and the road was terrible. After some hours' march we came upon a breastwork of the enemy, when we were fired upon, and Sergeant Irwin¹ of Clarion was killed. That was our only casualty. Our orders were not to fire, notwithstanding which our skirmishers gave them a few rounds, with good effect. The 63rd gave proof that it can be relied upon. We returned to camp thoroughly drenched. At 12 o'clock last night I was ordered to turn out the regiment again to meet a reported advance of the Rebels. It was still raining, and the regiment lay on its arms all night. This morning we moved camp to a more secure and pleasant location. You can imagine me tired.

"A few minutes ago I received another order to turn the regiment out again and march to the line of picquets, to spend another night in watching and waiting. The night is fine, with a bright moon overhead. I steal the few minutes in which my men are getting ready to write what I have written.

"All are in good health and spirits. I myself never was better. Be of good cheer and await patiently for news from us.

"God bless you all, and love to all our dear people at home.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

¹ David Irwin, sergeant of Company F.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL ALEXANDER HAYS

Of the engagement at Peach Orchard and Wynn's Mills, Colonel Hays made the following report:

"Camp Harper, Near Yorktown, Va.,
"First Brigade, Hamilton's Division,

"April 12th, 1862.

"Capt. R. M. Sawyer,

"Assist. Adj't General:

"Sir:—For the information of the brigadier-general commanding the division, I have the honor to submit the following statement of the operations of the 63rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers:

"The regiment, numbering for duty, 850 men, was detailed on the evening of the 10th inst., for picquet duty, along the lines of the fortifications, guarding the approaches to Yorktown.

"The night was passed without any material demonstration from either side. On the 11th inst., however, an attack was made by the Rebels upon our advanced picquets, from a rifle pit opposite the centre of our line. The line was very judiciously retired into the woods, of which the enemy, taking advantage, left their cover and advanced. Our men at once drove them back, with what result upon their side I am unable to say, but with a loss on our part of Private Crow, of Company K, killed.

"About 3 o'clock P. M. another attack was made upon the centre of the left wing, directly opposite the extreme work of the enemy, on the right. They were three times repulsed, but succeeded in firing a farm house, barn and outhouses, lying between the two lines. The enemy's loss is certainly severe at this point. I am happy to report that not one of ours was even wounded. After their repulse I became satisfied from their movements that they designed making another attack upon our right. Brigadier-General Jameson coming up with the remaining regiments of his brigade, I communicated to him my opinion, when he immediately ordered the 57th Pennsylvania Volunteers to the support of our right wing commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Morgan. Very soon my opinion was confirmed, by firing, the 57th was rapidly deployed into the woods, and supporting the picquet line, opposite the fort, on our extreme right, the firing became successive and effectual.

"The picquet line at this point is about 1,500 yards from the [Rebel] fortifications, and midway between a line of rifle pits have been dug, from which our men continually annoyed the enemy. The enemy deployed a strong force from their work, which drove our riflemen from the pits, and enabled them to advance to our lines, burning a house and other buildings. They were soon repulsed, with what loss I am endeavor-

ing to ascertain. On our side the loss was only one killed—Private Joseph Thompson, Company A—and two privates wounded.

"I regret the length of this communication, but cannot omit to testify to the gallant bearing of my brother-in-arms, Charles Campbell, and the steadiness and discipline of his regiment—the 57th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"My own officers and men have justified my most sanguine anticipations. Lieut.-Colonel Morgan, Adjutant Corts, Capts. Kirkwood, Hanna and McClelland demand especial notice.

"Respectfully submitted,

"Alexander Hays,

"Col. 63rd Regt., Pa. Vols."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Winfield Scott, Near Yorktown, Va.,

"April 18th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I was rejoiced this morning to receive yours of the 13th, and also your father's of the 15th. I write with much difficulty, but conclude it must be done, even at the expense of eyesight. For several days I have suffered from neuralgia in one of my eyes, which has been aggravated by incessant exposure to the sun's rays and sleepless nights, and the smoke of our camp fires. The quinine is having a good effect, and the sight is much better. Today I obtained a good long sleep. My duties are almost continuous, as I am required to act as 'division officer of the day,' which is only discharged by brigadier-generals, and the ranking colonels in the division. The duties are a general supervision and especial charge of the picquet lines. I came off duty yesterday at dark, and Jameson goes on tomorrow. Last night we were all aroused by hearing firing, and in five minutes we were under arms, awaiting orders, but none came. Again we were awakened by another alarm, but I forbade the captains to turn out the men, as I was unwilling to worry them, believing the alarm false, which proved to be the case. You will see from this that even our fears here are not always realized.

"You no doubt have received the garbled newspaper accounts of our skirmish on the 11th inst., but McGranahan informs me he wrote an account on which you can rely. I was fortunately present at the opening, and directed the close. The 63rd stood nobly to the work, although as usual, insidious hounds, jealous of its reputation, have attempted to asperse a few of its members. There exists not the slightest shadow of a doubt of its commander, in whom, I suppose, you take the greatest interest.

"I believe it is not the intention of General McC. [McClellan] to sacrifice life, but to conquer the enemy by

regular approaches. I enclose a request from him, which will satisfy the enquirers that he and I are on speaking terms again.

"McGranahan sent you the 'Monitor' in return for the pictures. George's and Syd's¹ are perfect, as also that full-length one of you.

"I must now close yours and write to your father a short note. Remain, as I have ordered you, as cheerful and hopeful as I am, and all will be well. Love to all, whom you know I love, and God bless you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"8 o'clock A. M., 19th April.

"I have but little more to say, or rather no time to say it, but I have a little 'episode,' [as Artemus Ward calls it], for the children.

"In the woods in which our camp is situated, there are many squirrels and the soldiers have secured numbers of young ones for pets. Yesterday evening there were numbers of grey and flying ones upon the tall trees over our heads. They would not come down to be caught, and my boys became impatient, so a climbing club was organized, and very soon a dozen or more active fellows were up among the squirrels. Such antics or a more laughable affair I never witnessed. I looked until my eyes gave out, and laughed until my sides ached.

"Numbers of captures were made. Nobody hurt, and everybody much amused.

"A. H."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Winfield Scott, Near Yorktown, Va.,

April 18th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"You will, I know, excuse me, for the long and welcome letter which I received from you tonight, deserves a longer letter than I can possibly write tonight.

"Annie's letter will explain my disabled condition as far as my eyes was concerned, but I have another reason—for rest—which I did not communicate to her. We have just received orders to have our brigade under arms an hour before daylight. How far the order is given besides, or what is expected of us, I do not know.

"Our camp has been moved back from the enemy's lines, beyond the reach of his guns, and we are concealed in a dense growth of timber.

¹ "George and Syd," George W. Murphy and his son Sydney, the brother-in-law and nephew of Mrs. Hays.

"Preparations are making for a regular siege, I believe. If we are not ordered out of camp I will add to this in time for the mail.

"Kind regards to all friends, and love to all at home.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alexander Hays."

"April 19th, 7 A. M.

"After writing I found the turnout of the brigade only a precaution against surprise. At 3 o'clock we were under arms, every man took his early coffee, with songs and jokes, although not one among them knew, but anticipated that each succeeding moment would bring the order of 'On to Richmond.' Instead, however, an order came to go to work upon our fortifications, when, with the same alacrity and spirit each man laid aside his arms and took up the entrenching tools.

"I must write no more, or I will be late for the mail today.

"Again, love to all.

"Yours,

"A. H."

"P. S.—We have received no pay for three months, but expect the paymaster daily."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Winfield Scott, Near Yorktown, Va.,

April 22nd, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"It is again my detail as 'division officer of the day.' The duties are multifarious, among them the charge and supervision of our picquets. I have just returned to camp from my morning tour. Each morning at 4 o'clock reliefs are marched from camp to take the place of troops which have been on duty for the preceding 24 hours. I arose this morning at 3 o'clock, and will have to be on the go until tomorrow.

"Each division guards its own front. The 63rd is out in full strength, under command of Major Wallace, though the men know that somebody else is on hand. Colonel Morgan has been detailed for duty in the engineer corps constructing roads from the river to transport our heavy guns to the batteries. It would be a sight worth seeing—the immense armament which is being brought against devoted Yorktown. Every contrivance for carrying on a regular siege is in active preparation. Already we have constructed and mounted several works, and before long you will hear the thunder of our guns all over the Union. We have no distrust of George's¹ ability to carry us through, and I hope he will not be embarrassed by any political scheme until he has had a trial. He has more at stake than any other person.

¹ General McClellan.

"For a few nights past the Rebels appear to have changed their tactics, and do not now annoy our picquets, as formerly. No doubt they have discovered that two parties can play at the same game, for certainly we have killed ten to one in our various skirmishes.

"No visitors [citizens], are allowed beyond Fortress Monroe, and no kind of goods, except army stores, are permitted to land.

"It is near 10 o'clock A. M., at which time the mail closes, and I must mount 'Dan' and be off to the picquets.

"Assure all interested that I never enjoyed better health, and felt more sanguine of the future.

"Tomorrow's mail will take a letter to Annie and Rachel, or to one of them, at least. Give my love to all at home.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alexander Hays."

"P. S.—Will you enclose a few postage stamps, instead of blank paper, as in your last two?"

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Winfield Scott, Near Yorktown, Va.,

April 23rd, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote to your father yesterday, under the belief that I would find time to write to you and Rachel a letter each by this day's mail. It was quite late when I was relieved from picquet this morning, and I have very little time left before the mail departs, so Rachel must wait, and you be satisfied with this, whatever it may be.

"We had a pleasant time on our tour, as the weather was pleasant and the Rebels disposed to be amicable. A few shots at each other from both parties, early in the day, no doubt to intimate to each other that they were there, was all that was done. Nobody was hurt. Corts and I bivouacked most romantically beneath a clump of holly trees, and ate and slept to our satisfaction, George being the ministering spirit, in the victualling line. A sentinel guarded us, night and day to give intimation of anything unusual.

"We have all returned to camp well and hearty. Around us immediately and in the far distance at short intervals, is heard the roar of big guns, but nobody pays attention to them, unless a new one opens fire, for the boys have learned to distinguish each gun by its voice.

"Everything is in active preparation, and every man is busy in some capacity, and I assure you, my dear wife, I have to snatch the short intervals I find leisure to write to you and others, but I will still find some time, and you will hear as often as possible.

"Say that Capt. McHenry¹ will prove that he is the author of 'All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight.' Our own special artist is now engaged in its illustration, which will soon be issued, under McHenry's name. Have you received and how did you like 'The Monitor?'"

"I suppose you will be expecting a little sentiment from me, as usual. Well, I love all my dear friends, wife and children, but most of all I love my wife. I propose writing out a list of my loves, arranged according to degree. Your name will be first on the list, with a long interval before any other can come in. God bless you all. Kisses to all the babies.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Winfield Scott, Near Yorktown, Va.,

April 27th [Sunday], 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have not heard from home for many days, although I know some one has written. I have not written myself as often as I desire, for the very good reason that I was forbidden by Dr. Rodgers, on account of my eye. After the neuralgia pains the eye became much inflamed, and the vision entirely obscured. Exposed as I was to wet, damp and cold night and day, I almost despaired of its recovery, but I am pleased to report that it is all coming around right again.

"My regiment, when not required for picquet duty, is almost constantly at work in the trenches. Morgan and Wallace attend to this department, while my duty is exclusively military—supervising in my turn everything in the division.

"Every sixth day I spend my time along the line of picquets. 'Dan' is always saddled and bridled for 24 hours. If anything unusual transpires at any time, on any part of our lines, 'spite of wind and weather,' I must be there, as fast as he can carry me.

"The siege of Yorktown, notwithstanding the illustrated newspapers to the contrary, has not yet commenced. We are constructing numerous works, which are to be mounted with artillery of the heaviest metal.

"Innumerable pieces of all descriptions of guns can be seen on every road, or already in place. When we do open our batteries it will be a terrible storm for the Rebel army.

"The State of Pennsylvania has two fine steamboats a few miles distant, supplied with surgeons and nurses and every necessary which events to come demand. It has created

¹ Colonel Hays here bears witness to the fact that Capt. McHenry of Company G, 63rd Regiment, was the author of the poem—"All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight," as he verily believed.

some comment that the attendants and nurses, Sisters of Mercy, are all Catholics. It makes no difference to me. Pol-lard Morgan is applying to come on.

"Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather and the labor which the men are required to perform, they retain their good spirits, and enjoy good health generally.

"I do not know that there is anything more than I have written, which will interest you at present. All your personal acquaintances are well. I have caused two large log houses to be erected, and such sick as we have are very comfortable, independent of general headquarters.

"To those who have friends here say that the state has made arrangements to take care of the wounded. The killed will be embalmed and sent to friends. Say to Sewickley that 'Dave' [Shields] is well and hearty, and to Rachel and Rebecca¹ to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

"When you have given my love to all at home, do not forget to give my remembrance to David and Margaret. I think of them often.

"Tell David that I will bring Henry² home for an assistant. Since I first saw a black skin, I have never seen Henry's equal. He bosses George, takes care of the horses and administers to my comfort in all possible ways, and only two months ago he was a slave.

"God bless you all. Love to little ones by name, to mother, Rachel, and all at 104 and its branches. We have no acknowledgment of the receipt of Will McGranahan's letter, and the Monitor. I expect letters today, and will write as frequently as possible.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"P. S.—This blank is filled with love and affection for yourself, expressed so often in my life, that you need only shut your eyes and imagine I am with you, telling old tales."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Winfield Scott, Near Yorktown, Va.,

"Dear Wife:

May 3rd [Saturday], 1862.

"Received yesterday two letters from you and two from your father, one of yours dated the 23rd, the other 27th of April. Your father's last, April 29th. Generally letters from home come promptly. Letters going from the army are without doubt detained at Fortress Monroe a day or two as a precaution against contraband news.

"Since I last wrote nothing unusual has transpired along our lines. Our works of attack are progressing steadily, and

¹ Rachel McFadden and Rebecca Shields.

² Henry Stafford, a faithful servant, mentioned later.

it would surprise a looker-on [if anyone was permitted to look on], to see the amount of work done by our men in a short time. Day by day the firing from both sides increases, and soon it will be one continuous war. In all directions now at short intervals we hear the crack of cannon and bursting of shells. So accustomed, however, have all become to such affairs that no notice is taken of them, unless a shell happens to drop in immediate proximity. Day before yesterday I was again division officer of the day. When visiting for a time, about 8 o'clock P. M., the reserves placed near the trenches, the enemy opened a brisk fire of shells. Some of the men were asleep, and one I know was snoring. A shell burst within 100 feet from where Colonel Lansing¹ and myself were standing, but it failed to awaken the sleepers, or disturb the snorer. Our duties occupy all our time, and what spare time we have is often employed in making up for lost sleep and food.

"We have daily wondrous rumors, as you also have at home, but we credit nothing until confirmation comes, and that is the course you ought to pursue. Be satisfied that all is right until you hear. Bad news travels fast enough and our worst fears are rarely realized, any more than our happiest anticipations.

"General Jameson informs me that madam [Mrs. J.] is in Bath, Me. The general is well and says to tell Rachel that he sleeps in her cap every night. General Hamilton has been relieved, and General Kearney takes his place. Cause, can't tell.²

"Everybody is well, and all send their regards. My health never was better, although I still want more light in my right eye. It will all, however, be well in a few days.

"My love to all. I will try to write again tomorrow. God bless you all.

"Yours,

"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Winfield Scott, Near Yorktown, Va.,

May 3rd, 1862.

"I am much obliged for several favors, the latest April 29th. I have not yet received the tobacco, which will be very acceptable, although I have received the receipt from Dr. Race. Capt. Brown is assigned to his company, although he is still in the hospital.

¹ Colonel Lansing of the 17th New York.

² Major General Charles S. Hamilton of Wisconsin, a graduate of West Point in 1843, three years a schoolmate of Alexander Hays. General Hamilton was transferred to the Army of the Mississippi, and later to the Army of the Tennessee.

"You shall have my opinion, of all our military men. I have the reputation of speaking too plainly, which I cannot avoid, if I speak at all. I have opinions, which I never have expressed.

"The siege is progressing steadily, but surely, I think and believe. All have confidence in 'Our General' [McClellan], and I believe we have his.

"This is no time to find fault with any one's course, here, before the enemy.

"We eat, drink and sleep to the music of bursting shells and shot.

"The machinery which is being brought to bear upon Yorktown must be irresistible and the conflict may be desperate, but it will also be brief.

"Now, when I am endeavoring to write, I am requested by the general to locate a new road, upon which to conduct our regiments to the trenches. Requests here are as good as orders, and I must go, but will write tomorrow [Sunday], if possible.

"I have enough clothes to serve me until we reach Yorktown, though my fine feathers and tinsel have lost all of the wave and glitter. I am recognized as rough, but ready. Now, our batteries are pouring volleys at the enemy, who return it briskly, but that is all in fun.

"Say I will write to Uncle Thomas¹ very soon. I believe I will recommend to General Curtin, 'Dave' Shields for a lieutenancy.

"Love to all, 104 and its branches. Kind regards to friends, and tell them the 63rd is worthy of confidence.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. Hays."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Williamsburg, Va., May 9th, 1862.

"Anniversary of Resaca de la Palma.

"Dear Wife:

"In anticipation of another 'forward to Richmond,' this morning, I will steal from the night's unrest to again assure you of my health and safety. It is now 2 o'clock A. M. The paymaster has only concluded the payment of the regiment, and I have received my portion, of which I transmit to you by draft on New York four hundred dollars [\$400], with a hope that it will reach you in season for your present necessities.

"I can spare no time for particulars of the last few days. Corts has been amusing himself for a day or two reading old love letters, found abandoned by the enemy. I will send a couple of specimens in another envelope, which I refer to

¹ Thomas McFadden, brother of John B. McFadden.

Rachel and Rebecca Shields for their opinions. I regard the epistles as perfect bricks. I send two Confederate postage stamps, and have a thousand other trophies which I cannot send.

" 'Dave' Shields is well, and I suppose has written home, as I ordered him to do so yesterday. Everything is promising a speedy restoration of peace, and everybody else is well, in health and spirits.

"I have enough material for many long letters, but not now. Love to and God bless you all at home.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Williamsburg, Va., May 9th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"I have written to Annie this morning enclosing a draft on New York, payable to her order. The draft [on the U. S. Treasury], is drawn by Major John W. Newell, paymaster, U. S. A. The amount is four hundred dollars [\$400].

"I have no time to write, as I march in half an hour. I have been up all night and it is now 9:30 o'clock A. M. Troops are pouring forward. Our regiment was intended for the hottest of the battle, of the 5th,¹ but by some gross blunder of somebody we were thrown against an impenetrable morass.

" 'There is a Divinity which shapes our ends,' and all is for the best. Encourage all at home to be hopeful, as I am, and all will be well. Particulars as soon as possible.

"God bless you all, and my love to all.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alexander Hays."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Bivouac, 40 Miles From Richmond, May 11th, 1862.

"Dear Annie:

"I take the chance that this note will reach you, although I know not how. I never enjoyed better health or spirits, and am as hopeful as a bridegroom. In opening my portfolio to get this paper your dear picture loomed up first. I have looked at it with great pleasure, and it appears prettier than you did 16 years ago.

"It will be but a short time until the army reaches Richmond, where we will without doubt be permitted to rest for a time. Our troops are sweeping the Rebels before them everywhere, and there can be no doubt of a speedy termination of the war.

"God bless you, and love to all. Our mail has just arrived and I will hold on. A very large mail, letters for everybody

¹ The battle of Williamsburg in which Heintzelman's corps, the Third, was most actively engaged.

except me. No letter for me! But the mail is accompanied with the glorious news of the end of the Merrimac.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Bivouac, 40 Miles From Richmond, May 11th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"Knapsacks are slung, and we only await the order of 'On to Richmond.' The accounts of the battle near Williamsburg have been published, and you know more of that affair than I do, for I know nothing, excepting that the loss on both sides was fearful. The 63rd was not engaged, but it is now admitted that a demonstration made by ours and two Maine regiments, and the Sixth Cavalry, upon the left wing of the enemy, decided the day, although we did not lose a man. How this letter is to reach you I cannot say, but intrust it to chance.

"From Williamsburg I sent Annie a draft on New York for \$400, drawn on the Treasury by Major J. W. Newell, paymaster, and hope it will arrive safely. I am writing on an old log with a pen which has seen its best days, with a bottle of borrowed ink. I say this in explanation, as the writing would be unexplainable.

"I will now also intrust you with a secret, the announcement of which at home would only cause anxiety, without alleviation to me. It is that in all probability I will lose the sight of my right eye from neuralgia. The other eye is as bright as ever, and for my general health, it never was better. I suffer no pain, and do not miss my sight, as evidence I have not lost an hour from duty, and today am officer of the day for the division. I have two excellent, faithful and devoted servants—Henry, my contraband, weighs 200, and is worth \$10 per pound. The horses are in splendid care, and I am backed by 1,000 men who will not fail me in the hour of need. The colonel and regiment have the entire confidence of our generals, and stand A No. 1, in Kearney's estimation. By the way, Kearney is a trump.

"I have a thousand matters to talk over with you when we meet again. Now is not a time to criticize.

"I write also to Annie, a note, that she may be satisfied I am well.

"God bless you all at home, and give my love around.

"I will write whenever opportunity offers. The bugles are sounding the advance, and 'Leet Shields'¹ and I must break for the head of the column, both in good spirits, and one of us is very hopeful.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. H."

¹ "Leet Shields," one of the colonel's horses.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Bivouac, Near West Point, Va., May 12th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"Our progress has been slow since I last wrote. The anaconda, if strong, takes it deliberately, perhaps all for the best. As usual rumors are rife, but for my own part I confess that I know nothing of future movements, in fact, I do not trouble myself about them. I never go beyond my own regiment, except on duty, having quite enough to engage my time watching after its immediate interests. Within the last few days the general health and condition has improved, numbers left behind in hospital have joined for duty. In connection with hospitals I will reply to enquiries made of James A. McFadden.¹ He is steward of the 61st, and by his correct deportment and attention to his duties, has gained the regard of everyone. If it was not for his want of a diploma I think there would be no difficulty in obtaining for him a medical commission, for his skill is universally admitted.

"We are still distant from Richmond, and may approach it by ways unknown to your correspondent, and no doubt will meet with a determined resistance. We are, however, sanguine and our troops much enspirited, while the enemy are disorganized more or less by defeat. The morale of their army is good.

"We occasionally obtain a stray newspaper to give us inklings of what is transpiring in the world behind us. I read this morning the Philadelphia Inquirer of the 10th. Taking our operations in all sections of the country into consideration, I cannot doubt that 'the monster rebellion,' will be soon crushed, although the seeds will require a large army for some time to prevent sprouting. This only, provided we meet with no reverses.

"My health is excellent and I am much pleased to say that my eye is much improved in light. I hope soon all will be well. I must ask you to enclose me a few more postage stamps, as all we have are expended, and none to be had here.

"Has Annie's draft, drawn by Major Newell on New York [\$400], been received?

"You must be satisfied with brief letters until we reach Richmond, I will endeavor to enclose a note to Annie in the morning.

"Regards to all friends, and love to all at home.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

¹ Dr. James A. McFadden was commissioned assistant surgeon of the 61st Regiment from March 13, 1863, and served until September 7, 1864, the expiration of his three years' service.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Cumberland Landing, Va., York River,
30 Miles From Richmond, May 18th, 1862.

"My Dear Wife:

"I have just now read your letter for the tenth time, I believe. It only arrived day before yesterday, and I delayed to write, expecting another, or other letters, acknowledging the receipt of the draft sent to you—\$400. I earnestly hope I will receive satisfaction tomorrow. Morgan has received letters every day almost, but none for me.

"If the people would let you retain the contents of this letter all to yourself, I might write several things which I, however, omit. How did Rachel like the style of the love letters I sent? Tomorrow if I hear from you I will send you a love missal and otherwise write.

"In the case of Alden I think well of your proposal, if it is at all possible, although I still have hopes that he will outgrow his infirmity. Sending him away can do no harm, at all events. Do as you judge proper and best.¹

"In the case of my own disability you can rest easy, as my eye is much better, of which the fact that I have written so much tonight, is evidence. It was a severe attack of neuralgia. Time is required to entirely allay the consequent inflammation.

"You will find a letter for Agnes—I owe it to her. She must write often, as it will be very interesting to me, besides a chance of improvement and practice to her.

"When you write, enclose me a postage stamp, as none can be had here, and tell Rachel McFadden to write again, and I will not require an enclosed stamp from her to ensure an answer.

"I am a thousand times obliged to Marcie for the flowers she sent me, and would send her some in return if there were any flowers near, but this place is very barren of them.

"The family signatures I like to receive very much. Give each dear one by name my love. Love to all and God bless you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"P. S.—Little Jim's name is, and ought to be J. B. McF. There is not the remotest claim upon the name you propose."

¹ Alden did not outgrow his infirmity, which developed into total blindness. He became a pupil at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind in Philadelphia, and remained there eight years. He still lives, a resident of Sewickley, Pa.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO HIS DAUGHTER, AGNES

"Camp Terry, Cumberland Landing, May 18th

[Sunday], 1862.

"Dear Agnes:

"Our army, at least the division to which the 63rd belongs, is now encamped on a branch of the York River [the Pamunkey], about 30 miles from Richmond. Other divisions are in advance, one at least within 15 miles of the famous city.¹ Before this will reach you I have no doubt it will be ours, though it may not be without a battle. Such, however, is not my opinion, unless resistance is made within sight of the city itself. Expectations which we had a month ago have not been realized, and we have no better evidences to believe that the enemy intends to contend with us by building strongholds, to be evacuated as we approach.

"I would like very much if I had leisure to write you a full account of all we have witnessed since we landed at Fortress Monroe, one month and a half ago, of the fort itself, of Hampton, 'the deserted village,' of Yorktown and its second siege, of Williamsburg, and the battles there, in fact, of our continued march to this point, with a thousand connected incidents. But I must reserve it now, as too long a tale, which, however, I hope you will yet hear, as related to my grandchildren.

"Your letter is of a rather an old date—May 4th—could you not contrive to give me a little more of your time? Do try, and 'if you don't at first succeed, try again.'

"Your friend, George Butler, left for home some time ago, and no doubt before this time has related wonderful accounts of his experience.

"I see every day nearly all the friends for whom you make enquiries, and you can say to the Sharpsburg people that theirs are getting along well. Capt. Danks and Capt. Kirkwood, with their men, are an important portion of my dependence in the hour of need.

"You must now be satisfied with what I have been able to write, and I will endeavor to answer every letter you write hereafter. Give my love to grandma, Aunt Rachel, and to everyone at 104; to Uncle George, Aunt Margaret, Katie, and little Syd, also to Aunts Josephine and Elizabeth, to Cousin Mary and Tom, in fact, to everybody.²

"Yours affectionately,

"A. Hays."

¹ For rosters—Heintzelman's troops at points named in this Chapter, vide Appendix I.

² The McFadden connection and immediate family.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Ten Miles From Richmond, Va., May 26th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"I have received four letters from home today, and I must return my obligations, wholesale, as I am unable to write in detail.

"As far as able I have complied with suggestions of yours. I would have written much oftener than I have, had duty and opportunity permitted, but for some time past, where the regiment was not on active duty, I have been required to go individually. I do not complain for I enjoy the best of health.

"Our army is now stripped for the fight, and we may move forward at a moment's warning, unencumbered by any baggage. There will either be a terrific conflict between this point and Richmond, or else no fight at all. I write in anticipation of either.

"I have never felt more sanguine of the good conduct of my regiment than now, I mean in anticipation, but you will hear.

"Will write as soon as possible. God bless you all at home.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex. Hays."

"P. S.—We still keep our guard. Since 12 o'clock of last night it has rained in torrents, and the roads will be awful. Our baggage is still passing to the rear, and we are ready to 'go ahead.' 11:30 o'clock, I write to Annie.

"A. H."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Ten Miles From Richmond, Va., May 27th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have been much concerned on account of your illness, communicated in your father's letter. I do not understand it, but hope it is all right, and that you may enjoy better health hereafter.

"Before this will reach you, you will have heard by telegraph of the success of our army at Richmond, for we will know no defeat, either the conflict will be terribly severe, or the enemy will make another dastardly evacuation, and leave us empty glory, unless Samuel Black should happen to be around and catch it in his sieve.

"We are three miles in advance of Bottom's Bridge, the bug-bear you read so much about in the papers lately. Last night and this morning we are sending back there the knapsacks of our men, and all baggage which might encumber us. Sam, with the sutler's wagon, will carry back this to White House Point. I received several letters from your father a

few days ago, and know that there is a large mail on the road to us. Letters directed to Washington generally reach us, sooner or later.

"I have written this far in the belief that morning would see us on the march to Richmond. At 12 o'clock last night [this is the 28th], the rain commenced to pour down in torrents, and continued until 11 A. M. Our camp is fortunately located on a sandy ridge, skirted with pines, and is well drained. The shelter tents of the men protect them and we have come out of the storm dry and comfortable.

"Other events of which I am not aware, have postponed our advance for a day or so, and I have concluded to retain this for additions to the last chance of sending it.

"May 29th, 1862.

"This morning is a delightful one, and at present as quiet as a Sabbath at home. For some days past we have heard almost continuous cannonading at Fort Darling, but know nothing of the result. I never enjoyed better health. My eyesight is improving very fast, and in a few days will be perfectly returned. The mail must leave now, but I will write tomorrow again.

"My love to all. Here are flowers for Marcie. God bless you.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp, Seven Miles From Richmond, June 4th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have obtained a sheet of paper, most unexpectedly, and an opportunity to send back this note. It will relieve anxiety on my account, although McGranahan wrote to you the next day after the battle of the 31st ult. You were then assured of my safety. Dan¹ was shot, but will recover. Colonel Morgan, Capt. Danks and the others have gone home wounded. From them you will have all particulars, until I am able to write again. The 63rd has done its duty, but is badly cut up. Love to all at home, and regards to all friends, and excuse this until you hear again. My sight has almost entirely recovered, and I never enjoyed better health.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

¹ The colonel's horse.

No official report of Colonel Hays is extant of the part taken by him and the 63rd Regiment in that terrible struggle.

As it was Alexander Hays' first great battle in the Civil War, the following account is taken from the history of the 63rd Regiment:¹

"All the old soldiers of that portion of the Army of the Potomac will remember as long as they live, that terrible night of thunder and lightning and tempest, the night before Fair Oaks.

"All night long the fearful war of the elements continued, and during the night a number of men in our division were killed by lightning. The storm ceased about daybreak, and on the morning of the 31st the sun rose bright and clear. The camp was soon astir and the boys were drying their clothing and laughing and joking as usual. The sluggish Chickahominy in our rear was now a raging torrent and that portion of the army that had crossed it was completely separated from the rear portion on the other side.

"That day, about 1 o'clock, a rattle of musketry was heard coming from the extreme front where Generals Couch and Casey's divisions were stationed. Calculating upon the swell of the Chickahominy, which was holding the two wings of our army apart, the Rebel General Johnston had seized this moment to hurl his army against us in order to annihilate our entire left wing.

"The musketry fire soon deepened into a continuous roar and presently the deep, hollow booming of cannon joined in, and we all knew a battle had begun. Soon an orderly from General Kearney's headquarters was seen galloping to Colonel Hays' tent, and in a few minutes we were hurrying up the railroad to the scene of carnage. Presently the shells from the Rebel cannon began to shriek over our heads, bursting with startling crashes among the treetops, while the zip, zip, zip of the musket balls betokened that we would soon be in the midst of it.

"On our front was a large slashing—that is, the woods had been cut down, the trees being felled so that they lay in every way forming an almost impenetrable mass of trunks and branches. The Rebels had possession of a portion of this slashing, and Jameson's brigade, consisting of the 105th, 63rd and 57th Pennsylvania and the 87th New York, was ordered in to drive them out. In we went, yelling and cheering like madmen."

The following graphic account of the Battle of Fair Oaks is reproduced from a letter written by Capt. B. J. Reid of

¹ "Under the Red Patch;" PP. 95-100, inclusive.

Company F, dated "Bivouac at Fair Oaks, Va., six and a half miles from Richmond, June 10, 1862:"

"On the memorable 31st of May, our camp was about a mile this side of the Chickahominy, at some rifle pits on the railroad, at eleventh mile post from Richmond. Two of our companies [I and K] were two miles distant, down the Chickahominy, erecting a bridge. Colonel Hays and Capt. Berringer [acting major] were three or four miles off, southward, inspecting the picket lines of our [Kearney's] division. At 2 o'clock Company F went to a knoll across the railroad to bury Corporal Dunnire, who had died early that morning. While at the grave the heavy rattle of musketry was distinctly heard to the westward, mingled with the booming of cannon, which we had noticed an hour before without paying much attention to it, from its being of frequent occurrence. Hastening back to camp, after the close of the ceremonies, we found the regiment forming for the march.

"Our brigade [Jameson's] was ordered forward. Lieut.-Colonel Morgan was in command of the 63rd Regiment. We started out the railroad track, on the usual 'route-step;' but had not proceeded far when we were met by a courier from General Kearney, and the command 'double quick!' was given. Besides arms and accoutrements and 60 rounds of ammunition in the men's cartridge boxes, we had our canteens and our haversacks filled with three days' rations. We had had a heavy thunderstorm the previous day and night, and although the sky was still clouded, the air was close and sultry.

"Sickness had thinned our ranks and considerably weakened most of those still on duty. * * * For my own part, though not decidedly sick, I had been rather unfit for nearly two weeks, and when it came to the double quick, I found it very hard work to keep up. Under almost any other circumstances I should have sunk by the wayside; but, by throwing away my haversack and making extraordinary exertions, I kept my place at the head of my company. Quite a number in the regiment fell out of ranks, unable to keep it up; but on the regiment pressed toward the awful roar of firearms, growing closer and louder every moment.

"After making two and a half miles on the railroad, we obliqued across some fields to the left and struck the Williamsburg and Richmond turnpike, near the point known as 'Seven Pines.' Here we met a stream of men going back—some wounded—but most flying in panic. We kept our way along the turnpike amid a perfect shower of solid shot and shell from the enemy's batteries, that enfiladed the road and its immediate vicinity. This severe cannonade increased the haste and confusion of the fugitives, and gave us a foretaste of what was before us.

"On we pressed, led and cheered by General Jameson, who appeared unconscious of danger from the shells bursting on all sides. We double-quickened over a mile through this rain-storm, meeting now and then a piece of artillery or caisson in full retreat—having probably run out of ammunition, and fearful of being captured. It was to turn back this tide of battle that we were pushing forward.

"Part of Berry's brigade of our division had preceded us a little way, and were already engaged in what seemed an unequal conflict with superior numbers. Casey's division—the first attacked—had by this time all fallen far to the rear and were effectually hors de combat. At length we reached the point where the rifle balls of the enemy began to mingle with their heavier shot. We halted a moment to allow the left of the regiment to close up. Then up again and forward. For some distance back there had been woods on both sides; but we had now reached a point where Casey had felled the timber on both sides, to form an 'abattis.' Just beyond were the large open fields where his camps had been, and where his deserted tents were still standing. Here was the enemy's line of battle.

"Our regiment was deployed on the left of the road—the 105th Pennsylvania Volunteers and 87th New York [of our brigade] on the right. We deployed just behind the 'slash' or abattis, and had then to march over it, or crawl through it in line of battle, to reach the front. Just as Company F were filing into line, General Jameson cried out, 'Capt. Reid, go in there and don't come out until you have driven every Rebel out of that brush!' As soon as the line was formed, we advanced through the slash, our line resting on the road. This advance was very difficult, owing to the felled and tangled timber. And all the while bullets and shells were flying like hail, over and among us, coming from an enemy as yet unseen.

"A few rods further was a belt of sapling pines and oaks, on the left of the road, not yet felled. Passing a few rods through this brought us to the front where, just at the edge of the saplings, a slender line of Berry's brigade was trying to hold its ground against a host of Rebels hid in a strip of brush and fallen timber, close in front of them concealed behind Casey's tents a little further beyond, and protected by three houses, a long row of cordwood, and a line of Casey's rifle pits, still beyond, where they had captured two of our batteries and were now turning our own guns against us with terrible effect. Here, just in the edge of the saplings, we halted and opened fire.

"The crash and roar was grand. Berry's men were cheered up, and the Rebels appalled by the intensity of our steady and rapid fire. But the firing both ways was intense. Our line was already strewn with dead and wounded. Almost

at the first fire, Sergeant Elgin of my company, a splendid soldier, fell at my side, dead. A little further along the line, to the right, Orderly Sergeant Delo was a few moments afterwards killed. Then Private Rhees fell near the former. Now and then, too, one of my men would walk or be carried, wounded, to the rear.

"We soon discovered that the most deadly fire came from the swampy brush wood and fallen timber close by us. We could see the smoke of the rifles among the brush, and by watching sharply, could distinguish a head or an arm half hidden. It was evident that the patch of brush was full of Rebels, and we soon turned our attention chiefly in that direction. A Michigan man close by me fell dead, just as he had loaded his piece. I thought I saw where the shot came from, and seized his loaded gun in time to level it at a crouching Rebel there, who seemed about to fire again. He was not 30 yards from me. There appeared to be a race between us; but I shot first, and the Rebel rolled over backwards in the swamp, and troubled us no more. Under the circumstances, I had no compunction about it. I took the balance of the dead man's cartridges and used his gun the rest of the evening.

"That spot soon became too hot for its occupants, and a few tried to fall back from it, but as they had a piece of open field to pass in order to reach safer shelter, scarcely one escaped alive. I was there two days afterwards, and although the Rebels had buried great numbers of their dead Saturday night and Sunday, I found that little piece of brushy swamp and abattis literally filled with Rebel dead. The scene was a sad one after the excitement of the battle was over.

"Middling early in the fight, our lieutenant-colonel was wounded and carried off the field. Thus left without any field officer, we fought on, keeping our ground, unsupported by artillery and reinforcements, although the enemy had both. We could plainly see fresh regiments brought up and deployed in line, strengthening and relieving the others, thinned by our fire. Two or three times they appeared formed, as for a charge, but they did not attempt it where we were. They did, however, charge on the extreme right of our brigade, and by overwhelming pressure, compelled it to give way.

"The enemy followed up their advantage with great vigor and before sundown they had succeeded in flanking us so far on that side, that they had possession of the turnpike behind us. Then it was that Colonel Campbell coming up with his regiment [the 57th Pennsylvania of our brigade] and our own Colonel Hays with Companies I and K, made such splendid efforts to turn back the advancing wave. Colonel Hays rapidly gathered up about half a regiment of straggling fugitives, rallied them for a stand, and forming them about his own companies, led them to the charge, supported by the 57th.

Both colonels and both regiments did gallantly and checked the enemy for awhile, but being reinforced, the latter advanced again with unbroken front and Colonel Hays' miscellaneous recruits gave way, leaving only Companies I and K to breast the wave. He reluctantly withdrew from the unequal contest, as did also the 57th.

"It was sundown and General Jameson had given the order for our whole brigade to fall back to an entrenched position on the turnpike about a mile and a half to the rear, having the advantages of wide, open fields in front on both sides of the road, where our batteries would have a good range to guard against a night attack. Somehow or other, I believe from the cowardice or other default of our courier charged with the delivery of the order, it never reached us, and after the other regiments of the brigade had gone safely back, and the enemy had followed them a considerable distance along the turnpike behind us, we still held our position on the left of the road in the very front of where the hottest of the battle had been.

"I knew well, from the direction of the firing on our right, that the enemy had succeeded in flanking us on that side, and there was still light enough to see fresh regiments beyond the houses moving toward our left. Our men had shot away all their ammunition, except perhaps one or two cartridges apiece, and had emptied besides, the cartridge boxes of our dead and wounded. Capt. Kirkwood of Company B, succeeding to the command as senior captain, asked my advice as to what he should do. I told him we had done all we could for that day; that under the circumstances to remain there longer was to expose what was left of the regiment to be sacrificed or captured as in a few minutes the only avenue of escape left us would be cut off. We had sent back all our wounded that we could find; the dead we could not possibly take with us through the slash and swamps we would have to cross.

"Accordingly the captain gave the order to fall back slowly, just as it was growing dark. After I had seen that we had left none of our men behind and could get no further answer to my calls than the whiz of bullets that still came flying from the rifle pits behind the houses, we turned our men into a by-path that diverged considerably from the main road, which was held by the enemy in force, and from which they greeted us with random and harmless volleys. A little further on I was struck by a spent fragment of a shell, causing a slight smart for a few minutes, but without breaking the skin. That was the only time I was even touched that day by any of the enemy's missiles. I never can be sufficiently thankful to Almighty God for my preservation from the showers of bullets that whistled close by me; it seemed almost incredible that I was not touched. I walked through that belt of little pines on Monday after the battle and it astonished

even me to see how almost every sapling of two or three inches thickness was spotted all over with bullet marks, from the ground up to the height of a man's head. It may be my lot to be in many another battle, but I do not believe I can ever be placed in a situation of greater apparent danger.

* * * * *

"We succeeded in rejoining our brigade at about 10 o'clock that night. We found them on the east side of a large tract of about a mile square, on both sides of the turnpike, collected and disposed in order of battle—protected in part by earthworks, commenced by Generals Casey and Couch on their first advance, and which our generals were now busy extending and strengthening to be ready for emergencies.

"Striking across the opening, we found some of Hooker's division which had arrived from the left and rear just as the firing had ceased. They were fresh for the work in the morning. Inquiring as we went along the lines, we found that Kearney and Jameson were in the edge of the woods on the north side of the turnpike. * * * General Jameson was overjoyed to see so many of the 63rd safe, and returning in a body in good order. He led us to Kearney's headquarters, where we found Colonel Hays and Companies I and K. Here we got some crackers and hot coffee and rested on our arms until morning. Here, too, we learned that besides Hooker, who came from the left, Richardson's and Sedgwick's divisions of Sumner's Corps, had arrived from the other side of the Chickahominy on our right, just in time to give and take, before dark, a volley or two with the left wing of the Rebel army, which was moving down on the north side of the railroad expecting to cut off our retreat. So the prospect for the morning's work was much more agreeable than it would have been in the absence of such comfortable reinforcements.

"* * * Sunday morning the Rebels advanced boldly to the attack, coming up to the edge of the woods in front of us, but Hooker's division on the turnpike and Sumner's troops on the railroad—our brigade being held as a 'reserve'—met and routed them in a couple of hours' fighting, without any need of our help.

"Ever since we have been kept in position, changing only by advancing, ready for battle at any moment. There has been some skirmishing since, between the pickets, and an occasional cannonade from one or both sides, but nothing more as yet. I think, however, the great Battle of Richmond will be fought this week, if it is to be fought at all.

"* * * Our regiment lost 21 killed, 81 wounded, and 17 missing. * * *"

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Battlefield of 'Fair Oaks,'
Seven Miles From Richmond,
Va., June 7th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have written a long letter [on borrowed materials], to your father and from his you will get the news. Capt. Rodgers came to recognize his son. Today he has reburied him, and goes home satisfied. Poor, noble boy, his head was almost shot off.¹

"I send by the captain a little bottle of magnolia buds, off the battlefield of 'Fair Oaks.'

"I am perfectly well, and thank Providence, am unharmed. The papers and individual annals will tell you of our killed and wounded. Danks has gone home with Morgan. Emerick is wounded, and a prisoner, but we will have him back in a few days.²

"God bless you and our dear children, and our friends. I need not say how much I love you, more now than ever. Be of good cheer, and trust in Providence, which has ever been so kind to us.

"I have and will write as often as possible.

"You have heard of poor 'Dan's' accident—lost [probably] one of his hind feet. George has him in the rear. When I can I will write to the children the story of a poor little colt which followed 'Dan' on the battlefield.

"Yours forever,

"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Near Battlefield of 'Fair Oaks,'
Seven Miles From Richmond,
Va., June 7th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"Yesterday we were gladdened by the receipt from you of a kind, encouraging letter dated June 2nd. How it reached us is almost a mystery, as we have so long been cut off from mail facilities. Since the 31st I have written several letters, or rather notes, almost without hope that they might reach home. Capt. Rodgers arrived yesterday in search of his son. This morning he goes out to the battlefield to mark his grave, and return as soon as possible to Pittsburgh.

"I cannot write to you the details of the fight, or the inci-

¹ Private John Rodgers of Company H, who was killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

² Private John A. Emerick of Company E, did not return. He died in Richmond, a prisoner of war, July 11, 1862. Mrs. Hays was personally acquainted with many of the men of the 63rd Regiment, hence the colonel's frequent mention of them individually.

dents of the past seven days. The 63rd lost 150, killed and wounded, and the 105th about an equal number. The two are 'the heroes of the day.' The 57th also lost severely. Considering the numbers of each regiment that could be brought into action, the loss is terrible—about one in five. Supporting the troops of Casey's flying division, ours met the enemy, flushed with success, but from the moment we met them the tide of battle turned, and we drove them like sheep.

"Western Pennsylvania has no competitors for the honors of 'Fair Oaks,' and the flags of others are lowered to ours as they pass.

"From Colonel Morgan you will have some particulars. He was wounded soon after the action began and I did not see him afterwards. For hours afterwards the battle raged, and I had no time to spare to call upon non-combatants or hors de combats. During the day I took part with four or five different regiments, and you may include at least two squabbles with officers of the regular army, who commanded regiments, or rather pretended to command them. God help the regular army if they are specimens! No one, not a witness, can believe the contrasts presented of dastardly cowardice and reckless bravery.

"My wrath disappears, for we have just received the New York Herald with the glorious news of Halleck's army, and the total discomfiture of Beauregard's. If true, and we do not doubt it, Richmond will be ours before two days, and then with pen, ink and paper you shall have a history of the war. In a folio of letters, I could not explain the progress of 'war, pestilence and famine,' including consummate cowardice, which has thinned the ranks of the 63rd, from 1,052 down to the effective force of this day—only 400. Killed, wounded, died, the sick and the cowards, 652. I am getting up to accounts, as you will perceive, and gratify you particularly with figures.

"In the list I have there are a few cowards, but there are some. Has the 'major' called upon you since his arrival in Pittsburgh on sick leave? You will recognize him by a hectic cough, keeping one hand over his heart, as if he was afraid it might leave his body.

"Your friend, 'T——' has gone home, resigned, to 'the music of the enemy's guns.' He had no \$15, but promised to pay at Pittsburgh, but if his credit is no better than his courage, I pity his creditors.

"Danks goes home, shot. Hanna has resigned this day, but his health is destroyed. I fear his disease is deep-seated, and I regret to lose him, for he is a good egg.

"The 'field and staff' of the 63rd now consists of Capt. Berringer, acting lieutenant-colonel; Capt. Kirkwood, acting major; Adjutant Cortis, wounded twice with buckshot, but not severely, and Quartermaster Haymaker, wounded severely.

"I have never felt more confident of the 63rd than now.

'Our band is few, though true and tried.' 'Old Dad,' as we call Berringer, can't be beat, except in spelling, for he always spells 'vittles' with a 'w.'¹

"As for Kirkwood, he beats everybody else, and you can say to 'the plough factory,' that if they have any more such stock in the family the country will be proud of them. Kirkwood is a soldier in the most superlative sense.²

"Young Cook³ has gone home, wounded, with Morgan. I have written to inform his brother, but he has found him no doubt. Tell his brother the boy is a nobleman. David Shields is unhurt, and as independent as ever. If anything occurs to him it will be communicated. Emerick was left upon the battlefield wounded, and no doubt is a prisoner in Richmond.

"For fear Capt. Rodgers returns, anxious to go homeward, I will close this letter, but continue to write until he goes."
"A. H."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Battlefield of 'Fair Oaks,' Va., June 15th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have written a long letter to Rachel, but cannot omit writing to you also. I wrote to you by Capt. Rodgers, and have no doubt of his safe arrival in Pittsburgh. I sent you by him, enclosed in a small bottle, three magnolia buds. They are real natural trophies, as they were plucked from a tree upon the battlefield, which bears evidence of the sweeping fire of the enemy, which was intended for the breasts of our friends. I stood under it for a little while, and enjoyed the fragrance of its blossoms, but the location became too hot, and I retired. Henry gathered them next day, while I sat by upon the ground covered by twigs cut down by the enemy's bullets.

"I have not time to dwell upon extras this morning. I feel deeply concerned for your dear health, that it overcomes every other anxiety. For myself I am in excellent health, in fact never was better. My eyesight is almost completely restored. As an evidence, Capt. Kirkwood and I went out yesterday to fire off our pistols. That, of course, requires the right eye. I put six shots within the space of six inches.

"Rachel's letter must answer you all for such news as I have to give, and I think our dear 'Rache' will peddle it out effectively.

¹ Colonel Hays subsequently changed his mind about Berringer, as will develop.

² Reference here is to Speer's plow factory in Pittsburgh, then at Hay (Fourth Street) and Duquesne Way, and near the McFadden home. The proprietors were uncles of Capt. Kirkwood.

³ Corporal George A. Cook of Company G, who died of his wounds July 4, 1862.

"I will march this afternoon with only 400 men. Think of my former 1,000!

"I feel thankful to a kind Providence for the preservation of my life so far, and with a firm reliance still, I walk forward. I feel deeply for those who have been made to mourn, but proud that in no case has anyone to blush for their friends who belonged to the 63rd.

"Now, dear wife, for my sake you will be of good cheer, and cherish your own health. Give love to all 'our squadron.' Tell Agnes I was much gratified with her letters. Alden will, I know, be a good boy, and 'Gib' will be as good as possible. To Rachel and Martha my best love, and to 'Alf' and 'Jim' I have nothing to say except that I will attend to them when I get home, if they require it. I can write you no more than you have gleaned from the papers, Capt. Danks, etc.

"God bless you, my beloved wife, and enable you to bear your trials heroically. Have faith, and all will be well. You do not now require any protestations from me. You know it is deep, almost to idolatry. Believe no tales until you receive them from authentic sources. If I cannot write, some one will. God bless you all.

"Last night as the whipporwill sang on the outskirts of camp, I thought of you all, and felt homesick, but I dare not entertain even that disease, for the thought is followed with serious consequences. I have a holy calling, when that is fulfilled I will be with you again.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

One cannot fail to admire the tenderness and devotion in this epistle, written on the battlefield after the terrible combat of Fair Oaks, and to call to mind again the colonel's love of flowers, as exemplified in the magnolia buds sent home, and to remember also his trip overland in 1850, where the same love was manifest and flowers found their way to his family months after they were plucked, from wherever he could find opportunity to forward.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp 'Fair Oaks,' June 18th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"I write in haste, that I may not detain Mr. McMasters, who has barely called upon us, and leaves at once.

"I have today only 374 men, but others are coming up from the hospitals in rear. I will give you a long epistle by Capt. Rodgers, when he returns, probably tomorrow.

"We, in camp, are all well—Berringer, Kirkwood, Corts, Bagaley, etc.

"'Dan'¹ is getting well. Love to all at home, and God bless you all.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. Hays."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp 'Fair Oaks,' Va., June 20th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"For some days past I have been scribbling on stray pieces of paper with a pencil, a kind of diary, intending to write it off and send to you. Just now Capt. Rodgers has sent me word from his son's grave, that he must be off at once. I will, therefore, write briefly by him, and forward the others by mail as soon as possible. You will then discover how difficult, almost impossible it is to write, as we are situated. We are now encamped near the ground upon which the 63rd was engaged on the 31st of May. In front we have constructed a system of redoubts and breastworks, and have no apprehension of an attack from the enemy. What is our general's designs no one knows. I have just received yours and Annie's letters of the 16th and 15th, but can write no more, as Mr. Hurst is waiting.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp 'Fair Oaks,' June 25th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have just received your letter of the 15th, and your father's of the 16th.

"You cannot imagine the satisfaction I receive from them, in fact, if it was not for home influences I believe we would all become savages here. Capt. Rodgers promised that he would give me notice of his leaving, but has sent word that he must leave at once. You will therefore excuse a short epistle, and I will write longer by mail. We cannot depend upon citizens going home.

"What concerns you most I will give now. My health never was better and my eyesight is again almost perfect. I will write out as soon as possible, the material I have collected for some days, and then you will be satisfied. Yesterday I had out the whole 'family gallery' and enjoyed it much.

"I need not say how much, if possible, your noble and affectionate bearing has endeared you to me, since this infernal war was begun. God alone knows how much I love you all.

¹ "Dan," the horse previously mentioned with a wounded foot.

"For the children you can report that 'Dan' is again upon his feet, and is impatiently plunging and fretting, tied to a tree near me, because I will not come and speak to him.

"David Shields is again about and will enjoy good health hereafter. I cannot detain the bearer longer.

"Love to all, mother, Rachel, etc.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"June 26, 1862.

"You will find a full and complete list of our killed, wounded and missing, which we have made out, published in the papers.

"Encourage the people of my boys to hope for the best. If the news from Halleck reaches the enemy it will totally demoralize them. Large reinforcements are hourly joining us, and if we must, we will force our road to Richmond very soon. I think Kearney's may be called upon to set an example.

"The cars are up and Capt. Rodgers has returned and will go off at once. God bless you all at home.

"I send by the captain a little bottle enclosing a magnolia blossom from a tree on the battlefield of 'Fair Oaks.'

"Kind regards to friends and love to those you know I love. Look out for letters from Richmond.

"If the 63rd again charges it will only stop at Richmond.

"Write often until I tell you to come.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays, Col. 63rd Pa. Vols."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp 'Fair Oaks,' Va., June 26th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"I take the first opportunity offered for many days to write. There is now in the hands of John McIntyre and others, at least 12 pages, written for you, Annie and others. Mr. McIntyre is still here, wondering why General McClellan does not suspend operations against Richmond to attend to the care of his boy. I will therefore send this by mail.

"Day before yesterday I received orders to hold 'the iron clad 63rd' ready to take the lead in an advance towards Richmond at 8 o'clock A. M. We were deployed as skirmishers in the pine woods in front of our line defences, supported by the 20th Indiana in the rear. Children never felt more glee at a dancing school than my gallant 300 exhibited when they knew their mission. They appreciated the post of honor, and we always obtain it. Steady as veterans they moved forward, and when we had passed our own pickets about 100 yards, we came across the enemy. Steadily and regularly we drove them before us for a mile and a quarter, until we were opposed

by the 4th Georgia. The Georgians were dressed in a fancy French zouave uniform, which caused our men to hesitate, and it was reported to me and asked what will we do? I told them to give it to them anyhow, they have no business to be there. Then our boys pitched in again, and in 15 minutes the Georgians were on the road to Richmond. The rout was complete. The quality, elegance and taste of all their equipment bore evidence that they were all scions of the first families among the Georgian chivalry. By an infernal blundering order from a stupid brigadier, I was still ordered forward, until we had passed all other troops of Kearney at least half a mile. We were at least half a mile nearer Richmond than any other regiment of our division, and so near large bodies of the Rebels that we could distinctly hear every command of their officers. After an hour we were drawn back to the camp of the Georgians, which we held during the day and next night. On our right and left the battle raged furiously, at intervals, during the day. Sometimes the small arms rattled incessantly for an hour at a time, while shells from our batteries flew over our heads, bearing death and destruction to the enemy beyond.

"Their batteries in return replied, and shot and shell flew and burst around us in all directions.

"The 20th Indiana [900 men], were through the day formed on our left, joining the 63rd. During the afternoon the enemy made an attack upon them, and the 87th New York. At first they drove the enemy like sheep, but a 'stampede' occurred and both regiments retreated.

"It would have been a funny sight to an uninterested observer to have witnessed both sides on a regular go, but the Rebels found out the game first and turned after ours, driving them a quarter of a mile beyond the position of the 63rd. All this occurred in our immediate vicinity, and partly in our sight. The chase of the Rebels outflanked me, and I was forced to march around to get in front of them again, which I did. Reinforcements soon came up and I returned to my proper place.

"We held our position as pickets all night. Pickets were advanced from each regiment. About 11 o'clock P. M. the enemy fired upon us, which I ordered to be returned by our right. As soon as we fired every picket and regiment opened fire upon the 63rd. It was terrible, but by causing the men to lie down we escaped with two killed and two wounded. Even our own pickets became bewildered and faced about to fire upon us. It was one of those unaccountable incidents which cannot be remedied. Taking the whole day through we have reason to congratulate ourselves and thank a kind Providence. Our success was perfect, and drew from General Kearney the highest compliments before the regiment on the battle ground.

"Our small loss appears miraculous. Five killed and 17 wounded. Among the former, Lieut. S. Hays Cochran, from Franklin.

"I am in perfect health, although yesterday too much exhausted to hold a pen. I never before realized 'nature's outworn agony.' My bugler's horse had his leg broken, which was the only casualty in my family.

"I missed Kirkwood much. He is sick in hospital, but better.

"Love to all. God bless you. Kind regards to friends. I am division officer of the day.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. Hays."

"This day or tomorrow may be eventful days."

SERGEANT W. M. McGRANAHAN TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp of the 63rd Regiment, Pa. Vols.,

Fair Oaks, June 26th, 1862.

"Mrs. Hays,

"Respected Madam:

"Hardly have I done recounting the particulars of one engagement in which the 63rd participated, until I find us driving the enemy, and again hotly contesting the field with them. Yesterday morning we received an order to be under arms at 7 o'clock, and to fall in promptly 'as it was important on this occasion.' We were on hand at the appointed hour, and an aid brought an order to the colonel to march out to the rifle-pits, which we did, and were met by General Robinson, who gave the colonel some instructions, and away we went towards a wood in front of us in which soon we came upon our pickets and formed a line on the same front with them. Colonel Hays then threw out skirmishers, and this was the first intimation we had of the intention to advance on the Rebel pickets; but advance we did, and driving them before us, were supported by the 20th Indiana, a regiment recently attached to our brigade. We soon came upon the Rebel reserve, however, and for a while we were checked. Hooker's division on right had a hard fight for the position they gained, and the volleys of musketry were equal to any heard on the day of the battle of Fair Oaks. All day our line held the woods and were forced to maintain our position all night, and of course everybody had to remain awake to prevent surprise, which was attempted several times. In an alarm and firing about 1 A. M., Lieut. S. Hays Cochran of Company G, a native of Franklin, Venango County, was badly wounded and died today. Poor Cochran!¹ He did his duty

¹Lieut. Cochran, a native of Franklin, and a namesake of Samuel Hays' was well known to the colonel and their families most intimate, as Honorable Samuel Hays, the general's father, was a resident of Franklin for almost his entire lifetime.

and brought the company through the battle of Fair Oaks, but fell in the comparatively small affair of yesterday.¹ We were considerably worn out this morning when we fell back to the rifle-pits, the fatigue of yesterday, with the loss of sleep last night, told on us, and all hands were glad to get to camp to dinner. We had a pretty severe little fight, and if General Kearney's words can be believed, the 63rd has immortalized herself. He came up to Colonel Hays on the line last night just before dark, and said: 'Colonel, I congratulate you. You have done well.' Upon which Colonel Hays replied: 'Thank you, general.' The general then announced: 'This is the regiment that has covered itself with glory.' He kindly inquired after our wounded, and this morning told Colonel Hays to send in his report of the regiment's loss as soon as possible 'that the men might have due credit.' I enclose a list of our killed, wounded and missing, which is slight in comparison with some of the regiments which assisted us in driving the Rebel lines.

"This morning a terrible cannonading was opened far on the right, about 7 o'clock, and has been kept up ever since, and it is now 10 o'clock. What it means we do not know yet, but rumor says that McDowell has effected a connection with Porter on the right, and that they are swinging around on Richmond with all their forces. Corts has just gone over to Hooker's division to see what is the meaning of the terrific cheering heard in their camps for the last half hour. The cannonading has ceased, and we almost begin to believe that Richmond is taken.

"Our attack on the Rebels yesterday on our left was a feint to draw their attention from the right while McClellan accomplished a piece of strategy up there. He came down in the evening to see us, and openly said that through the firmness of our attack he had succeeded in accomplishing what he intended. The cheering continues as I write and I am getting very excited. Richmond must surely be taken. Until Corts gets back with the news let me talk a little about the colonel. Yesterday's hallooing, giving commands, with last night's exposure in the damp and swampy woods, has made him quite hoarse, and this evening his voice can scarcely be heard. He is well otherwise though.

"Corts has returned. He reports that Porter's corps² has crossed the Chickahominy, gained an eminence commanding Richmond, and is driving the Rebels before him like chaff

¹ This engagement is known as the "Battle of the Orchard or Seven Pines," and is also called "Oak Grove," and the Union forces engaged were Hooker's and Kearney's divisions of the Third Corps, Palmer's brigade of Couch's division of the then Fourth Corps, and part of Richardson's division of the Second Corps.

² General Porter had been placed in command of the Fifth Corps.

before the wind. This is good news indeed, as it is the first step towards the taking of Richmond.

"You will get all this news before my letter reaches you, but you will know how we received the joyful intelligence in camp.

"With the best wishes for yourself and family, and hoping this hateful war may soon cease and the colonel restored to you in safety, I am, with much respect,

"Yours very truly,

"W. M. McGranahan."¹

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Bivouac, July 4th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have concluded to terminate my celebration of 'the glorious Fourth' by writing through you to all my friends. What has preserved my life and limbs throughout the events and transactions of the last month, I know not; excepting your combined prayers at home.

"The glorious 63rd has a reputation unequalled by any regiment in the service. The best evidence of it is the acknowledgment of it by all, without a show of envy, but never has it been better illustrated that

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

"Imagine a quiet country house which a few hours before had been a peaceful home for happy children, made a 'bone of contention' by two parties of infuriated men. The last I saw of that house—round about it, in its outhouses and in the green swarded enclosure around it, was piled with the dead, dying and wounded.

'A field of the dead rushes red on my sight.'

"For seven days it has been one continued battle, awfully severe to us, but doubly so to the enemy. The 63rd has covered itself with glory, but most dearly bought. We have lost in killed and wounded every third man.

"For two days in succession we have supported regular batteries of artillery, and we are on the tongues of all men. 'There goes the fighting 63rd.' The artillery has great faith in the 63rd.

"I am writing this upon a cracker box, by candle light. My men are round about me—every one is sound asleep.

"For the last two days we have rested and fed, and we need it much, as little of 'bed and board' has been known to anyone for a week before. There they lie, yet one single syllable from me—'Up!' will in a moment start everyone to his

¹ William M. McGranahan, then sergeant-major, later adjutant, 63rd Regiment.

feet, and in less time than I write, the 63rd would be ready for action. God bless them! They are a gallant set of boys, and it pains me to scold them, as I did this evening, for eating too much and being selfish.

"Now, with the blue canopy above me, I will sleep.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"In Bivouac, July 4th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I will only write a few lines to say, as you have already heard from Dr. Allison,¹ that I am safe and well, thanks to a kind Providence and your prayers. For seven days it has been one continued battle, awfully severe to us, but doubly severe to the enemy. The 63rd has covered itself with glory, but most dearly bought. We have lost in killed and wounded every third man. For two days in succession we have supported regular batteries of artillery, and we are on the tongue of all men. 'There goes the fighting 63rd.'

"Among our own acquaintances there are many missing. Jones was wounded, but not mortally. I have not seen him since, but believe he is a prisoner. Bagaley lost an arm and is a prisoner; Reid is wounded, Ryan is wounded; Powers of Kirkwood's company is killed, I fear. I went in with 300 men, made three charges and came out with 150.

"I received yesterday yours of the 25th and your father's by Dr. Whitesell.²

"We have repulsed the Rebels on every occasion, and can do it again.

"Trusting in God and our good cause, I move forward again. 'Dan' was wounded again, two days ago, but will get well.

"Young Davis³ is missing, probably killed. 'Dave' Shields is well and hearty, although his clothes are cut up by bullets, as are the clothes of almost every man in the regiment.

"God bless you all, and thanks for the favors of the 25th.

"Love and regards to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

¹ Rev. James Allison, D. D., editor of the "Presbyterian Banner," of Pittsburgh.

² Dr. Whitesell, a volunteer surgeon from near Pittsburgh, whose sad story will come soon.

³ Corporal Thomas J. Davis of Company E, missing at Fair Oaks, and never heard of afterwards.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Whitesell, Near Westover Landing, Va.,

"July 7th, 1862, 2:30 A. M.

"Dear Sir:

"Having discharged the duty [the reverse of parents in common life] of waking up my children, General Davis' legions can come on—my boys will have hot coffee, and we still have abundance of lead and steel for the reception of Rebels. Day will not break for more than an hour, and I will spend my time in writing the history of 'the battle of Nelson's farm.'

"Our division [Kearney's] had retired from before Richmond, and upon the 30th of June lay taking rest at Nelson's. Early in the day I received an order to support Thompson's battery of artillery,¹ and was left untrammelled thereafter by brigadier-generals. One section [two pieces] was advanced beyond the general lines, and the 63rd silently took position near, in a belt of young pines, to await coming events. Occasional shots were fired from the guns into the distant woods, as often as some adventurous scout of the enemy would appear upon the outskirts. About 2 o'clock P. M., the report of a rifled gun, and the rushing whiz of a round shot, directed at our artillery, announced that Jeff Davis, with a large company of friends, had arrived from Richmond, and were enquiring for our whereabouts. The advanced section was withdrawn and the 63rd flanked off, and took position in rear of the now combined battery. Soon the roar and rattle, on all sides, announced one of the fiercest conflicts ever raged between contending parties of men. Thompson opened upon the enemy at a distance, and played away for an hour, while the 63rd lay upon their arms, inactive spectators of the fight, although fully warned of their interest in the game going on by the bursting, around, over and among them of every infernal missile invented by man. A bullet takes Corts' horse through the jaw. Off goes Corts and so does the horse. Corts was badly bruised by the fall and was 'hors de combat.' Through the smoke which was rolling in cloudy wreaths from our guns, a mounted officer approached the 63rd with a waving sword, and call to forward. Believing the time had come I called the 63rd: 'Up, and at them!' No order was ever better or more promptly obeyed by veterans. The low fence was cleared at a bound, and with caution of 'guide center,' 'double quick!' in less time than I write the bayonets of the 63rd were leveled in front of our guns. The smoke cleared away and I discovered a false alarm, and again returned them to the fence. In half an hour, however, Thompson announced danger to his guns, and at once the regiment sprang forward, passing the guns, lay down upon the ground 50 feet in front, and

¹ Thompson's Battery G, 2nd U. S. Artillery.

opened a perfect storm of rifles. The battery still played away overhead, and the enemy swarmed in the woods 100 yards in advance, and in and around a dwelling and outhouses, half that distance in advance. There we held them for more than an hour, until Thompson announced that his ammunition was exhausted and he must withdraw his battery. I told him to go ahead and I would give him a good chance. Again it was 'up, 63rd, give them cold steel; charge bayonets, forward, double quick!'

"In a flash, yelling like incarnate fiends, we were upon them. Muzzle to muzzle it was fiercely contended, through the palings, in and around Nelson's house. Such an onset could not last long, and towards dark we retired, having silenced the last shot.

"You know the particulars of individuals, through letters and the papers. I lost one out of every two and one-half men I had. Lieut. Gray of McKeesport, and Lieut. Fulton¹ were all the commissioned officers I had left.

"So flattering are the expressions I hear from all sides that with innate modesty I refrain from repetitions. From McClellan to the drummer boy it is admitted to be the most brilliant thing in the war.

"Kearney is somewhat hyperbolic in his expressions, but says it was magnificent, glorious, and the only thing that he saw like the pictures made in the papers [to please children]. He declares it was all there. The helpless artillery, the man on horseback and the fierce looking devils bearing forward on their bayonets, as though they were endeavoring to break the stock of each gun.

"General Berry, yesterday said in my hearing that others might boast, but that there was no similar case in the war, where a regiment had made such a charge and for so long a time kept up such an unrelenting, murderous fire upon the enemy.

"The above is entirely and exclusively for home consumption, and friends, to whom please give my best regards. Neither myself nor horse was touched. The clothes of the men who were not wounded, are really a curiosity, scarcely a garment without a hole in it, and some cases five or six.

"Bless you all. McGranahan writes to Annie.² My sick are improving and the regiment again grows, thanks to Dr. Whitesell. I also command the 57th [Campbell's].

"Most sincerely,

"Alex Hays,

"Colonel 63rd Regt., Pa. Vols."

¹ Hugh B. Fulton, first lieutenant of Company H, killed at Fredericksburg.

² "Annie," Mrs. Hays.

The war was young yet and the delight of the colonel in his regiment he had drilled so long and sedulously was but natural. One can smile at his exuberance and forgive, especially when one knows the story of the "Red Patch."

General Kearney, in his official report of the Battle of Nelson's Farm, or Glendale,¹ June 30, 1862, says:

"At 4 o'clock P. M. the attack commenced with vigor, and in such masses as I had never witnessed. Thompson's Battery, directed with great skill, literally swept the slightly falling open space with the completest execution, and mowing them down by ranks, would cause the survivors to a momentary halt, but almost instantly after increased masses came up and the wave bore on. These masses coming up with a rapid run, covering the entire breadth of the open ground, some 200 paces, would alone be checked in their career by the gaps of the fallen. Still no retreat, and again a fresh mass would carry on the approaching line still nearer. If there was one man in this attack there must have been 10,000, and their loss by artillery, although borne with such fortitude, must have been unusual. It was by scores, with the irrepressibility of numbers, on they persisted. The artillery, destructive as it was, ceased to be a calculation. It was then that Colonel Alexander Hays, with the 63rd Pennsylvania, and half of the 37th New York, was moved forward to the line of the guns. I have here to call the attention of my superior chiefs to this most heroic action on the part of Colonel Hays and his regiment. The 63rd has won for Pennsylvania the laurels of fame. That which grape and canister failed in effecting, was now accomplished by the determined charge and rapid volleys of this foot. The enemy, at the muzzle of our guns for the first time, sulkily retired fighting. Subsequently ground having been gained the 63rd Pennsylvania was ordered to 'lie low,' and the battery once more opened its ceaseless work of destruction.²

"This battle saw renewed three onsets as above, with similar vicissitudes, when finally the enemy betokened his efforts as passed, by converting his charges into ordinary line fight of musketry, embracing the whole front of the brigade, for by this period he was enabled to do so from Thompson's pieces having left the field, after expending their grape, and become tired of the futility of round shot."

General Berry, in a letter to Colonel Hays, says:

¹ The fifth of the Seven Days Battles, officially known as White Oak Swamp, called also Glendale, Nelson's Farm, Charles City Cross Roads, Frazier's Farm, Turkey Bend, and New Market Cross Roads, Va.

² "The Peninsular Campaign," A. S. Webb, P. 147.

"Headquarters Third Brigade, July 11, 1862.

"Sir:—It affords me great pleasure to address you at this time, particularly on the subject matter of the battle of Nelson's Farm, or Charles City, as it is sometimes called. I had the honor to command the reserve brigade of our division. I was ordered by General Kearney to hold myself and command ready at all times to render aid to the First and Second Brigades. This being so, I watched the movements of the enemy and our own men with the most intense interest. You, sir, and your brave men were placed near to and ordered to support Thompson's Battery. Never was work better done or battery better supported, and it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say it, and it is also my duty to say it, that I have not in my career in military life seen better fighting or a work better done. I should fear to try to do better with any troops I have ever seen. 'Tis enough to say your fighting was a perfect success.

"Allow me, my brave friend, to tender to you my congratulations for honors won on many fields, particularly this one named here, and to assure you of my kind regards for your health, happiness and prosperity in life. I am sir, with much respect,

"Your friend and servant,

"H. G. Berry,
"Brig.-Gen. Vols."

"Colonel Alexander Hays,
"63rd Regiment, Penna. Vols."

General Sumner says of this battle that it was "the most severe action since the Battle of Fair Oaks," and General Heintzelman, in his official report, states that "the attack commenced at 4 P. M. and was pushed by heavy masses with the utmost determination and vigor. The whole open space, 200 paces wide, was filled with the enemy—each repulse brought fresh troops. The third attack was only repulsed by the rapid volleys and determined charge of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Hays commanding."

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL ALEXANDER HAYS
COMMANDING 63RD PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS

"In Camp Near Richmond, Va., June 28th, 1862.

"Capt. C. H. Potter,
"Asst. Adj't Gen'l,

"Sir:—I have the honor to report the results of the skirmish with the enemy's forces on the 25th inst. I was ordered with my regiment to deploy in front of Robinson's redan.

Soon after passing our picket line we fell in with the advanced pickets of the enemy, who at once retreated. The ground was passed over in quick time, with occasional exchange of shots, for the distance of a mile and a quarter. Here we were opposed determinedly by the 4th Georgia, but after a brisk and spirited contest, they gave up the ground.

"Our loss, though light, considering the extent of the action, I regret to enumerate one commissioned officer and three privates killed; 13 rank and file wounded.

"Respectfully submitted

"Alexander Hays,

"Col. 63rd Regt., Pa. Vols."

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL ALEXANDER HAYS
COMMANDING 63RD AND 57TH REGIMENTS, PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEERS

"In Camp, Near Westover, Va., July 4th, 1862.

"Assistant Adjt. General,

"First Brigade, First Division, Third Corps,

"Sir:

"I have the honor to furnish the following statement of the movements of the 63rd and 57th regiments, Pennsylvania Volunteers, which combined I had the honor to command on the 1st inst.

"After undergoing a severe shelling from the enemy's batteries for several hours, in which the 63rd lost two men wounded, and the 57th one non-commissioned killed, and eight non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. The 63rd, 57th Pennsylvania and 87th Regiment, New York Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel Bachia were detached from the brigade and ordered to support Couch's division.

"Under instructions from Brig.-General Kearney, to act at discretion, we successfully supported a battery from Couch's division, also later in the evening Capt. De Russey's Battery, Fourth U. S. Artillery, until his ammunition was exhausted. During the night strict guard was kept by the command. At daylight, discovering that Couch's and Kearney's divisions had been withdrawn, I fell back to the camp of the day before, one mile in rear.

"Here I received a request from Colonel Averill of the cavalry, to prepare certain government wagons for burning, which was done, and the command afterwards marched to join the division at this point.

"In the support of De Russey's Battery the 63rd lost two privates, disabled, and no other casualties, although we were exposed to the enemy's shot.

"I cannot let the occasion pass without noticing the

conduct of all connected with the attack, the management of the battery firing throughout and in perfect regularity.

"I refer to the report of Colonel Bachia for particulars relative to the 87th New York."

DR. GEORGE S. WHITESELL

Mrs. Margaret Price, now a resident of former Allegheny, and a daughter of Dr. Whitesell, furnishes the short biography of her revered father:

"Dr. George S. Whitesell was born near Perrysville, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, in 1820. Received his education in a country school and the Western University of Pennsylvania and later studied medicine with Dr. John Dickson of Pittsburgh, and graduated from the medical department, University of New York. He and Alexander Hays were good friends, and when the Civil War broke out and Colonel Hays organized the 63rd Regiment, Dr. Whitesell organized and helped to equip a company. He studied tactics and drilled the men. The men enlisted in this company were from Fairview [now Montrose], Harmarville and Springdale, Allegheny County, and were all from families for whom he was physician. He had met with an accident two years before and on this account was unable to stand the fatigue of marching, so could not go with the company. William S. Kirkwood was elected captain and the company was enrolled as Company B of the 63rd Regiment. Dr. Whitesell, in company with J. Herron Foster of the Pittsburgh 'Dispatch,' made a visit to Colonel Hays when the 63rd was in camp near Washington and promised the colonel, if he needed him at any time, he would go as a surgeon.

"The 63rd Regiment went into the Seven Day's Battle without a surgeon, and Colonel Hays telegraphed Dr. Whitesell: 'For God's sake come at once.' He started and upon reaching the field, worked day and night. He established a field hospital and cared for his men. Colonel Hays furnished him with a horse, orderly and tent.

"I think it was July 18th that 150 of his men were put on a transport and then Dr. Whitesell was laid on a stretcher and carried aboard a boat. They were taken to Harrison's Landing on the James River, where the Harrison home was being used for a hospital. Colonel Hays sent word to General McClellan, and everything that could be done was done, but Dr. Whitesell died Monday, July 21st, 1862. His body was sent home in care of Dr. James Herron of Allegheny, who had been at Fortress Monroe and gone to Harrison's Landing. The officers and men of Company B of the 63rd Regiment raised money from their scanty pay and erected a tombstone

for the doctor, which was selected by Mr. John B. McFadden. The inscription which it bears was written by Colonel Alexander Hays, and is as follows:

“ ‘He died a patriot for his country's cause, a martyr to his profession, while caring for the sick and wounded of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. To commemorate one who sacrificed his life in relieving their sick and wounded.’ ”

The doctor's remains were interred in Uniondale Cemetery, Pittsburgh. A widow, who survived until January 28, 1905, and two daughters were bereft of a loving husband and father.

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD

HARRISON'S LANDING TO SECOND BULL RUN

JULY 3, 1862, found McClellan's battered army at Harrison's Landing on the James River, and at a new base of supplies; here the commander-in-chief of the great army promptly held a grand review, and Richmond was not trembling now. Colonel Alexander Hays continues his letters. He thinks ever of home, he must write. When he cannot write, "Billy" McGranahan or Adjutant George P. Corts write for him, and they write well.

In the inspection of the letters which Colonel Hays wrote, there comes an involuntary admiration which springs up instantly. Their legibility, the beautiful penmanship, and the breath of life that is in them are certainly characteristic of the writer. These letters, as those from the Peninsula, sometimes written under the most discouraging circumstances, are full of devotion. The husband and father is never unmindful of his loved ones. He continues to give the most interesting news of the camp and field, and the very news those at home want to know. There came a day when the faithful "Billy" and the brave Kirkwood fell in battle, and their colonel knows them no more forever, but their memories were certainly sweet. Colonel Hays, wherever it is necessary, calls a spade a spade, and never hesitates. Corts, his efficient adjutant, also speaks out. He is fearless, too, and May 5, 1864, on the day his chief falls, George P. Corts goes down on the battle line on the Brock Road, and his services are ended by reason of his grievous wounds.

Dr. George S. Whitesell, a friend of Company B, 63rd Regiment, whose home was at Deer Creek, now Harmarville, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, comes to the 63rd Regiment a volunteer surgeon in an hour of need, and the colonel in command appreciates this kindness and humanity, for the regi-

ment was practically without a medical staff. Alas! for the kindness and devotion of the good Doctor Whitesell; he fell a victim to disease himself, and in the language of Colonel Hays, "goes home a corpse." Somewhat later the gallant 63rd gets competent surgeons and these men, true and good, remain until the 63rd is mustered out by reason of its term of three years having expired.

Looking back more than 50 years to the conditions existing at the close of the Peninsula campaign, one is yet appalled at the destruction, not alone of life, but of munitions of war—wagons, commissary and medical stores, and everything that goes to make up the impedimenta of a vast army in the field. The poison of the swamps had rendered signal and efficient service to the foe where their valor failed, and to this day the word, Chickahominy, is a horror.

The letter joined in by Generals Birney, Berry and Robinson and sent President Lincoln, was a deserved and effective instrument. These men were Colonel Hays' friends—they knew and appreciated him and wanted to see him rise. Birney and Berry were volunteer generals. Birney died October 18, 1864, at his home in Philadelphia. He was the son of the great abolitionist, James G. Birney, and a native of Alabama. General Berry fell at Chancellorsville, and Robinson, a West Pointer, 1835-1838, who served in the Mexican War and attained the rank of major-general in the Civil War, has had his history written in that of Robinson's division of the First and Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac—soldiers all three,¹ they could appreciate Alexander Hays as only soldiers can.

Colonel Hays throughout shows great loyalty and faith in George B. McClellan, "Little Mac," the first great organizer of the Army of the Potomac, its idol and leader, and the source of volumes of history. He was no stranger to Alexander Hays; as will have been seen, General McClellan was two years at West Point with Alexander Hays, graduating No. 2 in the class of 1846, two years after Colonel Hays' graduation. The sincerity of the colonel's letters show that he believed in "Little Mac" and, with 90 per cent of the Army of the Potomac, regarded him as an ideal commander.

¹ John C. Robinson, brigadier-general commanding Second Division, First Corps at Gettysburg, was an old comrade of General Alexander Hays in Mexico, having served in the Fifth Infantry.

W. M. McGRANAHAN TO MRS. HAYS

"Bivouac of the 63rd Penna. Volunteers,

"Four Miles From James River,

"July 5th, 1862.

"Mrs. Hays,

"Dear Madam :

"After lengthened, rapid and fatiguing marches, sundry desperate fights and fearful exposures, we are at last at a place of rest. Here in a beautiful wood, some three or four miles from James River, we have been since the afternoon of July 3rd, spending the 'Glorious Fourth' in making up reports of late battles. [I enclose copies of three of the reports written by Colonel Hays.]

"Only ourselves know what we have suffered in this grand change in the base of military operations. [Modification of 'hasty retreat.'] We were notified on the evening of June 28th that a general move of the entire army would take place next day, and appearance indicated that it would not be a 'forward' one, so we were in a measure prepared to 'fall back,' and report said that our final stand would be made at James River. Shortly after daylight on the 29th the move commenced, and our brigade fell back to the second line of rifle pits and redouts, held by us on the night of the Fair Oaks battle, May 31. At noon our regiment was sent on picket to the front, some three quarters of a mile, to watch and retard the advance of the Rebel scouts and outposts. It was after 3 o'clock before we were withdrawn. All this time the retreat was going on, and as our division [Kearney's], had not moved it became generally known that we were the rear guard, and would cover the retreat—a dangerous and honorable position—one which would cover us with glory, if we performed our work well, and I am happy to say, now that the work is over, that we have the glory, and the beauty of it is, it is conceded by the entire eastern division, that to the 63rd belongs the laurels of the fight of the 30th, 'The Battle of Nelson's Farm.'

"General Kearney is loud in his praises of the colonel and his regiment, and General Berry, commanding a brigade in Kearney's division, declares he never saw a regiment behave so coolly under fire, or deliver more deliberate volleys of musketry into an enemy. The 63rd has won a lasting fame, but at a sacrifice of many of its brave members.

"Our loss on the 30th was 11 killed, 64 wounded and 23 missing, the greater part of the missing is supposed to be killed, or badly wounded and prisoners.

"Yesterday regimental bands played all day, and national salutes were fired in every division. General McClellan rode through the entire army, and at each corps headquarters, a major-general's salute was fired. The demonstration sounded little like the enemy were lying in force scarcely one mile and a half from us.

"We have much to do, Mrs. Hays, for these battles and losses give us work, and I cannot devote the time I would wish to this communication; however, let the copies of the colonel's reports, which I send, make up for my short letter.

"The colonel is well today and lively as a cricket, but I guess he is writing you himself.

"Our regiment is coming up wonderfully. From 150, the number present July 1st, we have increased to 400. Soon we hope to have the 63rd almost up to the old Camp Johnston standard.

"We have a Pittsburgh volunteer surgeon attending our regiment now—Dr. Whitesell—a splendid man, and one that is doing more for our men than any surgeon we ever had.

"With best wishes for yourself and family, I am

"Yours most respectfully,

"Wm. M. McGranahan."

After the battle of Nelson's farm, General Kearney saluted Colonel Hays and said: "Colonel, you and your men did nobly, and as soon as we go into permanent camp your men shall be excused from all duty, except your own camp guard, for 30 days; I shall see that they get it."

After the arrival at Harrison's Landing, he kept his word and the men of the 63rd had nothing to do but police duty, swim and bathe in the James River, and eat "soft bread" with plenty of butter, jelly, jams and other good things too numerous to mention. The regiment remained at Harrison's Landing from July 2nd to August 13th, and during that time the 63rd was not called upon to do any extra duty. General Kearney was always friendly to the regiment, and was the boon companion and intimate friend of Colonel Hays.

This is one of the few cases on record during the war where a regiment received such a compliment, especially from such a stern disciplinarian as General Kearney.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

"Camp Near James River, Va., July 12th, 1862.

"63rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers,

"Dear Post:

"Croakers are an incubus on society at any time, but in these perilous times a diabolical curse to the cause—the noble, worthy and prosperous cause—in which we are now engaged. Why is it that the whole American people, but particularly those who have near and dear friends in the Potomac Army, should get the 'blues' over the late temporary reverse in front

of Richmond? And why should the New York Herald and Tribune, in their distorted imagery, see such a train of evil consequences to follow? 'McClellan's army will be cut to pieces or driven from the Peninsula in two weeks time.'—'The war will be prolonged one year longer.'—'European intervention immediately.'—'Important changes must take place in the cabinet.'—'A new campaign must be devised.' Such are some of the soured and dyspeptic sentiments given to the people through the editorial columns of the leading journals of the nation, and such the palatable food dished out to the semi-loyal and secret traitors who still infest the North. You may easily imagine how cheering it must be to those who have left homes of comfort, enlisted for three years or 'during,' and risked our all in a week's hard fighting, and expecting re-encounters every day, to read from the editorial columns of the Herald, in an article headed 'Past and Future,' sentiments like the following: 'Numerically stronger than the Rebels, possessing unbounded resources of money and appliances of war, as well as exclusive command of the seaboard, we yet, at the close of the first twelve months of the campaign, find ourselves not only as far from the object with which we commenced it, but actually doubtful whether we can hold our own.' Such sickly croaking would be disheartening did we not read the papers and know better. Does the opening of the Mississippi to unmolested navigation count nothing for the last twelve months' work in suppressing the rebellion? Does the opening of New Orleans and other important ports to the commerce of Europe count nothing? Do all the splendid victories in the West and Southwest, the recovery of Missouri, Kentucky and most of Tennessee count nothing? Does the almost entire possession of the Atlantic coast count nothing? Nothing the 'skedaddle' from Yorktown and Corinth? Nothing the possession of Norfolk and the destruction of the Merrimac? And all this because of an imaginary reverse, while the development of plans as yet concealed from these pigmatic alarmists may prove General McClellan's late change of position gigantic with military wisdom.

"But it was my intention to be more personal, and to correct the false reports that have gone home, through civilians and faint-hearted soldiers as to the condition of the Potomac Army. The sanitary condition of our army is quite as good as could be expected, much better than has been reported in Western Pennsylvania, and vastly improved since we left the swamps on the east front of Richmond. The healthy locality we now occupy, the good advantages we have for necessary supplies, the fine opportunity for bathing, and the addition that has been made to the medical department by quite a number of efficient and generous volunteer surgeons, all conduce to the speedy restoration of our gallant army to its wonted vigor and activity. I speak advisedly when I say that

the army is in good spirits, and not dejected and discouraged at late events that have transpired here.

"Our late move is regarded by the rank and file as one of 'George's' [as they call him] moves that will bring us into Richmond more speedily and with less loss than of forcing our way through the Chickahominy swamps. Their confidence in General McClellan is, if possible, increased by the events since the 27th. The enthusiasm for him now, as he rides along the lines, amounts to wildness. On the last day of the retreat, when we fell back upon Malvern Heights, I saw him frequently riding back and forth, in undress uniform, without any of his staff, along the road, knee-deep with mud, encouraging and speaking kind words to the sick and wounded, who were making good their escape from a pursuing foe. When he would meet one man he would speak kindly to him and move his horse far enough from him to keep from splashing him with mud; when he would meet a number together he would stop and enter into some pleasant conversation with them: 'Only a mile further, boys, and you will get a week's rest;' 'push along a little further and make your coffee;' 'where are you wounded, my brave fellow?' 'In the left shoulder, general.' 'Well, try and make your way a half mile further to the hospital and get your wounds dressed.' We have unbounded confidence in our commanding general, and have little in common with those professed loyalists who so assiduously endeavor to put enmity between him and his command, or him and the departments of the government. I was much gratified to see the earnest support he gets from the Post, and particularly in the leading editorial of the 8th, in which the whining Gazette receives such a pertinent rebuke. When we are in triumphant possession of the Rebel capital as the result of his generalship, you will see this class of journals, headed by the New York Tribune, cowardly creeping back to his support as though they had never opposed him—'didn't we tell you he was a great man?'

"Our present position is one of perfect safety, though we are at present not pretending to be investing Richmond, but only recruiting for an early, irresistible move in that quarter. Our line of battle is only between five and six miles long, instead of sixteen, as it was on the Chickahominy, thus making it more compact, and with the assistance of our breastworks, impregnable. The left flank rests, I believe, on the James River, and the right flank is, as well as most of the right wing, protected by almost impassable swamps. The river above Harrison's landing takes an eastward turn, so that our gunboats could command the entire rear of the enemy should he be so presumptuous as to attack us.

"In the late week of fearful battles, Pennsylvania troops have done the old Keystone State the highest credit. Our own—the 63rd—commanded by the well-known soldier and

warrior, Colonel Alexander Hays, is in for its full share. But I prefer letting others, disinterested and high in command, speak for us.

"In the battle of the 30th, called Nelson's Farm, we were assigned to the support of Thompson's Battery, of our [Kearney's] division, and during the fight we made three desperate charges upon the enemy, who made fierce efforts to capture the battery, in the last of which we caused them to skedaddle, severely punished. Our loss was 125, in killed, wounded, and missing—not as heavy as at Fair Oaks.

"Lieut. Bagaley, of your city, while gallantly leading his company into a charge, was so seriously wounded in the right arm that it had to be amputated. He is probably now in Richmond. His friends may well be proud of him. He is a good officer and a brave soldier.

"Adj. George P. Corts, during the Fair Oaks battle, was slightly disabled by being struck by a piece of shell; but in both instances, irrepressible and indefatigable as he is, he was on duty the next day. He, too, is a most efficient officer, and full of fight. Our casualties in officers were much less than at other engagements. On the first Tuesday we also supported a battery, but, it not being attacked, were not immediately engaged. Others will speak for our gallant colonel in the accompanying documents I send you, and although his reputation is so well known in Pittsburgh as to need no commendation at my hands, yet I feel it due to him to say that the dauntless, yet cautious and skillful manner in which he handled his regiment in the support of Thompson's Battery, in Monday's action, has elicited the praise of all who were witnesses of or participants in the gallant affair.

"The President's moonlight review of our army had a most happy effect. Many saw their executive and commander-in-chief for the first time. He passed along the lines with hat in hand, followed by General McClellan and the three corps commanders, in order of their rank, accompanied by their respective staffs. General McClellan's Fourth of July address to the troops of his command had an electric effect on the rank and file. Drs. G. S. Whitesell of Harmarville, and J. M. Smith of Temperanceville, have volunteered their services to our regiment and are now at work in earnest among our sick. Their coming at this time was opportune and merciful, as we had no surgeons at all, and many sick and some wounded that could not be sent away. Their intercourse with the regiment thus far is happy. Our regimental hospital is already thinning out and the different companies filling in the same proportion. The great scarcity of medicines is now the greatest drawback to their doing much good among our sick. Dr. Whitesell has made five requisitions within two days but has got nothing. We are entirely out of medicines.

"Pittsburgher."

The correspondent here is not now known, but he was a soldier of the 63rd Regiment, and the letter was printed in "The Pittsburgh Daily Post" of July 26, 1862, two weeks after written. In the original, italic letters are strongly in evidence, whole lines being printed in that type, and following the custom in the typography of the day, titles are also italicized, which rule applied to names of newspapers as well, and it will be noted that the correspondent pays his respects to papers not to his liking, in no gentle terms. Altogether, the letter gives a fair idea of the feelings dominant at the time, and some evidence of the rancorous politics of the whole war period. The reference to Alexander Hays was only a typical one of the many published at the time, and all of the same tenor—"creditable, meritorious and gallant"—these were the ideas always to be conveyed in such references. The status of the Army of the Potomac can be rightfully conjectured from this letter, and the history of the movements and the hopes and expectations of the army are entered into at length.

Thompson's Battery spoken of, was not the celebrated battery commanded by Capt. James Thompson of Pittsburgh and recruited there, officially known as "Battery C, Independent Pennsylvania Artillery." This Pittsburgh battery was then serving in General Rickett's division of McDowell's corps in the army under General John Pope in the operations south of the Rappahannock. The rosters of the army show that the battery in action at Nelson's Farm was Battery G, Second United States Artillery.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Fortress Monroe, July 22nd, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"This is the first opportunity I have had of writing. I have been to Yorktown and returned so far. I go tonight to Aquia Creek, or perhaps to Washington.

"Will write as soon as I know anything definite. Exciting rumors are abroad, but you will hear them.

"I am in excellent health. Love to all.

"Yours,

"Alex Hays."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Whitesell, Near Harrison's Landing, Va.,

"July 25th, 1862.

"Dearest Wife:

"Within a very short time I expect to receive our daily mail, and with it at least one letter from home. It is well hope is eternal, otherwise I would be in despair. I received the last letter from you dated June 10th, and one from your father dated 15th, by the hands of cousin 'Jim' McFadden. Excepting one very short note from J. B. McF., Jr., this is all I have received since 'the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.' This, too, at a time when above and beyond all others, it would have been a relief to have heard from you daily, as was almost the rule.

"I have written home and sent home all I believe might interest you, up to the arrival of the army on the banks of the James River. I have written since frequently, but fate appeared adverse—several times by citizens, in whose hands I know letters miscarried. Most lately, by our unfortunate friend, Dr. Whitesell. The doctor came to us in our hour of need, and if he had been the 'Angel of Charity' himself, the visit could not have been more acceptable. At a time when all medical and surgical aid had deserted us—in our most trying hour of need, he came, as a volunteer. His presence and council revived the drooping spirits of my men, but he overdid his duty and has been returned to his family a corpse.

"For some time past [10 days] I myself have been prostrated by sickness, but thanks again to the kind Providence, which has so often brought me through 'the dark valley and shadow,' I am again among the hearty convalescents. I believe I was the last man in the Army of the Potomac to give in, but the exposures, fatigues and excitements of the 'times before Richmond,' were too much for even me. The miasmatic influences of the swamps had pervaded my whole system, and superinduced a return of neuralgia, this time with more serious effect. Eyesight was not only affected, but for a time, I feared the whole right side of my body would be paralyzed. Intense pains racked my limbs, and diarrhoea also to consummate my miseries. Thank God, I am now free from all dregs of disease, and again feel as hearty and active as a stripling. I am still weak, for I have lost 50 pounds of my weight—only weighing 150 pounds, and my clothes hang upon me 'like a shirt upon a bean pole.' But never mind, I can soon make it, for I have the appetitie of a hippopotamus, and we have abundance to eat, both in quantity and quality. Corts and I are keeping house together, in fact, there is scarcely anybody else in the regiment left to associate with. George

and Henry¹ are still 'true and trusty.' Poor little George followed me into the battle at Nelson's Farm until I was concealed from him by smoke. He waited patiently until night fell, and then he gave me up for dead. His grief is represented by friends to have been terrible, and he would not be comforted. I did not see him for three days afterwards and if you ever saw a spaniel fawn upon a lost master, you have a picture of George. Henry is more philosophic, though not less devoted. He takes care of the horses and grub, but is always on hand when most wanted.

"I have written to you, your father and others so many details, that I need add nothing more now. I have sent you my own as well as General Kearney's official reports, and I now send you 'the original' of a private letter to me, intended, as the author says, for 'public uses,' from General Berry [a particular friend of General Jameson's]. I send you the original for I consider it invaluable. Keep it for my boys, and tell them it is the spontaneous outpouring of a soldier's heart, one who is no dirty politician.

"There is no question, dear wife, here in the army, of 'who is who,' and I really shrink, as a knight of 'olden time,' from even a newspaper tilt with the material of which modern brigadier generals are made. One thing is certain, however, I have won it, and it is universally admitted. Where now is your petition from the most respectable and influential men of Pittsburgh? Secretary Stanton can find it in one of the pigeon holes of his department. But never mind, I will give them another proof, and cravens who write so glibly now, will be ordered to stand aside while the ball is going on.

"Day before yesterday the regiment was ordered out for a 'grand review' for General McClellan. I did not feel able to sit upon my horse, and declined to go, until I saw the regiment paraded without an officer competent to command it. I could not stand it, and ordered 'Leet.' It was a severe trial, but I got through it none the better, however.

"When McClellan came to my command with Kearney, he halted, and asked me why I had not been to see him? Pressed me to do so and, as his staff passed I was saluted by all kinds of 'old familiar epithets.' 'Leet' had not been ridden for two weeks and was putting on his extra airs. I promised to come and see them all when I get well, and I intend to do so now, as "Little Mac' is no longer the commander-in-chief. Heintzelman was there and smiled, or rather out-smiled an Egyptian stone god, but as we meet often his smiles don't count.

"We are now encamped two or three miles from James River. The men are fast recuperating health, strength and

¹ The kind heart of Alexander Hays goes out even to his colored servants.

spirits. I will write you particulars of those for whom you inquire in the morning.

"This sheet will be all I write connectedly, as it is now late, and tomorrow I will merely jot down memoranda.

"After the terrible ordeal [not terrible to me, for I confess it is my nature], but the wear and tear with the excitement which I have gone through, it requires time for both mind and body to resume their balance. Mentally I am perfectly rested, and physically, although yet weak and exhausted, I believe I have passed the ordeal of acclimation. Virginians themselves are afraid of these swamps, and I now can defy even all the 'First Families.'

"Daily the 'family picture gallery' is on exhibition. All admire, and I sit by and pride myself, when they praise our dear little ones, but when anyone ventures upon a criticism of the 'mater familias,' I tell them to beware, for the ground on which they tread is sacred. I believe there are fools enough in the army to aspire to your hand if I was out of the way, notwithstanding so many small incumbrances. God bless you, dearest, my dream in sleep, and my anchor of hope when waking.

CONTINUATION OF LETTER OF JULY 25.

"5 o'clock A. M., July 26th, 1862.

"It is again morning—an hour ago the bugles sounded reveille, although the camp is yet quiet as a country village. The greater portion of the regiment is 'out on picquet,' and those in camp are convalescent sick and fatigue men, whom I do not wish to deprive of an extra nap. This gives me opportunity to extend my letter.

"You inquire of many, but at home you know more of our sick and wounded than we do ourselves. Capt. Bagaley has gone home minus an arm. Won't Theodore be a hero! Say for me to all that he is a true one.

"Young Davis is reported to be wounded and in Philadelphia. David Lynch is with the regiment and is well.¹

"Tomorrow I will send a long letter to your father, as I have much to say about matters and things in general.

"Hereafter send all letters and packages either by mail or express, as it is the safest and surest method.

"This will be delivered to you by your affectionate nephew, Sam Hays, who returns from the army. Sam has made some money and deserves credit for his remembrance of his mother, as he intends to devote his means to build her a home. I am now free of Sam, having, I believe, done my duty as far as possible to the son of brother Dave of blessed memory.

¹ William Davis of Company K, subsequently killed in battle, and David Lynch of Company E, in regard to whom inquiries seem to have been justified as he is marked, "Deserted August 29, 1862," on records, 63rd Regiment.

"I sent you a small draft on the treasury at New York for \$250, as you have not lately asked me for any, I suppose you have many plans, but this addition will not damage your plans.

"Now dearest, my love to mother, Rachel, 'Mag' and Kate, and all the collateral branches of 104 Penn Street. A thousand kisses and prayers for all the little Hayses and inexpressible love for yourself.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

This is a thoroughly characteristic letter and the first the colonel penned himself for a month, for an excellent reason, as he stated—sickness, and undoubtedly prostrating. However, faithful "Billy" McGranahan has kept the folks at home posted, and has not alarmed them, either. When it is known that the colonel was six feet in height, his references to his weight and the fit of his clothes will furnish an adequate idea of how prostrating his illness was. Colonel Hays shows his appreciation of the letter General Berry wrote him, and asks for its preservation, and his request has been most religiously granted by the boys who fully share that appreciation. This letter was published in the "Pittsburgh Daily Post" of July 26, 1862, and it must not be forgotten that Hiram G. Berry of Rockland, Me., carpenter, navigator, law-maker, mayor of his native city, soldier and patriot, colonel of the Fourth Maine Infantry, and major-general, U. S. volunteers, went down as the head of his division, the Second of the Third Corps, in the crisis at Chancellorsville, one year and two days before his friend, Brigadier-General Alexander Hays, met with the same fate in the Wilderness, but a mile or so distant. When Berry fell, his friend, Alexander Hays' friend, Charles D. Jameson, also of Maine, Hays' first brigadier, was also dead, and the date of his death is November 6, 1862.

McClellan's halting with Kearney and his inquiries why Alexander Hays had not been to see him, and Heintzelman's smile, are referred to in the inimitable Hays vein, and the colonel was clearly in touch with the great mass of the army in admiration of and loyalty to his commander-in-chief; and nowhere in any letter is there a single word of animadversion on "Little Mac." Samuel P. Heintzelman, a Pennsylvanian, then in command of the Third Corps, was a comparatively old man in 1862, having been born in 1805, and graduated from

West Point in 1826. He was a captain in Mexico, serving in the Second Infantry, and was brevetted major for gallantry at the combat of Huamantla, in which combat Alexander Hays was also engaged, as told in a foregoing page.

W. M. McGRANAHAN TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters 63rd P. V., Camp Near James River, Va.,

"Mrs. Hays,

"July 29, 1862.

"Dear Madam :

"As this is a purely business letter, and I wish to get it off by this morning's mail, I must be brief. Somehow or other we have mislaid the 'originals' of the colonel's reports of the engagements of June 25th and July 1st. June 30th I have, all right, but the others I cannot find.

"Now, Mrs. Hays, would you do me [us] the favor to return the copies of those reports I sent you [June 25th and July 1st] and if you wish to keep them after copying I will return them to you again. It is absolutely necessary we should have those statements to complete the records of the regiment, and we cannot get them without sending to headquarters, Army of the Potomac, whither copies were forwarded.

"Nothing of importance has transpired in camp recently. 'All quiet along the lines,' and we are now occupied as when at Camp Johnston, drilling, reviewing, inspecting, parading, etc. It seems like old times, but we miss so many familiar faces that now lie deep in the 'sacred soil,' inhabit the walls of a Richmond tobacco prison, or swelter in the close atmosphere of some hospital. Ah, Mrs. Hays, the 63rd is not the 63rd you left last winter. That long line of well-equipped and neatly uniformed men has been lessened dreadfully, and of the 1046 originally forming the gallant 63rd, only 530 are now with us. Such is life! Such are the fruits of this wicked and most unholy war. If our loss is a fair average of the balance of McClellan's army, the reduction in his forces by killed, died of disease, missing in action, absent in hospitals, sick and wounded, must have been tremendous.

"The colonel has not been well for some days past, but is better today.

"Mr. McFadden was kind enough to mention me in one of his letters to the colonel, and complimented me highly on my letter writing. Please present my kindest regards to Mr. McF., and remember me to Corts' friend, James B. McFadden. With great respect and best wishes for yourself and family, I am, truly,

"Wm. M. McGranahan,

"Sergeant Major, 63rd P. V."

GENERAL HEINTZELMAN TO GOVERNOR CURTIN

"Headquarters Third Corps, Army of the Potomac,
"Camp Near Harrison's Bar, Va., July 30, 1862.

"To His Excellency, A. G. Curtin,
"Governor of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg,
"Governor:

"I gladly avail myself of the opportunity afforded by Colonel A. Hays, 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, returning to the state, to bear my testimony to his distinguished good conduct and gallantry in the campaign in front of Richmond.

"No regiment in this army has been more distinguished than the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"Of all the officers in a regiment the colonel is the most important. The best material becomes worthless when cursed with bad or even with indifferent officers.

* * * * *

"There can scarcely be any difference of opinion of the desirableness, I will say necessity for filling up, in the first place the old regiments now in service. The officers have been tried and such as have been found wanting we are rapidly getting rid of. Every inducement should be offered to men to enlist in these regiments. The men will be under officers who understand their duties, and associated with men who understand all the little methods of taking care of themselves in camp, on the march, and in battle. They enter regiments that have a reputation and at once become identified with their glory.

"With the regiments now in this army filled up promptly, there would be but little difficulty in marching into Richmond.

"The new regiments would form reserves, hold depots and communications.

"I have the honor to be, governor, very respectfully

"Your obedient servant,

"S. P. Heintzelman,

"Brigadier General."

W. M. McGRANAHAN TO COLONEL ALEXANDER HAYS

"Headquarters 63rd Regt., Penna. Vols.,

"Camp Whitesell, August 13, 1862.

"Dear Colonel:

"Monday morning I sent by Sergeant Kiddoo¹ a copy of

¹ First Sergeant Joseph B. Kiddoo, then of Company F, later lieutenant-colonel of the 137th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and later, until his death August, 1880, an officer in the U. S. army holding the rank of brigadier-general, and who had also attained the rank of brevet major-general, U. S. volunteers, and who had been retired for permanent disability from wounds received in action.

War Department Special Order No. 180, embracing the dismissal, muster out and discharge of some nine officers of the 63rd.

* * * * *

It was a clean sweep. McC. reported to the regiment just in time to receive a copy of his discharge from the service. M. came up today—takes his dismissal very coolly, as did McC.—his discharge, 'making the best of a bad bargain.'

"Corts and I intended writing a respectably long letter to send with the War Department special order, but being busily engaged in our preparations for moving, having received orders to march at 2 P. M. Monday, we postponed writing until an opportunity offered when we were less crowded with business. The preparations for moving still continue and we are still under those marching orders. No one seems to be aware where we are going to or what we are going for. News tonight of Banks' glorious success in the discomfiture of the 'Rebs,' eight miles from Gordonsville. It is generally believed that 7,000 whipped 20,000. The opinion here is that our move depends much on the success of General Pope's command.

"We shall march with about 420 guns, probably more, as the number for duty is steadily increasing.

"Acting Assistant Surgeon Smith was transferred the other day by the medical director to the 40th New York Volunteers, but his place is very cleverly filled by a young assistant surgeon from Pennsylvania, Dr. N. C. McMorris¹. He appears to take quite an interest in his department, and improvements in the policing of his tent floors, especially the dirty office of our former doctors are plainly visible. I think you will like him. Don't know about his 'skedaddling' proclivities.

"In anticipation of the move through headquarters, Army of the Potomac, we have torn up the 'wedge tents,' making them into 'shelters.' Wall tents are allowed for the field and staff. Line officers must again use 'shelters.'

"'Old Came,' the brigade commissary, got so speculative the other day that he began to sell whiskey by the canteen full very indiscriminately. The consequence was that he had about half of Co's D and H in a state of mutiny, and quite a number of the 105th gloriously drunk. A sort of detective policy being used against the captain, some very excellent witnesses were discovered. General Robinson told Capt. Kirkwood that if he could get the slightest evidence against 'Came' of his having sold liquor to private soldiers, to prefer charges immediately. Capt. K. got the evidence and the charges went up on Tuesday.

"The 57th has been taken out of our brigade, I believe,

¹ Dr. Noble C. McMorris of Duncannon, Perry County, Pennsylvania, who served acceptably to the end of the regiment's term of service.

and placed with Berry's, and the command of the regiment given to the lieutenant colonel of the 99th, P. V., for the present.

"The express goods 'Sam' sent or was to send, from Baltimore, have not yet been received.

"Mowry tells me that the friends of Chester N. Clark and Hugh Gibbons of Company H have been anxiously inquiring their fate at Mr. McFadden's. Chester N. Clark was killed in the charge at Nelson's Farm, and his body left on the field. Hugh Gibbons was wounded in the right arm and taken prisoner in the same battle. Since released and returned to the regiment. His arm is much better, and he will soon be able for duty.¹

"Capt. Kirkwood wishes you to bring him a sash from Mr. J. B. McFadden's, with the price attached. Also a pair of common shoulder straps for a blouse.

"As Corts will write you, colonel, I guess I will leave something for him to say. Remember me to Mrs. Hays, and believe me most

"Respectfully,

"Billy."

These discharged officers were not up to Colonel Hays' ideal and he did not want them. He had no objection to any of them going to other commands. Not all were discharged, however, as two were dismissed. Alexander Hays' ideal of a soldier was a man in proper uniform, who did his duty at all times, and when that duty was to stand up and fight, he expected the soldier to stand up and fight, and there are today many thousands who believe, and it is current indeed, that such is the real type of a soldier. Some of the above officers were "persuaded" to resign. There was a like process of elimination going on in other regiments—a gradual weeding out of "incompetents" and those affected with what Colonel Hays facetiously calls "bullet sickness." Thereafter there were no dismissals in the 63rd and no bullet sickness.

ADJUTANT CORTS TO COLONEL HAYS

"Headquarters 63rd P. V., Camp Whitesell,

"Dear Colonel:

"August 14, 1862.

"'Billy'² wrote you last night, giving about all the news and the general condition of the regiment.

"I am happy to say we are regaining members and now make a very respectable appearance, mainly from the hospi-

¹ Both privates of Company H from Pittsburgh. Hugh Gibbons was mustered out with the regiment, though more desperately wounded in the Wilderness, where his colonel fell.

² "Billy" McGranahan, sergeant major.

tals, 24 returned prisoners from Richmond, nearly all for duty. The returned prisoners report anything but favorably of the condition of the 'Rebs' at Richmond. They are living on sour bread and water, and short rations at that. [I mean bread.] Orders, orders have been the order of the day since your departure, requiring the time of about two men to answer as fast as received. We made five different forms, the last I think stuck, but it was just about as near correct as if made by 'Pomp,' simply because it must be made to a certain form, which could not be done and be correct, but it was made.

"Drill is still imposed, morning and evening. The weather is extremely warm, the men suffer and I think are but little benefited by the drilling, but it is an order. Quite a revolution since you left. Nine officers have leave to report to the world, 'Othello's occupation gone.' The band mustered out and gone; good riddance. No music but bugles left us. The instruments we have had shipped per express to Messrs. McFadden.¹

"Still under marching orders; teams loaded with six days' rations. Do not know what it all means. I hope not a ske-daddle, but feel satisfied we are to cover the movement and then likely have a long tramp in prospect.

"Rodgers has written to Heighold that he is to have a court of inquiry. Hope he will get his wish.²

"We need a surgeon, and according to late laws are entitled to another assistant. Colonel Morgan instructed me to sell his horse. I did so, to Lieut.-Colonel Egan³ for a friend of his, at \$135, for horse, saddle and bridle, and I think him well disposed of.

"Considerable surprise and fun was caused among us a few days since on seeing in the papers a grandiloquent recommendation of one of the late captains in the 63rd [his 'ironside' regiment], to an appointment as lieutenant colonel of one of the new regiments. Very funny things do occur these war times. We are anxiously looking for 'Father Abraham's 300,000 more!'

"With the good wishes of all the officers and men for your speedy recovery and return, and regards to all friends, I am,

"Very truly your friend,
"George P. Corts."

Lieut.-Colonel Algernon S. M. Morgan was most terribly wounded at Fair Oaks and for years was a sufferer. He died March 10, 1914.

¹ Regimental bands were mustered out by general orders, War Department No. 151, August 9, 1862.

² One of the discharged officers.

³ Thomas W. Egan, brevet major-general at close of war, commanding a brigade in the Second Corps.

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Steamer Montreal, on the Potomac,

"August 24th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have been quite an extensive traveler since I left home. From Baltimore to Fortress Monroe, to Yorktown and back to the Fortress, and now en route for Washington to overtake the regiment. In a few hours more I hope to be among my boys again. I am very tired of the chase after them.

"I have had, however, a great satisfaction in meeting many of my old army acquaintances, who concede all honor to the 63rd, often however, asserting that the colonel had done the fighting. Generals Hancock and Brooks are on board.¹ Colonel Irvin, 49th Pennsylvania, with his regiment, also. The trip from the Fortress has been very pleasant.

"We military men have continuous discussions, and many surmises of what is to be done, but we agree upon no conclusions except that the army is to be reorganized, and much material and driftwood to be cut loose.

"I hope my friends will not forget me in the squabble for promotion. It is conceded on all hands that mine has been fairly won.

"I have never felt in better health or spirits, excepting that my arm does not improve, I could wish for nothing.

"I have lost no portion of my baggage so far.

"I left at Little's a blouse which I wish you would obtain and send forward. My new boots I will need as I find the old ones are hard to draw on. Also send my new pants, even without the gold cord.

"We are still for Little McClellan, and the people must not throw him overboard without cause. It is somewhat mortifying to return to Camp Johnston, but military necessity requires it.

"God bless you all, and kind love to our friends.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"When at Yorktown I picked up a little shell, enclosed for your collection. I could find nothing else except 'gimpsum weeds.'

"Arrived at Alexandria and find all troops forwarded towards Manassas. You will hear from me as often as possible. Again, God bless you all.

"A. H."

¹ Winfield S. Hancock, a classmate of Alexander Hays at West Point, and William T. H. Brooks of class 1841, Colonel Hays' "plebe" year.

ADJUTANT CORTS TO THE McFADDENS

"Camp of 63rd Regt., P. V. Near Warrenton Junct.,

"August 27th, 1862.

"My Friends:

"I am most happy to inform you of the arrival of our colonel, who joined us on Monday after having gone to Fortress Monroe and Yorktown to meet us. We were very glad to see him, more particularly in improved health. He is looking remarkably well. Complains of his right arm, otherwise is hearty. The regiment was perfectly delighted to have him back and cheered lustily. All well. I cannot possibly think of going home. At this time duty demands my presence with the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. The army is now being put in position and every indication is shown of vigorous work soon.

"I hope for a speedy closing of the war. We sent the instruments by express, and since then find the cymbals could be used to great advantage in our drum corps. You will be good enough to have sent to us as soon as possible, by express, if no other opportunity offers.

"The weather is delightful, and the country magnificent.

"McGranahan will write as soon as our desk comes up.

"Kind regards to all your family and friends, and assurance of my esteem to you, I am most truly,

"Your friend,

"George P. Corts, Adjt. 63rd P. V."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Brown's Hotel, Washington, D. C.,

"Sept. 2, 1862.¹

"My Dear Wife:

"After leaving home and as much search as Japhet had after a father, I found the 63rd Regiment on the 25th of August at Warrenton Junction of the Orange & Alexandria railroad in the rear of the Army of Virginia, there cannonading with the enemy on the Rappahannock, a few miles in advance.

"I found the regiment much in need of my 'moral suasion,' although in other respects in excellent health and spirits, they had just returned from a long and fatiguing reconnoissance. The vociferous cheers as company after company marched past me, was evidence that my return was welcome.

"Two exemplary specimens of refractory subjects put through 'rough shod,' brought the 63rd all right again—the ass knoweth his owner, and the ox his master's crib."

"The next evening I rode forward above five miles to

¹ It will be observed that the date of this letter is the day after Phil Kearney was killed at Chantilly, and that Colonel Hays had not yet received the intelligence of the death of his friend, whom Winfield Scott had years before characterized as the "most perfect soldier."

see General Kearney—I found him ‘much exercised’—‘in one of his crabbiest moods’—his servants had deserted and all his valuable baggage left behind at Alexandria—his reception of me was, however, extremely cordial, with an invitation to take supper—which I found consisted of coffee made and served in a blackened tin cup with hard bread to match, while his only servitor was, as the general himself expressed it, ‘a d—d miscellaneous migratory contraband, who had fallen in the way,’ but in whom he had no confidence.

“I returned late to camp, trusting to noble ‘Dan’ to find the way—early next morning we received orders to hold the 63rd Regiment ready to march, the enemy had pierced our lines and were actually depredating in our rear.

“With light hearts and light feet we tripped back to within four miles of Manassas Junction, synonymous with Bull Run, memorable for our eternal disgrace without cause except total incapacity and ignorance of high officials—if not a taint of treason.

“Here we were opposed by the enemy with artillery, and underwent some shelling by which the 63rd lost three men, one mortally and two severely wounded.

“Approaching to the front in support of a battery, a rocket or some other missile, burst just in front of my horse’s [Dan’s] breast. For an instant I thought he was gone, but he bounded over it like a deer and the fragments went whistling to the rear, entering the horse of our new surgeon across the crupper, inflicting a bad wound. Some wicked fighting was done upon our right and the enemy repulsed.¹

“We rested upon the field, but not until my regiment had occupied four different positions as outposts, but we were rewarded at last, about 11 o’clock, by a good position and unmolested, ‘slept the sleep of innocence and peace,’ known only to the profession.

“Next morning bright and early, the ‘field and staff’ breakfasted on good strong coffee, soft bread and spring chickens, and again took up the onward march.

“After a march of four miles we reached Manassas Junction and viewed the destruction made by the enemy on the preceding day and night. More than a mile in length along the railroad track was strewn with ruins of locomotives, cars and army stores—such devastation I never witnessed. Onward we moved towards Centreville, feeling for the enemy at all parts. Late at night we encamped among the old entrenchments of the Rebels and early next morning [29th] moved rapidly after them. In an hour’s march we found the enemy awaiting us and then began the stirring events which have thrilled the hearts of the whole North.

“I cannot detail all of what I saw and part of which I

¹ The colonel was not unhorsed, it will be noted, an example of his superb horsemanship.

was. About 4 o'clock P. M., after taking in the earlier day's doings, I was requested by General Kearney to give the enemy a 'taste' of the 63rd, several regiments of ours having been repulsed.

"I gave the order to forward with trailed arms, and the boys answered with a deafening cheer. We drove them before us like sheep until they took shelter behind the railroad.

"We received here the most terrible fire I have ever experienced, to which the 63rd replied as hotly. For some time we were unsupported, but my regiment never waived. I have telegraphed you of my situation. A large ball struck the main bone between the ankle and knee, not breaking, but perhaps splintering it, glancing off and breaking the smaller bones. The entrance hole is as large as a half dollar. I assure you I have a sore shin, but a quarter of an inch variation would have cost me my leg.

"All is excitement in this city, but the Rebels will be defeated and 'Little Mac.' will again become the nation's idol.¹

"Sitting in my little room on the fourth story, taking my tea and toast, the little teapot and the single cup recalled my old favorite, 'The Prisoner:'

'In his narrow cell at Chelsea
Sits a prisoner old and gray.'

and I wondered if my own lot might not be the same. But as I write and turn to look across the Potomac to the blue hills where tonight or tomorrow may be fought the bloodiest battle on record and be the triumph or disgrace of the North forevermore, I regret that I will not be among my old companions to cheer them on and again take my chances with them.

"If it had been permitted I would have preferred to defer my present disability.

"I gave the loss as nearly as possible by telegraph of the killed and wounded of the 63rd and 105th—it is terrible. Adjutant Corts is uninjured.²

"David Shields was not in the battle. I had given him permission to visit the young men lately enlisted at Sewickley for the artillery; he was unable to join the regiment afterwards, but is safe.

"My wound is painful and I must lie down to rest; besides if I write more, this will not go by mail.

Major Kirkwood was twice wounded—not dangerously I hope. Both my horses were shot.

"I will be with you as soon as able to travel. I receive kind attentions from many friends.

"God bless you and our dear little ones. Love to all.

"Alex."

¹ The colonel was not wholly a prophet.

² The 63rd lost 21 killed and 82 wounded, of less than 400 effectives [actually 357].

Colonel Hays was most severely wounded, though he tried to make light of it. Major Kirkwood was also severely wounded but recovered, and was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville and died June 28, 1863. He was fully up to the ideal of Alexander Hays' model soldier and everywhere mentioned in these letters, Kirkwood is high in his [colonel's] esteem.

When the following letter was published in the Pittsburgh Gazette, Colonel Alexander Hays was lying wounded in Washington. The mention of Colonel Hays and the prominent Pittsburgh soldiers is most pleasant, and justice has not suffered thereby. The writer is now unknown. Of the names mentioned, but one comes to mind as now borne by a living person—Ell Torrence of Minneapolis, Minn., past commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. A. McKinney Craig was killed at Fredericksburg within two months after the publication of the letter; Sergeant James Collard was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the 155th Regiment, but his wound proving most severe with the loss of his eye, was unable to serve; William McClurg was killed at South Mountain, and Lieut. Edward P. Darlington died of wounds received at the same place. A. P. Morrison was sergeant major of the Ninth Reserves, and all mentioned, members of the "Pittsburgh Rifles," Company A of that regiment, from whence the letter emanated.

FROM THE ARMY NEAR WASHINGTON

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter written by a gentleman of intelligence to a member of his family. It will be read with interest by all:

"Washington, Sept. 1, 1862.

"Dear ———:—I returned about one hour ago from Bull Run, where I have been looking after and endeavoring to assist our wounded. I have walked, since this time last evening, 35 miles—in from the neighborhood of the battlefield, and encamped on the ground, soldier fashion, last night, at Fairfax Station. I was wet to the skin by the most violent shower we have had since I have been here—but having rubbed myself thoroughly with bay rum and put on dry clothes and my wrapper and slippers, feel mighty good. As you may imagine I am not in a humor for much letter writing, or much of anything else excepting sleep. There are some things, however, of which I feel bound to write immediately—

to relieve, so far as I can, the anxiety of friends of those engaged in the late most bloody and fearful battles. The Pittsburgh Rifles had five wounded—James Collard, eye; E. Langdon, seriously; E. Frethy, not seriously; E. Torrens, not seriously; W. Scandret, not seriously. The balance are all safe, I know, excepting Lieut. Sowers.¹ of whose whereabouts I know not, nor does his company; but it is yet hoped that he may turn up. The first man I met, almost, at Centreville, was Sergeant Craig, who alarmed me by saying that up to that time [Sunday morning, 5 o'clock] but 15 of the company [Pittsburgh Rifles] had been mustered; but I had the pleasure in the evening of that day of seeing 32 men in line all of that company. I took by the hand Capt. Owston [by the way a brave and gallant officer], Will McClurg, Edward Darlington, Andy Morrison, and many others of my old friends in the company, who are all looking well and able to meet Secesh any time—and with anything like a fair show to meet him successfully. Tell all your friends in Pittsburgh they can still brag on the 'old Pennsylvania Reserves,' as I have the testimony of at least 50 wounded of those who fought beside them on the left wing, that they fought like heroes, as they always have fought from Drainesville to Bull Run No. 2. What I tell you in regard to the number of the Pittsburgh Rifles, gathered together in the 24 hours after the battle, I can say holds good of almost all the companies and regiments, as I know from my own observation—and when you hear persons say a regiment was cut to pieces, and have but 50 or 100 men—don't be in a hurry to believe it, as time will bring in many who have been detached, and lost their companies and regiments in the march from the front. If any one tells you the Army of Virginia is demoralized and not in a position to meet the enemy again—tell them I know it to be false, from actual observation, and tell them for their encouragement, that on my walk from Centreville, I met not less than 50,000 to 60,000 fresh reinforcements on the way to the scene of the late conflict—with at least 125 or 150 pieces of artillery—and these men not green troops, but the Peninsula veterans of Sumner, Franklin, etc.—From all I have seen in the last few days, I have concluded that I can await the conflict of Centreville [where the next battle is expected] with confidence as to the result. I am encouraged, and not at all disheartened, as many seem disposed to be.

"I just missed seeing Colonel Hays, who is among the wounded—having been shot in the leg during the action, I believe, of Saturday. I met a squad of his wounded, belonging, I think, to a McKeesport company, attached to his regiment, who declare that God never made a braver man than Alexander Hays, of the devoted 63rd Pennsylvania, and I believe it.

¹ Lieut. Sowers turned up safe and served out his enlistment.

"I saw Colonel Leasure of the 100th Pennsylvania, who was slightly wounded in the calf of the leg. He hopes to be able to return to the brigade he commands before many weeks. For the present his wound is so painful as to prevent him either riding on horseback or walking, otherwise he would remain with his brigade, as I assure you it is a great trial to him to be obliged to leave them at so critical a time as this."

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL ALEXANDER HAYS
SECOND BULL RUN

"Bivouac of the 63rd Regt., P. V., Near Battlefield,
"August 30, 1862.

"To the Assistant Adjutant General of the Brigade,

"General:

"I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers on yesterday, the 29th inst:

"Early in the morning moved from Centreville with the balance of the brigade—Robinson's first brigade, Kearney's division. Proceeding some five miles the regiment was formed in line of battle and moved forward across open fields and creek to woods, through which we deployed. Ordered to the support of brigade commanded by Colonel Poe, which occupied a front on the right of that to which we advanced. While in this position received a severe shelling from a battery of the enemy's on the left of Colonel Poe's command. We suffered a loss of one [1] man killed and two [2] wounded. After being ordered to a position on the right, still supporting Colonel Poe, the regiment was withdrawn and moved to the left. Rested in line of battle in edge of woods looking upon fields. After a lapse of about an hour General Kearney ordered Colonel Hays, with the 63rd Regiment and 105th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, to cross the field in front, deploy through the woods to left, and intercept bodies of the enemy who were annoying General Hooker's right flank. This was done and the regiment formed in line of battle at the 'railroad cut,' and rested. An error in some command on our left and a miscellaneous fire in our front, caused a slight confusion in the 63rd, and misinterpretation of an order issued just at that time by Colonel Hays. This was speedily remedied, and the regiment occupied its old position without disorder. Immediately after General Kearney ordered the 63rd, with the 20th Indiana and 105th Pennsylvania to proceed up the railroad cut and deploy to the left, 'give the enemy a fire and charge them,' and endeavor to drive them from their position on the railroad. In doing this we encountered a large force of the enemy coming down the railroad. Opening fire and advancing on them, a terrible conflict ensued, which lasted over an hour. Our loss being very great, as



General Hays' Headquarters, Winter 1863-4.

the enemy took a position on the opposite side of the railroad, concealed by the ground thrown from the railroad cut, they could not be driven from the front, and we were subsequently forced to retire, being almost out of ammunition, and our effective force being reduced to one-half the number we came upon the field with.

"G. P. Corts,
"Adjutant 63rd P. V."

"Enlisted men for duty, privates, 277; sergeants, 23; corporals, 33. Total, 333. Field and staff, 4; non-commissioned staff, 5. Total duty, 357."

In the "History of the 63rd Regiment" this comparison is to be found:

"The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava has been immortalized in song and story, but looking at it calmly, without any gildings of romance, the three charges of the 357 men of the 63rd Regiment against the entrenched line of the enemy, over 5,000 strong, at Second Bull Run, was every whit as desperate and daring. They, as well as Capt. Nolan's 600, knew it was a mistake, but—

'Their's not to reason why,
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to do and die.'

"And nobly they obeyed the orders that hurled them, a mere handful with no supports, against an overwhelming force, not once, but three times, and they never faltered once."¹

GENERALS BIRNEY, BERRY AND ROBINSON TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

"Camp of First Division, Third Corps,
"Near Alexandria, Va., Sept. 12, 1862.

"To His Excellency Abraham Lincoln,
"President of the United States:

"In consideration, and our appreciation of the gallant and meritorious conduct of Colonel Alexander Hays, commanding the 63rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, we, the undersigned officers of the First Division [lately commanded by the lamented Major General Kearney], Third Corps, would most respectfully recommend to your favorable notice Colonel Alexander Hays, as one most fit to receive the appointment and position of brigadier general.

"His record as a soldier is brilliant as that of any officer in the service, and the records of the late war with Mexico

¹ "Under the Red Patch," P. 151.

and promotions there and then awarded, together with his services in the present war, proving him a brave, judicious, gallant and worthy officer. Present at all the battles in which the division ['the fighting division'] was engaged from Fortress Monroe to Richmond, and badly wounded on the 29th ultimo., at Groveton, gallantly and bravely leading his regiment, which suffered severely on that day.

"Colonel Hays is a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and holds a captain's commission in the 16th U. S. Infantry.

[Signed]

"D. B. Birney, Brigadier General
"Commanding Division.

"H. G. Berry, Brigadier General
"Commanding Second Brigade.

"John C. Robinson, Brigadier General
"Commanding First Brigade."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO MRS HAYS

"Brown's Hotel, Washington, D. C.

"September 7th, 1862.

"Dearest Annie:

"I have just read yours of the 6th, and am very much gratified. You received a copy of my letter sent to Pittsburgh—intended for you.

"My wound has been intensely painful, although the worst is over and I may expect some peace hereafter.

"The slightest variation of the ball would have cost me my leg.

"I have George [my servant] with me, and any number of kind nurses and skillful surgeons—in fact I'm a lion. I want nothing except your company, and that I cannot have for a few days. As usual, cormorant citizens, who have been preying on our army, are stampeding for other parts, and all trains to Washington are crowded with troops, etc. The trip would be unpleasant at least, and things are very unsettled here. Remain in Philadelphia a few days and I think I will be able to join you at Harrisburg.

"There is not the least doubt as to the result of the next battle. With 'Little Mac,' the army is again very sanguine.

"Kirkwood is here with me, shot twice in the leg, but not so severely as mine. Love to Kate and regards to all the Horstmanns.

"Do not direct, except plainly to 'Brown's Hotel.'

"Very tired sitting up.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

ALEXANDER HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Brown's Hotel, Washington, D. C.,

"September 8th, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"I have not been able to write as I wished. My wound has been very painful, and the position required for ease is not the most favorable for writing. It is now 10 days since I was 'put to bed,' and you can imagine how agreeably the time has passed. Kirkwood is getting along quite comfortably and suffers but little. I fear my one shot is worse than his two, but either is bad enough.

"I wrote to Annie to remain in Philadelphia. It would not do for her to come on until affairs are more settled. I think I will be able to travel in another week, at least as soon as I am able, I will start for home.

"I have good attendants, George¹ is with me, besides lady nurses and visiting doctors and friends by scores.

"Are the enemies of 'Little Mac' satisfied? If not, they should come to see the enthusiasm of our army, and the confidence it has inspired into even the craven hounds who attempted to defame him.

"Hurrah for Mac!²

"Love to mother, Rachel and 'Mag,' and to all at home.

"I send you a list of killed and wounded, retain me a copy, and have it published.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

THE REWARD OF VALOR.³

"War Department, Washington, Sept. 29, 1862.

"Sir:

"You are hereby informed that the President of the United States has appointed you, for meritorious services at the battle of Fair Oaks, a brigadier general of volunteers, in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the 29th day of September, 1862.

"Should the Senate, at their next session, advise and consent thereto, you will be commissioned accordingly.

"Immediately on receipt hereof, please to communicate to this department through the adjutant general of the army, your acceptance or non-acceptance; and with your letter of

¹ George, his colored servant.

² Loyalty to McClellan—very strong evidence, if anything else were wanted, to show Alexander Hays' feelings toward George B. McClellan.

³ Official order, War Department, September 29th.

acceptance, return the oath herewith enclosed, properly filled up, subscribed and attested, and report your age, birthplace, and the state of which you were a permanent resident.

"You will report for duty to General Heintzelman.¹

"Edwin M. Stanton,

"Secretary of War."

"Brigadier General Alexander Hays,

"U. S. Volunteers."

Brigadier General Alexander Hays was assigned by his old commander to the command of the Third Brigade of Casey's division. All the troops around Washington had been organized into a corps, later numbered the Twenty-second, with General Heintzelman commanding the corps, and the services of General Hays in that corps will form another chapter.

THE USUAL ORDER IN SUCH CASES

"Headquarters Military District of Washington,

"Washington, D. C., Sept. 15, 1862.

"SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 191.

EXTRACT

"15. Leave of absence for 20 days is hereby granted Colonel A. Hays, 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

"By Command of Brigadier General Wadsworth,

"John P. Shelborne, Asst. Adjt. Gen'l."

¹ General Heintzelman had been placed in command of the forces at the Capitol, September 9, 1862.

CHAPTER XIV.

HAYS' BRIGADE, TWENTY-SECOND CORPS

BY VIRTUE of the leave of absence of date, September 15, 1862, for 20 days, Colonel Hays returned to his home, Linton, near Pittsburgh. He was badly crippled and on crutches, which he did not discard until late in the winter. His reception in loyal Pittsburgh was an ovation which up to that date had been tendered to few, for the city was welcoming a commander fresh from a continuation of stirring events, successful battles, and disheartening ones, too, in which Alexander Hays and his fighting 63rd Regiment had distinguished themselves and he came home only because of a desperate and disabling wound. Newspaper files of those days have much to say of Alexander Hays. They had more to say later.

This furlough explains the seeming hiatus in the continuity of his letters, as can be inferred from the dates. His wound healing slowly, the colonel's leave was several times extended, as it was plainly apparent he was incapacitated for active duty either in camp or field. The colonel left his home early in November and made his first stop in Philadelphia, enroute to Washington. He visited his son, Alden, at the institution for the blind in that city, and was a guest of the Horstmanns, who admired him greatly. Colonel Hays' first letter home is most fatherly and his meeting with his dear son who could never see him again was most pathetic, and alone would prove the affectionate nature and tender heart of Alexander Hays, a soldier by education, fresh from the battle line and scenes of carnage. The well-known couplet involuntarily comes to mind:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Colonel Hays has stated that he has provided himself with writing material and that he will write—and he does—he writes his heart and its longings, he writes the happenings

in Washington, the news and the gossip of the capitol and the camps, the spicy bits of information that leak through from the front, learned in personal touch with many coming and going all the time.

The letters are generally explicit, but to this generation wherever the sense is obscure the editors have endeavored to enlighten, by specific information whenever it could be obtained.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Philadelphia, November 11, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"You will be surprised to find me still here. The weather, until today [or rather the weather and streets], has been so unfavorable, that I have remained generally within doors. Each day Alden¹ came down to see me, and spend the day. Independent of the satisfaction of seeing so well, and improving, it has been worth all my time, and expense, to see him eat pies. His general bill of fare has been roast turkey, oyster pie and sweet potatoes, topped off with pumpkin custard and ice cream.

"He says he does not suffer from 'home-sickness' since the first attack, and has suffered from 'headache' but the one day, when we were here. He is terribly amusing, in his description of the doings at the Institute. The boys will steal, and he has lost his knife. I gave him some money and he bought a box of paints—I suppose a speculation. I think he is a good boy, and has a tender heart, only excelled by Martha.

"My sword will require ten days to put in order, and will be sent me by express.

"This evening Mr. Franklin sent up for me a splendid belt, at the moderate price of \$60.00. I thought of several other pressing needs and could not go it. I sent it back, with the request of 'a man of moderate means.'

"I cannot speak too highly of the kindness of the Horstmanns—most especially William. He has treated me like a prince, and I shall not soon forget it.

"Dear Alden left me this evening, deeply affected, yet he bore himself like a man. We have had many interesting conversations and he will write to me, as I shall most certainly to him. I bought, among other things, a case which will carry a full apartment of writing materials; so look for letters. I expect several at Washington.

¹ Alden F. Hays, the general's blind son, then in attendance at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind in Philadelphia.

"I leave tonight at 11 o'clock. Love to and God bless you all.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

"P. S.—Tell J. B. McF. & Co.¹ to send my horse covers to Washington by express."

Horstmann Brothers were manufacturers of military goods in Philadelphia and were famous during the war. John B. McFadden & Son [John B. and James B., his son], represented the Horstmann firm in their Pittsburgh jewelry store on Market street near Fifth avenue. The families were most intimate socially, General and Mrs. Hays always being guests of the Horstmanns while in Philadelphia. Immediately after the death of General Hays, Mr. Sigmund Horstmann presented to Mrs. Hays the residence and five acres of ground adjoining the property of the Harmony Society on Big Sewickley Creek, near the town of Sewickley, the place being named Fair Oaks, in honor of the general's promotion following that battle. William and Sigmund Horstmann were the two brothers composing the firm.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, November 16 [Sunday], 1862.

"Dear Annie:

"I have spent a long and tedious Sunday. Went to the Catholic Church to hear the grand music, but was [as usual] too late. Have received your kind letters, and written several home to you, in which I supposed I have answered any possible inquiry. I told you all about Alden, and the Philadelphia people, that I thought might interest you. In Philadelphia I abandoned the use of one crutch, after arriving here I laid aside the other, substituting a cane.

²"I limp perceptibly, perhaps interestingly, but am progressing finely. Reported myself, and was received flatteringly by the secretary of war. Saw General Heintzelman, and many others. Halleck has been absent in the front towards the enemy, so that I have received no orders. I believe I will be detailed for duty near or in Washington. I have delayed to write for a day, or two, that I might announce my settlement. I expect to hear it tomorrow.

¹ J. B. McF. & Co.—John B. McFadden & Son, the general's father-in-law and brother-in-law, jewelers in Pittsburgh.

² The general never entirely recovered from the limp, being slightly lame at the time of his death.

"Yesterday was made joyous by the arrival of Henry¹ and 'Pomp,' with 'Dan' and 'Leet.' They are still in Alexandria, but come over tomorrow. I expect 'Dave' Shields any day, Corts also. I have had numerous applications for positions on my staff, and am well pleased to be able to say all filled.

"I cannot fill pages with all I think, and all I know; trust nothing now, as I did 16 years ago, to imagination, and will only announce things as they occur. Received a letter [inclosing a lady], from your father. Procured the lady [Mrs. Parker], a pass, furnished her with all the good advice I could, and sent her off rejoicing. Only cost me \$1.50, including the time of half a day, spent in her service. She is a very clever lady, and it gives me pleasure to wait upon such, but there are now in the 63rd nearly 600 men, and each one of them has a wife, mother or sister, who have equal claims upon my time and purse, and by 'the single rule of three' I will be required to devote about one year of my time and \$900 to their services.

"I sent you a draft on New York for \$200 enclosed. I am promised postoffice currency for \$50, which I will also send as soon as I receive it. With reduction and taxation my present pay as brigadier will not much exceed the old pay of colonel.

"I will call upon Mrs. Stanton tomorrow, as well as the other high authorities, and will write to let you know.

* * * * *

"I never have been in better health, my eye improves daily, and I notice but little difference. My sore ankle now itches to put the foot in the stirrup, to mount 'Dan,' and be once more 'a boy again.' Love to all the dear ones at home. Tell mother, if she has them, I will be obliged if she will send me two or three more of ² Patrick's photographs, as the demand of his old friends has robbed me of the two I had.

"I will have my picture taken as soon as I can stand up square.

"I send you two of poor unfortunate Kearney. I will write to you tomorrow, and will answer your father's letter in detail.

"Love again to all and God bless you.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

¹ Henry Stafford, the general's body servant, a most faithful and courageous servant. "Pomp" was Corts' colored servant, and "Dan" and "Leet" the general's horses.

² Lieut. Patrick Alden Farrelly, U. S. A., deceased, step-brother of Mrs. Hays. Vide Appendix B.

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Washington, November 19, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"I received yours of the 11th, but delayed answering in daily expectation of being able to announce something definite of my disposal by the department.

"I called upon the secretary of war, the adjutant general and General Halleck, and in all cases was not only courteously, but cordially received. Was told by Halleck's adjutant general that my case had been anticipated and that I would be assigned to a position at Washington, suitable to my disabled condition. Which is interpreted, either in the provost marshal's office, or on a general courtmartial, as there are many cases to be tried, including General Fitz John Porter.

"It is irksome to wait, but I must do so patiently.

"In the case of the removal of General McClellan, I think there was more excitement on account of the peculiar time, when the people were anticipating a battle. Personally, I felt no apprehension, for I have great confidence in Burnside, and so long as the army was not affected in its morale it made little difference what the 'dear people' might think. As a political act, it was most unfortunate for the party in power, giving to the Democratic party occasion to howl, and furnishing an available man to present to the people as its new head. I think McClellan never entertained a political aspiration, yet I think he will hereafter be a Conscript Democrat.

"It requires very long letters to carry on a correspondence in which all the elements of governmental administration are introduced, and, to tell the truth, I do not like them. If Burnside is successful [and I pray God he may be], it will prove one of my darling theories—opposed to the one-man principle. It would not be complimentary to us as a nation that we possessed only one man capable of directing its destinies.

"I received your consignment of the case of Mrs. Parker; she seems to be a very clever woman. I have done all in my power, but she has informed me that the surgeons have decided against discharging her husband. I called also in the case of young Patton, and found he had left the hospital on the eighth inst. and perhaps is home. I will also endeavor to find Baldwin, your own correspondent.

* * * * *

"I have mentioned to Annie the arrest, and subsequent capture by the enemy of Corts and Gray¹ of the 63rd. The

¹ Officers of the 63rd Regiment. Capt. Corts was under arrest for creating a disturbance in camp when Mosby's men captured him, taking him to Richmond, giving him a horse en route and treating him with deference. He was released under exchange in a few weeks, but resigned from the regiment. Later as the letters show, he was appointed on the staff of Brigadier-General Alexander Hays.

arrest was without doubt, suggested to General Robinson, through envy of me, and most likely imprudent remarks of the prisoners. Say to their friends that no apprehension need be felt for their safety. I still claim Corts on my staff.

"Shields is on his road to join me, and I will send him home to equip as soon as he arrives. My horses and negroes are safe, as Corts sent them down the day before his capture. All I lose in property is a fine mule.

"As matters of interest occur, I will write. Love to all at home.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alex Hays."

The general's prophecy of McClellan's political future and his truthful statements of fact, seem to have been most far-sighted. Burnside, of whom much was expected, seems at first to have favor in Alexander Hays' estimation, though Burnside of the class of 1847 at West Point, was but a 'plebe' during Alexander Hays' last year and saw but little service in Mexico. In later letters, General Hays has more to say of Burnside.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, November 26, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have received and sent in return a number of letters to you and others, and regret that so many complaints are registered against me. I promise, however, to do nothing else than write, provided I can find enough for subjects.

"So far, it has been the most uninteresting time I ever spent in this city. Everybody appears to have a claim upon my time, and patience. I have just finished a series of letters, the last for Rev. Dr. Marks,¹ in which I am expected to please each, and go by dictation.

"Corts is here safe, although resigned, and a prisoner under arrest. David Shields is also with me, and well. Corts has telegraphed for us, and unless I close this will be too late for today's mail. I am expecting instructions any hour, and when I receive the first intimation. Tomorrow I go to private lodgings with Colonel Oliphant.² I am in good health, improving in my wound, and almost perfect in my eyesight.

"If I am assigned to duty here, you will receive orders to join my staff, then we can talk, and you can write all the

¹ The chaplain of the 63rd Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

² Lieut.-Colonel S. D. Oliphant, 8th Pennsylvania Reserves, whose home was in Uniontown.

time. In a day or two I will make another remittance and send the currency if possible.

"If I can obtain leave of absence for him, 'Dave' will go home in a day or two.

"Love to and God bless you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, November 30, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I have the pleasure of announcing my settlement in private quarters. My fellow lodgers are Paymasters Webb and Newell, Colonel Oliphant and Major Leech. In another part of the building General Ward Burnett has his rooms. Our landlord, his lady, and an ugly little dog, all at one time, were in the service of Jeff Davis, and they are all 'sesesh,' even unto the dog, whose attempt to bite me I consider not only an evidence of the remarkable instinct of the animal, but a satisfactory evidence of my devotion to the Union.

"Our rooms are one, very large, fronting on Thirteenth street, handsomely furnished, and a good-sized bedroom adjoining. Our boarding house is next door. Altogether a great improvement on hotel boarding, both as to cost and comfort. We are but a short distance from the avenue, and Willard's, where we can go to shoot buttons, when we please.

"I am sorry for Oliphant,¹ he has just returned from a consultation on his case, and is much discouraged. We try to cheer him up, but it is very difficult. My own afflictions [trials, of course], are fast disappearing. I read as I write, almost as well with one eye, as the other.

"By the way, speaking of eyes, I want you to send me Dr. Hays' prescription. Corts' negro, 'Pomp,' was losing both eyes, when I took his case in hand; he is now much improved, but my supply of medicine is nearly exhausted.

"Everybody, including congressmen and their wives, are expected to be here tomorrow, and Washington will be a perfect Babel, if some competent person does not look after it. It is generally believed that I am to be honored, with the charge of its morals and politics. So far, I have received no official intimation, but if the powers so decide, although I do not deserve it, I will do my duty faithfully and conscientiously, and then woe to the wicked, and the man with a traitorous tongue.

"I have reported almost daily at the department, and been very pleasantly informed that there is no call for cripples, but that a place was already selected for me, appropriate to my disabilities. I will go tomorrow to demand my place.

¹ Oliphant resigned December 29, 1862.

"I have procured a boot which laces up leg, and find it adds much to comfort and strength. A limp is only very perceptible now when I am required to go up and down stairs.

"I intended to ride 'Leet' today, but concluded to write instead. 'Dan' has become outrageous for want of a good rider. Corts and 'Dave' Shields are now out with them, and will have a merry ride.

"I have gone out but little, excepting up to the War Office, and have several calls to make on Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Brady Wilkins,¹ after which I intend to enclose myself in the shell of my official duties, whatever they may be, until I am enabled to pay my devotions to the woman I love most. If I am stationed here, you will receive orders to join. I believe I am reported to be one of the most loyal men in the country, but my allegiance to it is not more sincere than that I owe to you. You all complain I do not write more. I never could write when the subject was nothing, and I have had no other theme since I came here. I will not write politics.

"I enclose a draft on New York for \$100 and will send in another envelope such amount of postage currency as I can procure. There is no money to be had from paymasters, and such as I receive is from personal favor. Many of my friends have been entirely destitute, and to them I have spared what I possibly could. I do most sincerely pity the families of soldiers who are in actual want, as no pay has been allowed for nearly six months.²

"I will now write punctually twice a week, on Sunday and Wednesday. Will that please you, and will you do as well for me?

"Photographs will be furnished as soon as sword and belt arrive.

"Sincerest love to mother and Rachel and to all the dear little Hayses. Kind regards to everybody.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, December 13th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"Lieut. Gross has just called, and announces his leave at 3 o'clock. I therefore write, as he promises to deliver this in person. It is more than a week since I received a letter from you, although 'Dave' Shields has called regularly at Brown's Hotel. Colonel Oliphant received his first word from

¹ Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Wilkins, Pittsburgh friends of well-known families.

² Generous to a fault, the general gave to all who asked of him, officer or private, many times to his discomfort and sacrifice. Ingratitude followed these loans on several occasions. This subject recurs in subsequent letters.

home for the past 10 days this morning. So I have had company; but why have I not heard?

"I have suffered intensely from bilious colic, the severest attack I ever had, and have not been able to write. My stomach is still so sore from the application of mustard that I suffer in bending over the table, but otherwise I am relieved and will be as well as ever in a day or two.

"I have suffered from want of exercise, and become very bilious. Once or twice I have been able to ride out, and hoped to feel improved, but I was taken before it had effect. Tomorrow I commence my rides again.

"With the exception I have mentioned, my health has been good, my leg improves, is healed, but my foot is quite stiff, and will be for some time. The great difficulty I experience is getting up and down stairs.

"Gross waits for this letter and will see you and another will follow, more at length, tomorrow. [Sunday.]

"Direct to No. 442 Thirteenth street, or to Washington, as we send to the postoffice every day.

"God bless you, and love to you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Dear Wife:

"Washington, December 14, 1862.

"I wrote yesterday by Lieut. Gross,¹ with a promise to write again today. Since then I have seen Bagaley, who reports that all are well, but that I have failed to hear from home, in consequence of a species of retaliation decreed against me, for a supposed belief of my failure to write oftener. Is this so?

"I feel better than for many days past, and intended to have written a long letter, but I have not now the material, interrupted as I am by the roar of artillery at Fredericksburg. Yesterday the loss on our side was fearful, although we were successful. This day perhaps it will be greater. Many of my acquaintances are maimed or killed, or wounded, and they must be replaced, to make the good work successful. I anticipate orders each day, but will write daily to keep you informed. In the meantime you can write to me at Washington City, with a certainty of receipt, as an orderly calls, as he has called, daily, for the past 10 days, for letters for me.

"My warmest love to mother, Rachel and Margaret. If my love for you and our children is not understood, without daily expression, you shall have it so—sincerely, deeply and devotedly. Regards to all friends.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

¹ Lieut. Emanuel Gross of Pittsburgh, later captain Company D, 63rd Regiment, and Bagaley was lieutenant of Company K, same regiment, discharged for wounds received at Malvern Hill.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, December 15, 1862.

"Dear Annie:

"According to promise I write again today, notwithstanding I have heard nothing from you except a verbal message that you are all well.

"The city is full of rumors and excitement. The first information I received this morning was that 'the 63rd' had been 'cut to pieces' and that 200 or 300 wounded had arrived by boat. I sent Lieut. Shields at once to the wharf to ascertain particulars from the arrivals. He found it was the '63rd' New York. I was much relieved, for all said it was my boys who had been slaughtered. At all events it proves the number 63 a magic number: 63rd Pennsylvania, 63rd Ohio, and 63rd New York.

"All last night the avenue was thronging with ambulances, bearing the wounded from the boats to the hospitals.

"Today a doubt pervades the Department that we may not have force enough to carry the enemy's second line of entrenchment. Other troops are being forwarded as rapidly as possible, and I would not be surprised to see all the available force around the capitol ordered forward.

"So far, we have beaten the Rebels badly, but at an awful sacrifice. The bones of contention, Washington and Richmond, may perhaps be fought for, at a distance from either.

"I have so far received no orders, but it cannot be long before I am called upon to take my part. The loss in generals is unprecedented. In anticipation, I regret that I will be required to take the field so unprovided, as I have neither saddles, mess chest, or horse covers, without purchasing such as I can.

"'Dave' Shields, in his new uniform, looks the dashing brave soldier and is anxious for 'something to turn up.' T. Rustin Kennedy, who will also be an aide, is on hand, and more demurely than 'Dave,' is ready for action. Kennedy is from Meadville, and you may apprise my friends that our staff will be strictly O. S. [Old School] Presbyterian.

"Capt. John Leech¹ will be the bearer of this, and will see your father, and perhaps you. I do not know that I have much more to say, certainly not that which you profess to like to have said to you, until I heard from yourself. I will write at least each other day, until I am definitely settled.

"Love to all and God bless you and the children—love to each by name.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

¹ A Pittsburgher—not a military man. One of the firm of Leech & Co., famous canal shippers in Pittsburgh, who resided next door to John B. McFadden.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, December 17, 1862.

"Dear Annie:

"I have just received yours, commencing on the 10th and ending on the 14th. As it is 10 days since I heard from you, you know how acceptable it was.

"I am nevertheless much surprised at your complaint of the 10th, no letter! As this is the fourth day, successively, which I have written to you. Those letters explained why I had omitted to write, for some days previous. From the necessity of exercise, I suppose, I became very bilious, and the consequence was an attack of colic, more serious, and painful, than I have ever before experienced. I suffered intensely, and feared serious consequences. My breast and stomach were raw from applications of mustard plasters, and I could not write. Even in my suffering I wrote briefly to explain, and then I received a letter from you, upbraiding me for my neglect, which was far more painful than what I suffered in body.

"Have I ever indicated, in the slightest degree, a want of confidence in you? and why do you so write to me? I cannot explain everything in letters. The amount of money I sent you was much less than I desired, but all my friends were destitute here, and I could not refuse to spare to them. I have lent over \$200, the most of which will be returned, a portion, never, and I do not expect it.

"To ——— alone, I have advanced over \$100. The amount has transformed him, in appearance, from an ill-dressed soldier to a spruce aide. My own expenses are unavoidably heavy. But I will explain finances no further.

"I am very weary of Washington. Even brigadier generals here are 'small potatoes.' I only await confirmation by the Senate, an assignment to duty. I see numerous celebrities every day [when I am out]. Last night I went to Cowan's¹ and I believe he is my friend.

"The repulse of Burnside has created a great sensation in the city, and Little Mack's friends are jubilant. Political factions are fuming, too bitter for the interests of our country, and how it will settle, God only knows.

"I enclose a notice of the death of Holsinger.² If I can do any thing for his friends, let them say so. I also enclose a note from young Scott, which will ensure the plugging of somebody's tooth.

"Love to all, mother, Rachel, Margaret, and all the little

¹ Honorable Edgar Cowan of Greensburg, United States senator from Pennsylvania.

² Holsinger and Scott, Pittsburgh soldiers. There were four Scotts in the 63rd Regiment at this time. The reference is obscure. It contains one of the colonel's peculiar metaphors.

ones. Tomorrow I hope to receive another letter from you, full of old love and confidence.

"I will send to Alden, for Christmas, two or three dollars in postage currency. I will also send to you [if possible] in the same, a greater amount, in time.

"I am glad to have my saddle, etc. sent, as I may need them any hour.

"I will telegraph, if occasion requires.

"Our pictures were taken today. I think they will be good.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, December 25, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I will endeavor to put in a portion of this tedious Christmas by writing to you. I owe Agnes a letter, and will write to her today or tomorrow. I was very much gratified to receive such an evidence of her improvement in writing, and remembrance of me.

"If I could possibly I would have gone home for a few days, but I think my services will be called upon, and I wish to be on hand. There is a probability that I will be assigned to our old brigade. It is the prayer of all the men and officers, and I think I will find more devotion to me there than any other place.

"This morning I rode to Georgetown to see Capt. [Dr.] Boisol.¹ He is terribly wounded, but is better, and there is good hope of his recovery. His wife, father, mother and little 'Joe' are with him. I go frequently to the hospitals, although it is no pleasure, except when I can afford some relief. The disaster at Fredericksburg has been more extensive than is believed. Eleven thousand of our friends killed and wounded, and no advantage gained. It is a sad Christmas to many families.

"I find that I cannot endure much fatigue. This morning's ride has used me up, more than an ordinary day's work, but I suppose a little practice will put me all right. 'Dan' is terrible in spirit and vigor; like unto Job's war horse, 'his neck is clothed with thunder.' He appears to appreciate his new trappings, and if he could have heard, as I did as we passed up the avenue, the expressions of commendation, he would have been a proud horse.

"In our house [442 Thirteenth street] we have quite a hospital. A New Jersey colonel, shot through the head;

¹ Doctor Daniel Boisol of Allegheny, captain of Company G, 123rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, wounded at Fredericksburg, who died of his wounds December 27, 1862.

Colonel Dick Coulter,¹ shot severely in the side, and his lieutenant colonel, with the back of his head shot away. Colonel Oliphant is deaf, and I am lame. Our visitors come up on crutches, and often present a sad scene.

"God help us, when will this infernal war cease. But it requires stout hearts to carry it on. I am still 'full of hope' and trust in the justice of our cause.

"In a day or two I will draw and send you a remittance. I am now reduced to the exact amount of 10 cents, which will serve to purchase three postage stamps, which I intend to use this day.

"I received the fancy handkerchiefs from Miss Rebecca, and will write an acknowledgment, although I am afraid to use them. Dave is well and contented. I must say that the lady who reported Lieut. Kennedy, has not the truth in her, as the report is false. It has given me much pleasure to have Kennedy speak so pleasantly of his visit to you. I almost saw you myself as he described you.

"God bless you, how I love you, but I have some to share with others, and give love to all.

"I will write regularly, of course, when possible.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Washington, December 26, 1862.

"Dear Sir:

"The most gloomy Christmas I have ever passed is over, and in anticipation of Colonel Oliphant's departure for home, I will give one letter, as an installment on many I owe you. Such time as I have been able to give, since the terribly disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, I spend in visiting wounded friends.

"Yesterday morning I ordered the horses, and in company with his brother-in-law, I visited Dr. Boisol at Georgetown. The doctor's wound is dangerously severe, and he will, I believe, live.

"His father, mother and wife are with him, and he has

¹ Richard Coulter of Greensburg, colonel of the 11th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, wounded at Fredericksburg. The reference to the lieutenant-colonel is not clear as Thomas S. Martin of that grade had been killed at Second Bull Run and Henry A. Frink, who succeeded to the position, was badly wounded in the same battle and had not yet reported for duty. Capt. John B. McGrew, however, of Company G, 11th Regiment, an Allegheny County company, was wounded at Fredericksburg and may have been acting in that capacity. The New Jersey colonel was probably Moses N. Wiswell, 28th New Jersey Regiment of Kimball's brigade, French's division, Second Corps, though Colonel William B. Hart of the 4th New Jersey was also wounded, both at Fredericksburg.

every attention. Although much fatigued by 'Dan's' restiveness, on our return to the city we went to see Colonel 'Charley' Campbell, who had arrived at the Kirkwood House. We found him, with his arm and side shattered by three balls. His pluck is good, and he, too, I believe, will recover, in a long time. He is, I believe, on the list of brigadiers.¹

"At his request I wrote to Mrs. Campbell, and have promised to write again today. Colonel Coulter will probably leave by easy stages, for home, this evening. That will leave remaining in our hospital no other patients than the New Jersey colonel, shot through the head, and myself.

"I had hoped to have been again in the field, and the prospect is now, that I will be assigned to my 'old brigade.' I cannot be deaf to the appeals I receive from all grades to come back to them. My application is made, and I think, will be granted.

"Although hardly yet fit for rough field service, I will request it. The wound in my leg has healed, but I find myself too easily fatigued, which I ascribe more to the debilitating influence of the Peninsular swamps, and which a more active life will soon dissipate. We are 'sulky, sullen, sour,' over the affair at Fredericksburg, and though all concede the greatest gallantry to our troops, we find that the disgrace must be 'wiped out.' Burnside has still the confidence of the army, and the opposition of McClellanism is very weak. Time will show who is the soldier to lead us. Holsinger came on, and procured the body of his boy. Hundreds, I may say thousands, are here, in search of relatives.

"Boisol, it is feared, is sinking, and cannot last but a few days.

"I send you a note book of old Benjamin Harrison—date 1773. I think you will find something of interest in it.

"I will write to Annie tomorrow, and if the paymaster has any funds, will send her a remittance. I have loaned almost everything except my clothes to those in want.

"When I am assigned I will try to give Lieut. Shields a short leave. As it is, he appears well pleased with his change from a knapsack to comfortable quarters.

"I will write nothing more at present, but when I am settled you will find a more punctual correspondent.

"Love to all at home.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

¹ Charles T. Campbell, colonel of the 57th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, wounded at Fredericksburg, a most gallant soldier, who had been commissioned brigadier-general November 29, 1862, and for whom General Hays had a sincere regard which was reciprocated.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"December 28, 1862.

"Dear Annie:

"I have returned from my samaritan tour of the hospitals. I left Capt. Boisol dying. Around him were his wife, mother, father, and little 'Joe.' I would rather fight a battle than witness such a scene. The poor old father and mother, submissive; the wife, broken down from her incessant watch and anxiety, could not control herself. She has proved herself a much nobler woman than we were willing to believe, and I hope she will get credit for it at home. But the most affecting of all was the actions of little 'Joe.' Shedding tears, like a man, he stood by his father's bedside alternately kissing his forehead, stroking back his hair to look into his closing eyes, and wiping the cold sweat of death from his brow. Why should death distress others more than the one who dies? Poor Boisol's sufferings have been dreadful. Shot through the bladder, he has died by inches, for 15 days.

"I have now just returned from the bed of Brigadier-General 'Charley' Campbell. He is wounded very severely in three places, one arm shattered from the wrist to the elbow, another ball through the same arm, and another ball through the side, cutting his liver. He is getting along well, and no apprehension is felt for his life, although he may yet lose his right arm.

"I have given you enough, though not a tithe of the 'horrors of war,' which I see every day. Thank God, it is not at our own doors.

"I did not burn your letters at once, but kept them securely, and am now reviewing them. They are dated December 17th, 18th, and 20th. On the 18th I am pronounced 'the best man in the world' on account of four letters received, and on the 20th I am scolded for not writing. That reminds me of a story I have told you, and I conclude you require me to write 'all the time!' I have answered the 20th and did not write by Kennedy, as he left unexpectedly. I wrote to your father by Colonel Oliphant, and now owe nobody at home except Agnes, and she shall have one today if I can write in time for this day's mail. I did not succeed in getting my postage currency until yesterday, and very little then, but I have sent to Alden \$2.50 for New Years.

"I omitted to acknowledge dear little Martha's Christmas gift, for which neglect I am sorry, but it will do now. It is very pretty and most acceptable. Her letter is short, but most expressive, and implies to me a volume, for I know it comes from her heart.

"The family pictures, excepting the unsupplied ones, are

ranged upon the mantel of my bedroom. I miss 'Jim,' and somebody has appropriated Rachel.¹

"I sent you a few pictures, only three as specimens, but as I have no letters since the 20th, have not heard of them. I had a dozen, but my friends stole the rest. How do you like them, especially about the legs. The legs require explanation, as the picture is supposed to be taken in the field [all except that curtain in the background], I have just dismounted, and those pants are supposed to be riding pants.

"I do not like them, but will have all taken over. Send on your orders. By the way, I did not receive yours of the latest, one of those side views. I am asked so many questions about your personal appearance, that I must have a counterfeit presentment or no one will believe me, although 'Rus' Kennedy reports that you are the youngest and best looking woman he saw in P. [Pittsburgh.]

"I like to have questions asked, to elicit acknowledgment from me of how much I love you, and would I be pleased to see you? 'Dinna ask me, ask it 'o yoursel.'

"I have promised Mrs. Boisol to return to the hospital and bring 'Charley' Swartz.

"God bless you all, and love to all by name.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

No more touching example of General Hays' tender heart is furnished in any of his letters than his most pathetic account of the last hours of his dead friend, Capt. Boisol. Up to that time, General Hays must have seen many hundreds die and his own death was to be most merciful in comparison.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, December 29th, 1862.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote yesterday a very long letter, and as I have written several since I received your last, of the 20th, I intend to cease firing, until I hear from you. This will be exclusively on business.

"I have been again to Georgetown this morning, and found Dr. Boisol dead; died at 12 o'clock last night. Found his wife in great distress, as the father and mother claim to have the corpse sent to Allegheny, while the wife claims it for Philadelphia, which is to be hereafter her home with 'Joe,' I decided in favor of the wife, for I believe a wife alone is entitled to her husband, dead or alive.

¹ The general's children—Martha [Mrs. Robert A. Black]; Rachel [Mrs. John S. Sullivan], and "Jim," his youngest child. An added evidence of the great family affection of the general.

"General Campbell¹ is improving, and I have written for his wife.

"Although still weak, and nervous, after my ride on 'Dan,' I feel better than at any time since I left home. The exercise I have taken although at first very fatiguing, is having a good effect and I will continue it. No pay can be had from paymasters, as a general thing, but Major Newell has promised to raise me something if possible, but too late for this day's mail. You shall have a portion, although I am dead broke.

"Ask James² to send me the receipt from Adams Express for my mess chest, if it has not been received, and please send me, as you have promised, the Dr. Hays prescription, unless you wish me to lose my eye.

"Expect no more until I hear from you, but God bless you and give love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, January 3, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"You can imagine how pleased I was, when the carrier handed me your letter of the 30th, enclosed with a note from your father, and dear little Martha's labored epistle, which I cannot read, yet I feel it expresses much.

"How dearly I would wish to have you visit me here, if it is possible, but I fear each hour will give me an order to march. Tomorrow I will go to headquarters, and endeavor to have my destiny settled.

"One regret I have, which is that I am unable to send you the money you require. Paymasters have no money, and nearly all I drew, excepting the amount I last sent you, I have been forced to lend, which leaves me almost penniless. I did know that charity begins at home, but the wants of the poor devils were too apparently pressing and I could not refuse them. I am out, over \$200, which I will get in time.

"I send you now but a few dollars in postage currency, and will send other remittances in a few days, or as soon as possible. 'Charley' Campbell's³ wife arrived this morning, and 'Charley' looks as happy as a lord, and appears to forget his wounds, which are improving rapidly, and she looks perfectly satisfied. You know she is almost blind, and I will give her Dr. Hays' prescription, which you sent.

"This will be the only letter I will send today. I will write you again tomorrow, and to your father also. Say to Agnes I will not fail to write.

¹ Charles T. Campbell, colonel 57th Pennsylvania, promoted.

² James B. McFadden.

³ Colonel Campbell of the 57th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"The box with saddle, &c., is here, but the company have not delivered it yet. I expect it momentarily.

"Now, dearest, believe me, I will endeavor to do everything for your sake, for although

¹ 'Our love it never was recorded,
Yet good it is, and true,
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you.'

"There, now, be of good cheer, and I will write you a full account of my most tedious sojourn in Washington.

"Love, especially to Mother, Rachel, 'Marg.,' and the little ones, and God bless you all.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

General Hays was eminently of a social disposition and his tent was a social center, attracting many officers who were frequent visitors; possessing much personal charm in manner, and fluent and engaging in conversation, nightly, when duties permitted, General Hays' quarters were crowded. Naturally the war was the ever recurring and oft-discussed subject, but many and thrilling were the tales of adventure, also, Florida, Mexico, California, the Plains, and the old army days and still sweeter, home and family, and that the general's family were endeared to his comrades is most strongly shown in their purloining his family pictures—no doubt reasoning they could procure in no other way.

When it is remembered that General Hays was wounded August 29th, and December was nearly gone and he was still incapacitated, the irksomeness of his condition and surroundings can be appreciated, as well as his companionable disposition.

AN OFFICIAL ORDER

WAR DEPARTMENT

Washington City, January 11, 1863.

Mrs. Hays has permission to pass free of charge on the railroad from Washington to the headquarters of her husband, General Alexander Hays at Centreville.

All persons in the government service will afford her courtesy and protection.

Edwin M. Stanton,
Sec'y of War.

¹ Quotation not found.

MRS. HAYS TO HER SISTER, RACHEL W. McFADDEN

"Camp Union Mills, January 12th, 1863.

"Dear Rachel:

"We left Mr. Stanton yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, took the steamer for Alexandria and the cars from there to this place, where we arrived about 2 o'clock, a distance of 35 miles but it was a military road, no person seemed to be in a hurry except myself. I found the general waiting with a two-horse ambulance to take me to headquarters. That I was made welcome you can imagine. My house is a two-storied frame, three rooms down stairs and three up. My room is large, nicely whitewashed, with three windows. I am just as comfortable as can be.

"The camp is located in a wild, hilly country, well supplied with good water and wood. The air is cool, but delightful. We are five miles from Manassas and the same distance from Bull Run. I am going up to the battlefield as soon as I can.

"The general has five regiments of infantry and two batteries of six guns each; in case of attack he takes command of two other brigades. General Heintzelman holds the general responsible for the 'outer defenses.' Several of the regiments are Germans who surrendered at Harper's Ferry. I believe the reason why the general was sent to command shows that he was a fighting character.

"We have no less than three counts, Count d'Utassy, Count Biscaccianti¹ and another [I forget his name], all men who have seen foreign service, well educated, and are gentlemen.

"I was awakened this morning at reveille by the band under my window playing 'Lorena.'² The band plays well though their instruments are not as fine as the 63rd.

¹ These foreign officers were officers of the 39th New York Volunteers, of which more anon. They were Capt. Charles Di Biscaccianti, Robert C. Schreiber and the one whose name Mrs. Hays forgot was most probably Capt. Carlos de la Mesa, though the name has a Spanish sound. Schreiber was not included in Mrs. Hays' enumeration here, and whether he was a nobleman or not is not now known, but he was far from being a noble man, as later developments will fully prove.

² "Lorena," a favorite song of the general's, frequently mentioned in his letters, and a most popular song of the day. Although the general could hardly distinguish one note from another, he was passionately fond of music, his wife being quite gifted as a musician.

"LORENA."

[First Verse]

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
 The snow is on the grass again,
 The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
 The frost gleams where the flowers have been;
 But the heart throbs as warmly now
 As when the Summer days were nigh,
 The sun can never dip so low
 Adown affection's cloudless sky.

"But about the general: he looks thin, but is in excellent health and spirits, only feels his wound when he is obliged to ride a good distance. He visited the whole picket line yesterday, but is not to be away all day today.

"I have not received one line from home since I left, but hope to hear today. The package had not arrived when I left Ellen Stanton's.¹ She will keep it until I send.

"I have written each day, one to mother, father, 'Mag' and yourself. I enclose father a list of the regiments [4], with the names of their commanders.²

"But I must close, as I have a great deal to do in starting our housekeeping. I am determined to start right in the management of the mess.

"Love to all. How I wish Alfred and 'Jim'³ were here.

"Yours,
"Annie."

MRS. HAYS TO HER BROTHER, JAMES B. McFADDEN

"Camp Union Mills, Va., Tuesday, Jan. 13th, 1863.

"Dear James:

"Did you receive a letter for me from Mr. Hays? It contained a check for \$50. Please give me credit for it, and see if Mrs. Fitzgerald⁴ wishes for any, and give it to her. The letter was sent from Washington on the 8th of the month. I have not had one line from home yet.

"Yours,
"Annie."

"Love to mother, father, Rachel, 'Marg.' and George.⁵ Don't you want me to bring you some shells from Bull Run? A basket full.

"Since writing the above I went down stairs and found a family of contrabands⁶ from Bristoe. They wished to go on to Washington. Poor souls, how I pity them, hungry and cold.

"In the office I found two Rebel ladies, who were found in our lines, and wish to go again to the 'Sunny South.' I left the general reading the law to them. Another man killed on picket three miles from here; one was found the day I came here. The shots could be heard here. But I must say good-bye.

"Annie."

¹ Mrs. Edwin M. Stanton, second cousin of Mrs. Hays, with whom she always visited while in Washington, their relations being intimate. Mrs. Stanton was Miss Ellen Hutchison of Pittsburgh.

² Vide Appendix F.

³ Alfred P. and James M. Hays, the general's little sons.

⁴ The housekeeper at Linton, the Hays home.

⁵ Mrs. Hays' sisters and brother-in-law, George W. Murphy.

⁶ Refugee slaves, termed by General B. F. Butler "contraband of war," hence the common designation, "contrabands," in war time.

MRS. HAYS TO HER DAUGHTER AGNES

"Camp Union Mills, Tuesday, Jan. 13th, 1863.

"My Dear Agnes:

"Though I have not received a single line from home, still I will keep my promise of writing every day.

"How much I have wished that you could be here to enjoy the many wonderful sights that are constantly taking place. The scenery for miles around here, is wild and romantic. From my window, looking over the hills I see the camps of the artillery, with the bright red clothes and blankets of their horses, while in every direction are the camps of the infantry, not in mass but in clusters of six and 12. Now I look and see a general with his staff and followed by 10 or 12 cavalymen, and all times a constant stream of four-horse wagons with their white covers are passing this house. Indeed, I never was so well pleased in camp before. At reveille the band plays under my window, and each night we have a serenade. The band is composed entirely of Germans, who always feel what they play.

"Now I will give you an idea how I spend my time. Rise at reveille, breakfast at eight; then look at the 'guard mounting;' go to the kitchen to see what we have for lunch and dinner; lunch at twelve, dinner at five, with coffee at nine. We have a large family besides daily visitors. I am interrupted a dozen times, while writing one letter.

"After lunch your father and I are going to visit the batteries and see some of the 'Rebel works' which were thrown up last winter. There is one entrenchment after another, with rifle pits for five miles.

"On Thursday we dine in state with the staff officers at Colonel d'Utassy's at Centreville. I would rather eat my dinner with the little Hayses at Linton.

"The weather is lovely. I have my window open now, and find it quite pleasant. Your Papa is well, and busy from morning to night. He was up an hour before day, and rode out to some of the regiments to find out how they attended reveille. He found them napping, so they caught a lecture. The men run and look after him when he rides out, and their remarks are more often expressive than elegant.

"Now, Agnes, I wish you to go out to Linton and then give me a full report. What smart things Alfred and 'Jim' are doing, how Rachel, Gilbert and Martha attend school; are Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mary Ann comfortable, and how are Maggie and Mary. Tell me all. I have written a long letter to Alden.

"Your mother,

"Annie A. Hays."

Mrs. Hays, it will be noted, has the rare gift of observation and the facility of pen to express it. Her experiences on the border of actual warfare and amidst war's alarms, and her keen appreciation of what newspapermen term the news sense, render her letters fully as interesting as the general's—perhaps more so as being a woman's impressions.

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER, JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Union Mills, Wednesday, Jan. 14th, 1863.

"My Dear Father:

"I am surprised and disappointed each day at not hearing from home. Of course someone has written, though we have not received one line since I left home. I have never failed to write each day. Do you receive them? David Shields is expected today from Washington; he may bring some news.

"Yesterday afternoon we visited some rifle pits and entrenchments thrown up by the enemy last winter. The general says they are more extensive than any he has seen. While walking along we came upon a number of graves. Many of them had no number or name. There was a grave marked 'I. P. D., 5th Alabama,' and close beside it was a soldier of 12th Ohio. I gathered some plants from them and will enclose them to Agnes.¹ We saw any quantity of caps and old clothing, which the Rebels had left there.

"Mr. Hays is busy from 5 o'clock in the morning until 12 at night, if he had not a wonderful constitution, he could not stand the fatigue. His picket line is 13 miles long, and twice has been fired into since I came; but a minute ago I left my letter to look at one of the regiments going out on picket.

"As to the fighting qualities of this brigade, the general knows nothing, as all they have ever done was to surrender at Harper's Ferry. Still I feel that the men must have time to learn and know whom they are fighting under. They may do better. All the officers I have met have pleased me. Many of them were old soldiers in Europe. The brigade commissary is a son of one of the high officials at Rome. The adjutant general graduated at the military school in Germany, and served through the Crimean War. His life has been entirely with military men. He was taken prisoner at 'Kais' and sent to the Caucasian Mountains, but I will reserve his history until I get home. It is so full of adventure and romance that it would fill a volume.²

¹ Agnes, the general's oldest daughter.

² This "hero" was most probably Capt. "Johannes" Schreiber, 39th New York, and the story, if applied to him can be taken "*cum grano salis*." Schreiber will be heard from shortly.

"The hospital is in a large barn quite near here. Mr. Hays says the men are quite comfortable and the surgeon, Dr. Hammond, excellent. 'Dan' and 'Leet' have a good stable and look well. Mr. Hays' eye is nearly well, but his teeth are not very comfortable.

* * * * *

"Love to dear mother and all at home. I will write tomorrow.

"Yours,

"Annie."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Union Mills, Va., January 15, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"A. A. Hays,¹ having reported for duty at these headquarters, has been assigned as special correspondent to newspapers generally, and as confidential private secretary, will attend, also, to all private correspondence.

"Annie is very comfortably situated, but so far has had no time for enjoyment of her visit, or to examine the beautiful scenes of the country in which we are located. She must see the historic and classic fields of Bull Run, and if possible, I wish to show her the grounds of the 29th August, already indelibly impressed upon the shin of one of her family. She will, therefore, be detained ten days longer, to fulfill her mission. In the meantime she will have opportunity of giving such descriptions of life in the field, as will interest you all. I do not wish her friends at home to laugh at the idea, but Annie is really aspiring to equestrianship on 'Leet.' If it were not for the responsibility at home, she would become an Amazon, or at least enact 'The Dashing White Sergeant.'

"If 'Jim' and 'Alf'² were here, you might fear for her return before next spring, but you had better keep them at home, in hopes to wile her back. She will keep you well advised, and in case of danger, will be sent to Alexandria by express.

"I do not wonder at her desire to remain, as many persons in higher positions would give small fortunes to have her opportunity, endorsed by Secretary Stanton.

"Love to all of ours at home, and kind regards to friends.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex Hays."

¹ The general is facetious in speaking of his wife here, and how well she filled her duties is most apparent.

² "Jim" and "Alf.," the general's little sons.

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER, JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Union Mills, Va.,

"Wednesday Morning, January 21, 1863.

"My Dear Father:

"We returned from Fairfax Court House last night, when I found upon my table two letters from you, 14th, 15th inst., two notes from George, a letter from Sigmund, and one from William Horstmann, one from Agnes; so you may imagine I felt very happy.

"One of the regiments, the 125th New York, had been ordered to command and protect the military stores at Fairfax Court House, and we were invited to go over and dine with General Stoughton.¹ I left home at nine, drove to Centreville, five miles, where Mrs. Bacon joined me, and we started for Fairfax, five miles, and arrived there at twelve. Mr. Hays had gone on before to make arrangements for his regiments, and was there to receive us. I found General Stoughton one of the handsomest men I have ever met, well educated, his manners very refined, and only 24 years of age. He has not seen much service, and when I tell you that his brother, only 19 years old, commands his former regiment, you may rest assured he has friends high in authority. He commands Vermont regiments, his native state.

"General Stoughton is elegantly quartered, has a large modern house, with many pieces of handsome furniture, but I prefer 'Union Mills,' it looks as if a soldier lived there.

"Of course the dinner was good, but the band was the finest I have ever heard. Twenty performers on German silver instruments. After dinner we went to the 'Court House,' a small brick building; the bricks are red and black, alternate. The inside is entirely destroyed and is used for commissary stores. We then crossed over to the clerk and registers' offices, and there, in the greatest confusion lay masses of old papers and books. I picked up some, dating back as far as 1740, and a book of 'Stray Animals' of Fairfax County for 1786. I will take them home as souvenirs.

"In going to Fairfax, we passed near the battlefield of Chantilly, where the gallant Kearney lost his life. I saw large numbers of horses, still unburied, and the smell was horrible. Every foot of the road between here and Fairfax is interesting. Rifle pits and well-built forts command the ground for miles. At Centreville they had five large forts which would have swept the country for miles.

"Mr. Hays is better pleased with his command than he expected, though he has yet to try their fighting qualities.

¹ Edwin H. Stoughton, formerly colonel 4th Vermont Volunteers. His brother, Charles P. Stoughton of the same regiment, was brevetted a brigadier in March, 1865. Edwin H. Stoughton was a graduate of West Point class of 1859. He will be mentioned later.

He has made a decided and good impression upon his men. They now find a soldier commands them. Up at reveille, mounts 'Dan' or 'Leet' and off miles to see how his regiments turn out, and at night, tries them to find if they can turn out in case of an attack at midnight. His great trouble is the extended line of pickets.

"As to the visit of Mr. Stuart and friends, I hope they will defer it for the present, as the general does not feel prepared to give them a warm welcome yet. The cavalry are so inefficient, no dependence can be placed in them; in fact, our pickets do not feel safe when they are about.¹

"The general held a meeting of the chaplains last Sunday. He read the law to them and then gave them a short sermon, besides. I went over to services at the 125th New York, and was well pleased with what I saw and heard.

"David Shields is well, and has just written home to his aunt.

"Mr. Hays² sends his kindest regards, and will write as soon as he has time, but some days he is in the saddle for six and eight hours. He is still lame, and I do not think he can ever march very far; his leg will always be weak.

"I had intended writing to Mary, but have not time. We expect Colonel d'Utassy and staff for dinner. 'Alex' was much pleased with Agnes' letter.

"Love to dear mother and kisses to the little ones at Linton.

"Yours,

"Annie."

Affairs at Union Mills, at the time of General Hays' command there are given much in detail in Mrs. Wilson's book,³ from which this and several more extracts are taken:

"The beauty and order of the camp attracted numerous visitors, among whom were many ladies, generally the wives of officers. No pains were spared by General Alexander Hays, who had been in command of the brigade since January, to make their stay with the army agreeable. A deserted Rebel mansion near the camp was fitted up for the reception of the guests; and here Mrs. Hays often entertained large evening parties of ladies and officers. Here, like the revelers on the eve of 'Waterloo,' they often 'chased the glowing hours with

¹ The cavalry improved. They were "new" then.

² It will be noted that Mrs. Hays has not become used to the general's title and lapses into the plain civilian term of "mister" quite frequently.

³ "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," "The Adventures of 1000 Boys In Blue, From August, 1862, to June, 1865," by Mrs. Arabella M. Wilson. "The History of the 126th New York Volunteers."

flying feet,' good music being furnished by the regimental bands. Horseback excursions to various points of interest in the neighborhood gave additional zest and variety to life in camp."¹

However all was not pleasure at the Hays headquarters, for visitors saw much of the misery that war always brings upon the innocent and the helpless, as witness the following story Mrs. Wilson tells of General Hays' kind-heartedness:

"The constant arrival in the Union camps of refugees from rebeldom, in a most deplorable condition, is mentioned in many diaries. At first all were admitted and their wants supplied, and the tide of fugitives set in strongly and steadily toward our lines. But at length it was found that while many were worthy of commiseration and relief, many more were spies, adventurers and dealers in contraband articles who, after getting inside our lines, would reach Washington and then, from their knowledge of the country, elude the vigilance of the pickets, and get back to the Confederacy with valuable supplies and information. The most stringent orders, therefore, were sent from Washington forbidding any refugees to pass our picket lines on any pretense whatever. Touched with their forlorn condition, fleeing from an impoverished Confederacy, and now homeless and starving, the pickets often shared their rations with them, and General Hays repeatedly sent wagonloads of provisions and medicines outside of our pickets to the hovels where these poor creatures would congregate, sometimes 10 or 15 in a hovel. This was relief; but, after all, the suffering must have been extreme and constituted no inconsiderable part of the wretchedness brought upon the Southerners by the insane and wicked leaders of the rebellion. And it will be remembered that this was not confined to Centreville nor to Virginia; wherever a Union camp was established, there was the same dreadful experience."²

If there was one state in the "Confederacy" that paid a high price for secession, it was Virginia. Virginia, the "Borderland," the scene of more battles than any of her "sister states" as they were once designated. Mrs. General Hays saw some of the deplorable results of the war during her brief stay at Union Mills, and the general—well, war was not new to him and he could not tame its bent or soften its tone. General Sherman only correctly defined war, and he used a synonym.

¹ "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," PP. 138, 139.

² Ibid, P. 140.

MRS. HAYS TO HER SISTER, MISS RACHEL McFADDEN

"Union Mills, Saturday, January 24, 1863.

"Dear Rachel:

"I have no letters to acknowledge this time, as I have received none since Tuesday, but the mails are very irregular to this place. I expect to leave here next Wednesday, if possible; at that time 'Alex' has to go to Washington on business.

"We have just received a telegram that General Casey and staff are to be here and remain some days to look at the defenses, so that may delay us, but I hope not, as I have already overstaid my time. How do they get along at Linton? I was dreaming of 'Jimmy' all night.

"I wish you could see the beautiful country, and how, last evening, I rode out on 'Leet' to see the famous bridges over Bull Run, so often burnt by the Rebels; it is one of the wildest spots I ever saw; on all sides you see war and its ruins. Hundreds of car wheels and machinery are lying in masses. The heavy stone work of the bridge is marked and blackened by powder.

"'Alex' has an ironclad car or battery standing in a deep cut that commands the fort, and so rode down to give orders in case an attack should be made. I will become quite brave if I remain here much longer, but I will be glad for the quiet of home, though we have a pleasant set of officers. 'Dave' Shields is well, but very busy, and as happy as a king.

"This afternoon the general meets his field officers to organize a school of instruction for the officers.

"Noon.

"I have just returned from a visit to the brigade hospital. They use a large barn, which holds over 40 beds; everything is just as clean and neat as hands can make them. The men were glad to see the general, as he often visits them. I took them a large bundle of newspapers.

"I wish you would go and see if Mrs. Fitzgerald needs any more sewing. She might make Rachie some muslin shirts. The muslin is in my wardrobe drawer. Take the coarsest.

"'Alex' has a long letter written to father, but he has no time to finish it today, but I hope to see it off tomorrow.

"Give my best love to all. How is mother's cold? Do write soon.

"Yours,

"Annie."

In the midst of such scenes as Mrs. Hays so graphically describes, it is most pleasing to observe that her heart is at home with her little ones and she is most solicitous for their comfort, and anxious always, and the explicit directions here seem most motherly.

MRS. HAYS TO MRS. JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Union Mills, Monday, January 26, 1863.

"My Dear Mother:

"I cannot promise you a very long letter today, as we are cleaning house in anticipation of General Casey's visit tomorrow. I have had the second story cleaned and they are now at the dining room. I expected to leave here on Wednesday [28th] but yesterday General Heintzelman telegraphed he would be here on Thursday, and as these visits are considered quite a compliment, I do not see how I could leave, with propriety.

"If I only knew how the children are getting along, I would feel better, but I am a little homesick. I have received no letters for one week, but they sent a messenger to the city yesterday and I do hope he will bring some. I feel sure some person has written.

"'Alex' is very well, but as usual, busy. He rode nearly 30 miles on horseback yesterday, and felt very much fatigued, of course, but he was, as usual, the first up this morning, and going again down the picket line.

"We see any number of war committees, who come to look after the different regiments. On Friday we had 10 for dinner. They appeared much pleased to dine with a real general, and I have no doubt, will speak well of things at home.

"I wish you could see the brigade hospital; it is a model one, but 'Alex' leaves nothing undone for the comfort of his men, and he stands high in favor. I should not be surprised to see two stars upon his shoulder before many months.

"'Alex' sends love to all.

"Yours,

"Annie."

MRS. HAYS TO MRS. JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Union Mills, January 26, 1863.

"My Dear Mother:

"After supper 'Alex' and I came up to our room. 'Alex' drew on his slippers, and was telling me how weary he felt, when rap, rap, goes the door; in came A. A. G. Schreiber, who told us that a signal had been thrown up, from a hill beyond, and while 'Alex' drew on his boots, two more signals were seen from the same place. 'Dan' was ordered out and orders given to the guards. The general, with Capt. Schreiber and Lieut. Shields, with orderlies, were off to the picket line. The regiments and batteries hold themselves to march at a given signal. The night is lonely, and when I look from my window all is so quiet and peaceful, it is very hard to believe we are in the midst of war. I do not feel excited, for I think the signals may have been from our own videttes. Still, we must be ready, if they do come. It is now 9 o'clock, and all is quiet.

"The day has been a very exciting one here; as 25 deserters were caught making their way over the line. They came in with a strong guard, and the general sent them to Washington by the afternoon train. This afternoon I received a letter from father of the 17th, more than a week old. But no others. But a large mail is expected tomorrow.

"Tell father that Colonel Allen,¹ of the 151st Pennsylvania Volunteers is from Warren, not from Pittsburgh. His lieutenant-colonel is McFarland from Juniata County. He is an excellent soldier.²

"I hear that one of the Philadelphia papers gives Mr. Hays quite a puff. I could not get the paper, or find out the name. It had been sent to some of the officers. The men are well pleased with their general, though he does read the law very plainly.

"My house is all scrubbed out. The dining room is trimmed with evergreen. In my cellar I have a splendid roast of beef, several dozen eggs, fresh butter and good milk; also potatoes, turnips and cabbages. So you see I am all ready for Generals Heintzelman and Casey. As soon as their visit is over I leave, for I am afraid Linton needs me. I only hope Mrs. Fitzgerald and the children get along well. I will write a line in the morning to let you know the result of tonight's work. No sign of the general yet, 9:30 o'clock.

"The flag the general sent to father was taken from General Casey's division by the Rebels at Fair Oaks. Then recaptured by the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers at Fair Oaks.

"The cup was given to Mr. Hays by General Kearney. It was one he had used for some time. Don't you wish me to bring you home some shells, as there is any quantity near here?

"I have seen 'Dan' and 'Leet.' They look well. David Shields' horse is a perfect beauty. 'Dave' has not come to camp yet. He has been on business with the 63rd.

"Annie."

MRS. HAYS TO MRS. JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Union Mills, Thursday, January 29, 1863.

"Dear Mother:

"I commenced this some days ago, but for two days I have been suffering with some headache. It is now over, and I am as well as usual. 'Alex' wrote to father yesterday, and

¹ Colonel Harrison Allen, after the war auditor general of Pennsylvania, whom Mr. McFadden has confounded with his friend, Edward J. Allen of Pittsburgh, Colonel of the 155th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

² Mrs. Hays speaks most truly of Colonel George F. McFarland. The 151st was desperately engaged at Gettysburg, in line with the First Corps, where Colonel McFarland lost a leg.

one the day before, so you keep well posted up. General Casey has not come yet, as the change in the army will prevent him; so I hope to have him next Monday, and will remain but a short time in Philadelphia. I had a letter from William Horstmann some days ago. He had seen Alden, who is very impatient for my coming.

"Well, I must tell you the finale of the alarm the other night, as nothing came of it. 'Alex' supposes it was made from one of the houses; still, the effect was good for the men. The general compliments them for their turnout, his artillery especially.

"I do wish father could see them drill. They are as near perfection as it is possible, but I wish to write to Alden.

"Love to all at home and Linton.

"Yours, "Annie."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"January 27, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"I have left all my correspondence in the hands of Annie, since her arrival here, as I am required to be more or less on horseback and when not so engaged, engaged with official duties. I can assure you I hold no sinecure. Annie today has a severe headache, and as it is storming out of doors, I am at home and write.

"It was our intention to have gone to Washington this day, but I received information that General Casey would pay us a visit, and another that General Heintzelman would visit tomorrow. Again I am ordered, from headquarters, to inspect my post at Centreville on the 31st. This will require me to defer my trip to Washington until the first of February.

"We are all well and enjoy ourselves. The exercise I am required to take invigorates me. My lameness has almost entirely disappeared. So far, I have no assurance that my command will stand fire, but I am assured by all of the officers, that improvements are daily perceptible, both in the morale and discipline of the men.

"Although the brigade has been identified with one of the most disgraceful surrenders of the war and suffers a corresponding sense of humiliation, I have full confidence that in time, 'The War Cry of Harper's Ferry' will incite them to rival the deeds of older and more fortunate soldiers.

"God knows what we are coming to. Today we have news of Burnside's resignation, and the removal of Sumner and Franklin. If from faults of theirs, it is most disgraceful, but that is no concern of ours, here on the frontier, and we will still endeavor to do our duty to the end.

"Our love to all the dear folks at home, and kind remembrances and regards to all friends. So much I have written, too late for the train.

"Alex."

General Hays' confidence in his brigade was not misplaced. The men felt their degradation and were most willing to redeem themselves from most cruel aspersions from a cause entirely without their power. The general did not exactly prophesy here. He spoke from experience; he knew soldiers. He was a maker of soldiers, a trained hand at the business, and when Gettysburg came, Hays' old brigade, then under Colonel George L. Willard of the 125th New York, was on the front line, and its deeds and losses there will form a large part of the chapter on Gettysburg herein.

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Union Mills, January 28, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"You have expressed a wish that I should write to you, which always gives me pleasure, when I undertake it. As I have now, I hope, to your satisfaction. As a general thing, however, you must consider yourself as a common creditor, to whom I am willing to pay interest on heavy debts of long standing, expecting, of course, a continuance of former favors.

"I am confident that since Annie's [Mrs. Hays] arrival here, nothing of passing interest has occurred, which she has not noted for home use.

"We are on the frontiers of Washington, and no one can be more puzzled than myself to understand the move on the chess board upon which I am but a knight at best.

"In the language of our correspondents, the President expressing 'full faith and confidence in your loyalty, etc.,' has entrusted me with a force of 4,000 men, to guard a picket line of 15 miles.

"I am expected, of course, if whipped, to fall back on somebody else, who will gain all the credit, if there is any, thereby alarming the defenses at Washington, which will bristle with 70,000 bayonets. 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"I have around me quantities of Dr. Martin and Company's stores, baits for Rebel raids. To defend them I have one green Pennsylvania regiment of 500 men; another New York, 400 men, but I have Hastings's Battery of six guns [vide Horstmann's Sons of Philadelphia.]¹

¹ Hastings' Independent Battery of Philadelphia, a one-year organization, recruited in August, 1862, under Capt. Matthew Hastings: First lieutenants, John V. Creely, Stephen Poulterer; second lieutenants, John Roberts and John Sailor. This battery re-enlisted under Capt. Hastings in the summer of 1864 for 100 days. In the fitting out of this battery the Horstmann brothers were reputed to

"Five miles up, I have the post of Centreville, commanded by the famous redoubtable Colonel d'Utassy, with two regiments of infantry and a battery of six guns.

"At Fairfax Court House, two miles distant, I have one regiment of infantry, numbering no more than 400 officers and men.

"Nearly all these troops were surrendered at Harper's Ferry and marched through Pittsburgh in disgrace.¹

"I do not look upon my assignment here as a judgment, but rather according to the rules of our church, regard it as a trial. I am conceited enough to believe, although under difficulties, I can whip any Rebel force that may honor us with a visit.

"You can imagine the pleasure of long rides, and I think 'Dave' Shields begins to realize them. He stands it bravely. Annie will leave in a few days, and then our lives will be all horseback. Our quarters are pleasant, and the surrounding country presents many scenes of interest. Within 20 feet of the place on which I write, the ground drank the blood of one of our soldiers, killed in one of Jackson's raids. There is good fighting ground here, four points in each mile [if the troops will fight], which we will see hereafter.

"I will go with Annie to Washington, and after my return, if the 'Rebs' will not come to see my artillery, I will convert them into dragoons, and go to see the 'Rebs,' as I am determined to keep the country before me clear.

"You ask me for my opinion of our affairs confidentially. Use it as you please, what I give. Unless this war takes a new phase, within six months, with traitors at home, and the almost indomitable courage and perseverance of the Rebels, we will be forced to acknowledge their independence, and Pennsylvania will be left a 'big unit,' to take care of herself. It is not that my full faith in the justice of our cause is in the least shaken, but that I believe that the time of a Good Providence has not arrived. When I see France riding single-shod over Mexico, when we are so embroiled, I cannot look on it else, than as a national judgment. Our terror of the world

have been large contributors. The 39th New York and the 111th New York were at Centreville. The 126th New York were at Union Mills. The post at Fairfax Court House was subsequently garrisoned by General Stoughton's brigade, relieving the 125th New York. For a complete roster of the troops of Casey's division vide Appendix F. The Pennsylvania infantry regiment was the 151st, Colonel Harrison Allen, a splendid organization, although a nine months regiment, which proved its worth most loyally at Gettysburg under Lieut.-Colonel McFarland.

¹ Troops surrendered at Harper's Ferry in September, 1862, by Colonel Dixon S. Miles in command of the garrison there, and sent to Chicago via Pittsburgh to Camp Douglass on parole.

'the Monitor,' has gone down in a calm ¹ after having fulfilled her mission, and I am more than ever impressed with the belief that we are but instruments in the hands of our Omnipotent Providence, working His own ways, by His own means.

"No power but God's own, could have prevented our success, and if it is His will, in full faith in the final result, I am willing to submit to His disposal. I could spend my time writing sermons and beliefs, but I must ask indulgence, by quoting the Irishman's point, which was an owl, with the Irishman's explanation of the bird's want of speech: 'If he didn't speak, he kept up a devil of a thinking.'

"I am forced to close. Otherwise, I will again have to delay the train. I will endeavor to write oftèn after Annie leaves. Love to all.

"Alex Hays."

The general's philosophy here was that of many at the time. After Fredericksburg in the East and Stone's River in the West, the Union cause was most dark. Chancellorsville but increased the gloom, and correspondingly raised the already exulting spirits of the Confederates to the highest pitch and then the trend of events swung quickly to Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and the Confederates' star, if it ever was a star, waned to its eternal setting. But it is apparent that Alexander Hays, troubled in mind, loyal, yet heartsick, had not lost hope. His faith was sublime, and one can but deeply regret he was not spared to see the end.

MRS. HAYS TO MRS. McFADDEN

"Union Mills, Saturday, January 31, 1863.

"Dear Mother:

"After all our waiting and preparation, neither General Heintzelman or Casey came, as the late change in army commanders prevented them. General Heintzelman is to have an important command in active service, and General Casey takes the defenses of Washington. From what we hear, things are going to move briskly. Another draft is to be made of 300,000 men. Mr. Hays is in hopes that he will be ordered to join Heintzelman in the field, but I hope not. His position here is good. I dread another battle.

"No letters from home since the date 17th. I feel very anxious to hear how the folks at Linton are getting along.

¹ The general is here guilty of an inadvertence. The Monitor went down in a terrible storm off Hatteras, January 2, 1863, a few week's previous to his writing this letter. The vessel was really not seaworthy and was in tow of a steamer and on foundering, carried down 16 of her crew.

We leave here on Monday. I go to Philadelphia on Tuesday, remain there two days, when I will be glad to turn my face homeward, though 'Alex' protests against it; but I think Henry will be able to manage things very well.

"Night before last, Mr. Hays and Lieut. Shields left here at 7 o'clock in the evening, visited all the camps and batteries, through the picket posts, to Centreville, and got back here just as day was breaking, pretty well used up, and in a very bad humor, as they found the guards in many of the camps asleep. Colonel d'Utassy¹ they took prisoner as they walked through his quarters, unmolested. The officers were much mortified about it, and think they will not be caught napping again. They are just learning the difference between the orders given by a soldier and the militia. Now, today he has gone to Centreville to inspect the arms and equipments. On Wednesday we had a heavy fall of snow, and the roads are almost impassible in places. The snow drifts are two feet deep. David Shields is well, but anxious to hear from home, as it is nearly a month since he received a letter.

"I feel anxious to hear how James is, as father speaks of him not being well.

"I do hope when I move to 'Kenridge' he will make up his mind to come and live with me.

"I had hoped to write you a long letter, but as we have some officers here from Washington for dinner, and as the general is not at home, I must do the honors.

"Tell Gilbert² one of the soldiers is making him a boot-jack of black walnut from Bull Run. Love to all.

"Yours,

"Annie."

"I had two serenades last night, one vocal, the other instrumental. Both excellent. Direct your letters for me to Horstmann & Bros. I hope to get long letters when I arrive in Philadelphia.

"Kenridge," the new home of the Hays', was the Brackenridge homestead on Center avenue, just beyond Reed street. The house, a stone one, is still standing, though modernized, and has been for many years occupied by Mr. Samuel Ewart, whose wife, now deceased, was Miss Cornelia Brackenridge. The avenue in the rear is called for the Brackenridge family.

¹ The full story of this night's happenings will be told later in connection with the capture of General Stoughton.

² Gilbert Adams Hays, the general's son.

MRS. HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Union Mills, Sunday Morning, Feb. 1, 1863.

"Dear Father:

"I was much surprised to see Mr. McIntyre¹ last evening. He had to walk from Alexandria here, a distance of 23 miles. I gave him a good supper, and this morning the general attended to getting his papers; so he goes home, I hope, feeling better. He will be able to tell you all the camp news.

"I now do not know at what time I can get to Washington, as the paymaster is hourly expected. We may go tomorrow, so you had better direct your letters to Horstmann & Brothers, as I will leave as soon as possible.

"David Shields had a letter from his sister yesterday, the first he has received.

"My love to mother and the family.

"Yours,
"Annie."

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER, JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Union Mills, Tuesday, February 3, 1863.

"My Dear Father:

"Yesterday we received seven letters from home. Some directed to 442, and the others to this camp. the last date was Friday, the 30th. We were both so pleased to have such good accounts of the children. We hope dear mother and James are better.

"Before this reaches you, Mr. McIntyre will have told you how we are situated and all the camp news. Since he left we have had a Mr. and Mrs. Parker of Troy, N. Y., who came to see their son, a lieutenant of ordnance and aid-de-camp. I took them all around to see the ironclad battery, over Bull Run bridge, so they go home this afternoon delighted with their visit.

"Mr. Hays is getting along first rate. He has gone to Fairfax Court House and Centreville to move one of his regiments to the latter place.

"As to the feeling in the army, about the change in commanders, I only hear a little, but I think all are satisfied, not from any want of confidence in Burnside, but he had only defeat in everything he undertook. Hooker is known to be a dashing, fighting officer, and the men require that kind of spirit to lead them to battle. I think things look brighter. They certainly do in this brigade. It is useless to talk of the men fighting unless their officers are willing to lead them. No move can be made until the roads are in better condition.

¹ Daniel McIntyre, a soldier of Company I, 63rd Regiment, and after the war a well known captain and pilot on the rivers about Pittsburgh.

"We were glad to receive a telegram from General Casey this morning, telling Mr. Hays his picket line is to be reduced about one-half. I hope this will cause a decrease of the sick list, as there are now 400 of this brigade unfit for duty. The regimental hospitals are all well conducted; the surgeons attentive and kind.

"You would be pleased to see and hear the general's bugler. He is a Prussian; mounted upon a good horse, he rides to the front and sounds the different calls with the ease and dignity of a prima donna.

"Mr. Hays has built a small fort to command a fort in Bull Run. The officers have christened it Fort Hays. Also the camps at Centreville are all named for him.

"I have just sent out two flags to the prisoners' camps, made of red flannel. I did not make a speech.

"I cannot say when I will be able to start home. Mr. Hays pleads but a few days longer. I will write from Washington. I enclose the proper direction for letters, as the number of the brigade is to be changed.

"Please let the Shields family know David is doing first rate. The general plagues David a great deal about his mustache.

"Love to dear mother and all the family.

"Yours,
"Annie."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Union Mills, Va., February 9, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"In expectation that this will greet your arrival at home, I write. Soon after your departure from Washington, I received a dispatch from Schreiber, marked very important. It announced an attack on my pickets at Yates' Ford. I went at once to General Casey's and took possession of the telegraph office. I found Schreiber, on 'Lady,' seeking for the cause of alarm. In an hour it came. The alarm on the picket line was General Stoughton's pickets shooting rabbits. I had a good deal of sport out of it. Heintzelman was furious, and I have claimed of General Stoughton half the game, on any occasion hereafter, when his pickets go a-gunning.

"I had a long, interesting and satisfactory interview with Heintzelman, and carry my head higher, although I am not more 'beautiful' than any other commander in the 'Army of Defenses.'

"Colonel Wyndham¹ is played out, and new arrangements are expected on our lines.

¹ Sir Percy Wyndham, colonel of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, who was shortly afterwards relieved of his command, a cavalry brigade. Wyndham was a soldier of fortune and had seen service in

"In Washington I called upon Governor Curtin and had a long talk with him. He professes, and I believe, holds a good opinion of me now. It was announced to me, openly, that I would receive another star within 90 days. I am not flattered, and will not be disappointed if the star fails to rise.

"There is evidently something afloat, as I found several of my colonels making application for 'the old shoe' I am expected to leave. The time has arrived, and not too soon, when the administration is looking around for competent, loyal men, to lead us through the wilderness. I will go to Centreville today, as the 39th and the 111th [New York] are getting anxious about their pay.

"I understand that I have gained their full confidence, and they ask my assurance that they will be paid soon.

"Breakfast is announced, and 'Dan' is at the door. I will write again in a day or two. My health and strength are improving every day. God bless all at home, and love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

NEWS FROM THE 63RD

"Headquarters, 63rd Regiment, Pa. Vols.,

"February 10, 1863.

"Mr. John B. McFadden,

"Dear Sir:

"Your welcome letter, bearing date January 28, came to hand in due mail. I received the few lines you wrote to me, concerning Sergeant Peters¹ of the regiment. I must say in reply that at present I cannot procure him a furlough, but I hope in a short time I can, for I consider him one of the good boys of the old 63rd. They are both giving leaves to officers and furloughs to enlisted men at present, but in this way: When the full complement of field officers is present, one can get a leave, two line officers at one time, two enlisted men to every 100 men present for duty. At that proportion we are entitled to seven furloughs, which we have at present, and Sergeant Peters did not apply to the complement he was in.

"Happy to hear from Mr. 'Alex' Speer, and also Mr. Thomas Bell, and your lordship. I was sorry to hear that

the Italian war and had been dashing and efficient in the Valley campaign of the Spring of 1862. Wyndham will be mentioned later. Wyndham's brigade at Gettysburg was commanded by Brig.-General Farnsworth, who was killed there. It consisted of the 5th New York, 18th Pennsylvania, 1st Vermont, 1st West Virginia, cavalry of Stahel's division, Stahel having been relieved by General Kilpatrick, June 29, 1863.

¹ Sergeant William W. Peters, Company D, 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, after the war a well known contracting painter in Pittsburgh.

Colonel A. S. M. Morgan was not improving faster, for his case is one of pity. But I hope he will recover.

"I remembered you to the adjutant, and I expect before this comes to hand you will either have seen or heard that Major John A. Danks is at home on leave of absence.

"Now for a report of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. The health of the regiment is good. The men in good spirits. We have 417 present for duty and 644 present and absent. The weather has been very disagreeable here this winter. We have had several snow storms, and a great deal of rain. The roads, as usual in Virginia, very bad. Of late, a number of changes have been made in the Army of the Potomac. Since General Burnside has been relieved of the command, I wish that General Heintzelman would be assigned to our corps, and General 'Alex' Hays to our brigade, now commanded by Colonel Van Valkenburg of the 20th Indiana Volunteers, senior colonel of the brigade.¹

"Having nothing of importance to write, I will close. Perhaps you would like to hear how I stand the winter. I must say very well. Better than I expected. My limb is still improving, but slowly. I can walk tolerably well, but soon get tired.

"My kind regards to your family, and to Mrs. General Hays and family, and also to yourself.

"I remain yours truly,

"W. S. Kirkwood."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Union Mills, Va., February 11, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"Indicative of the effects of the system of training established over me during your late sojourn, behold the second epistle written, both within one week, from your 'hegira.' Have you read 'Harpers' of last month?² If not, get it and find therein 'The Rarey Method,' and therein you will find a lesson which, if fiction is founded on fact, in it you will discover the true system for the management of 'unruly brutes.' It is hardly necessary to refer you to the matter now, as your own practice while with me so far excelled that laid down, that I consider your own perfection of it is only chronic.

"I am 'chock full' of news. In fact, I think one of the popular dailies would give a large amount for the shaking of me, but I will not have time to communicate all I know. Colonel Count d'Utassy goes to Washington to tender his resignation, in dread that it will not be accepted. Charges

¹ Colonel John Van Valkenburg.

² Harpers' Magazine, December, 1862. "The Rarey Method," by K. T. Williams. Rarey was a celebrated horsetamer of those days.

have accumulated against him to an awful extent, and it is all he can do. I really pity him and also his right bower, Mrs. B. She really takes the affair most deeply to heart, and looks as old as Methuselah's sister. Poor Schreiber and 'Bisquit Scantio'¹ are involved.

"The 151st² are ordered away, and thank the Lord, that there is no bitter without some sweet, as I got rid of that colonel. After d'Utassy's departure, I suppose I will have to move quarters to Centreville. Although it will go hard to part with its associations from Union Mills.

"We have a little pig as a pet, all and alone, except my crowing rooster, that is left for me.

"A few days ago 'Bisquit Scantio' got a blow from his gray horse which quite discouraged him. It was most amusing to have his account with pantomime of the action. As a consequence, the 'fearful brute' was turned over to me for summary punishment. I rode him over the roads, as they are, to Centreville in 40 minutes, and found him to be a noble animal, and aspire to own him.

"Kennedy³ has gone home, and you will see him. 'Dave's' horse has given out, slightly, and he is now bargaining with a chaplain for another. 'Dave' thinks some of our rides are 'darned hard,' but still enjoys them.

"My scattering love to all the young ladies, and my most sincere love to all at home. God bless you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Union Mills, Va., February 14th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"It has this minute struck me that this is St. Valentine's day and this will be my valentine to 'the best woman in the world' [except, perhaps, dear mother]. That is another valentine for her. I would 'dance like a fairy' if I could have her here for only one week. Since I lost 'my own special correspondent' by consequence of departure for Philadelphia, I am constrained to do my own letter writing, for which I am totally unfitted when so much of the pronoun 'I' is required. I will tell you, however, what Mr. I did yesterday:

¹ The general's facetious interpretation of the name, Biscaccianti.

² The 151st Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, transferred to Reynold's First Corps, Army of the Potomac. Reference to the "colonel," is undoubtedly to d'Utassy of whom much more will be said. The general was sorry to lose the 151st. They were "good stuff."

³ Thomas Rustin Kennedy, aide to General Hays, first Lieutenant Company F, 9th Pennsylvania Reserves, detached.

"Colonel Stagg¹ of the cavalry brought me the information that 45 of his men had been attacked by superior forces of the enemy. I had been very busy all day, in shipping the 151st Pennsylvania and was very tired, but I forgot my troubles when I heard the news. After dinner I started with 100 cavalry, and 40 mounted artillery, in command of Lieut. Creely, an ambulance and a surgeon. Bull Run was high, almost swimming our horses, but with a hope that we might meet the Rebels, all took water with a will, for my part, I got two boots full. After seven miles' ride, we arrived at the scene of action. Several dead horses was all that was left to indicate it. We found one dragoon, very badly wounded, and several others more or less so.

"The 'Rebs.' had left, and we returned home, without firing a shot. It was after dark, and I, for one, was wet, hungry and tired. I slept soundly, but when I awoke this morning, to write to you, I discovered that I had contracted a cold, which would kill a nigger.

"I have lost the 151st, and receive, in exchange, some of the Pennsylvania Reserves.² The only other additions I have received, is the gray horse, who is a devil, and consequently, has been christened Count [Biscaccianti].

"Writing so often, and having received not one word from you, even of your safe arrival at Philadelphia, I cannot be expected to write very long letters.

"Love to all the dear ones.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Union Mills, Va., February 17th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I know I wrote to you on the 14th, because I wrote a valentine, and I believe this will be the fifth, if not the sixth, I have written you, since you left, whereas, I have received from you the two only, sent from Philadelphia, and received after the return of Capt. Hastings.³ He was delighted with his visit home, and brought me a box of bon bons, on his own account, and better still, a box of excellent tobacco from W. Horstmann. I sent to the Horstmanns a general invitation

¹ Colonel Peter Stagg, First Michigan Cavalry—a celebrated regiment, afterward part of the Michigan Brigade under General Custer.

² The 1st Reserve Regiment, or 30th Pennsylvania Volunteers, of which R. Biddle Roberts of Pittsburgh had been colonel, though a Philadelphia regiment. What developed in this connection appears in subsequent letters.

³ Matthew Hastings, captain Keystone Battery of Philadelphia.

to visit us, and if any of them come I will at least make them very welcome.

"Since your departure, we have enjoyed several little excitements. Such as, I believe I mentioned. The whipping of our cavalry a few miles in front of me, and our trip to bring in the wounded, almost swimming our horses to cross Bull Run, and our return without an opportunity of punishing the guerrillas.

"Although I lost nothing, I caught a very severe cold. I rode 'The Count' whose fort is to lie down in every stream. The water was deep and the necessity of using spurs caused me a thorough wetting. In addition to the cold, a bilious attack followed, and I was quite sick for several days.

"In the meantime I learned that one of the Pennsylvania Reserve regiments¹ had been ordered to report to me for duty. Next day arrived 14 officers and 45 men only, with the news that the remaining 300 had refused to obey orders. The next day, however, they came straggling into camp in great disorder, and insolent. I at once gave them to understand that such conduct might pass where they came from, but not here, inasmuch as I happened to command. The 126 [New York] was notified, as well as the cavalry and artillery, to hold themselves ready for action. I assure you that the swagger of the mountaineers departed when they piped Hasting's Battery, drawn up and ready for action, with the guns trained upon the camp to where they had been ordered. I had been in bed all day, but I mounted my horse and rode up to their camp to express my determination. If they had given occasion, I should have blown them sky high. Everything, however, passed off quietly, and they are now performing headquarters guard duty, as orderly as any troops I ever saw. This regiment is that formerly commanded by Colonel R. B. Roberts. The most remarkable thing in the affair is that the regiment in body is preparing a petition asking to be assigned permanently with me.

"I hope it is not necessary to caution my friends as to the use of the above. It does not look well, coming from me, and will otherwise get into the newspapers.

"I have much more to write, but am restricted for time, at present. Colonel d'Utassy² has gone to Washington on sick leave, having ostensibly discovered suddenly a cancer in his stomach, but in fact, to escape numerous serious charges. Madame B. is also in Washington, and will, I suppose, follow

¹ The troubles with the 1st Reserves take up considerable of the general's letters. In the end the 1st Reserves and the general became great friends, as will appear. They were not mountaineers, however, mainly from Philadelphia and vicinity.

² d'Utassy, in a newspaper sense, is a prolific source of items. His full history will be given later.

the colonel's fortunes. The only lady resident now at this post is Mrs. Hannah Stafford,¹ in the 'culinary department.'

"There now, I think I have done very well for you, although I have much to say for your own private benefit.

"I have to write to Governor Curtin, and several other official letters.

"Love to all, and that means all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Union Mills, Va., February 23, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"You receive now all my epistolary favors for two reasons. The first, because I have little time to write, and the next, because I recognize you the first best, as you will be the last, if it is God's pleasure, to whom I have anything to impart.² I have not been well, by consequence of ache for the last few days. I explained the wherefore, by consequence of a ducking I received in Bull Run some time ago. The weather is dreadful. Bull Run has been very high, and given us a sense of security. Now it is again low, and within the last hour I have reports from Centreville and Casey's cottage, that signals are making over on the field of Bull Run. The artillery are horsified and the cavalry saddled, although I believe there will be need for neither, as Bull Run is too high, and the water too cold, except for 'cold water' demonstration, which would be rather hazardous for the Rebels' first run.

"It has been terribly dull since you left, and no one speaks of your departure with more apparent regret than poor Schreiber. It was demanded of me to accept another regular adjutant, but I declined and Schreiber's gratitude is overflowing. The 'young man'³ is on the staff as ordnance officer. 'Dave' Shields returned from Washington today, having in charge a large box from home. Very acceptable, I assure you. I know nothing of Kennedy, but suppose he will call upon you.

"Today I received several old letters from home, written a month ago, except one, of the 19th from you. I have kept my word and written most faithfully, and if you have not received, it is no fault of mine. Colonel d'Utassy and madam left me 10 days ago, and from appearances, intend to stay away. I wish they would.

"It appears as if young 'Charley' Bacon was the choice

¹ The wife of the general's servant.

² The general's last letter was to his wife, the date May 3, 1864.

³ The "young man," Lieut. Sailor, junior second lieutenant of the Keystone Battery.

for colonel of the 39th [New York] if d'Utassy vacates.¹ I believe he is qualified, but if he succeeds won't the 'old woman'² make a spread eagle, and won't I catch——. If I do, I'll insist upon disbanding the regiment.

"Among the letters from home was one from Rachel,³ which I, in the simplicity of my heart and brotherly affection, imagined was for me. When, lo and behold, she began to lecture on the dangers of riding on horseback inasmuch as Mrs. Hutchinson had tried it ineffectually. As I have somewhat of a reputation in that line, it caused me to look more particularly at the directions, when lo and behold, the letter was intended for you. What does she mean?

"Poor 'Dan,' for the first time within our acquaintance, is sick in the hospital and suffers from a very bad cold. Henry protests strenuously against his use, but assures me daily that he is convalescent. In the meantime, 'Leet' and 'The Count' have splashed considerable mud. I do like to get the two young gentlemen close behind on a muddy road, and then give 'The Count' the spurs. They do get their nice uniforms splashed a little.

"Time is shortening and no further alarms, but I will close. I have in store for you the best love letter ever written by man to woman, and you shall have it. Perhaps, I may go to Harrisburg on or about the first of March to see about the Pennsylvania Reserves. If so, would anybody meet me there, and as Artemus Ward says, if so, how many?

"Love to all the dear ones at home, and all ought to feel how dear they are to me. I hope for information in the mails and prompt delivery of your very welcome letters.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Union Mills, Va., February 25, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"I have received a few letters from home, written long ago, excepting one from Annie of the 19th and yours of the 12th, which is the last.

"To satisfy 'Adam' I will inform him that my confidence in the cause for which we are fighting, is stronger at present than ever before. Mine has become faith, such as Israel's when Moses lectured to them.

"From my present position, I can only draw inferences, but I do so from thoroughly reliable information. Of one fact

¹ d'Utassy did not come back and Major Hugo Hildebrandt succeeded to the command of the regiment. A few months later Capt. Bacon resigned. "Mustered out," General Hays states. The records read: "Dismissed May 25, 1863."

² "The old woman," an officer's wife, not policy to mention.

³ Rachel McFadden, the general's sister-in-law.

I am satisfied, from actual experience. Demoralization prevails the South. Refugees and deserters pass through our lines in large numbers. Rats, deserting a sinking ship, and all their representations are of tyranny and destitution, unparalleled. Starvation stares all classes in the face, and 'the nigger' is forgotten, in solicitation for wives and children.

"As I am not in my own country, I will venture a prophecy that before the 4th of July next, the cause of the South will be so deplorable that the sympathies of the North will be aroused by their prayers and sufferings, that we will be moved to forgive.

"As for myself, I am willing to forgive and forget, on Old Bob Hays' conditions. 'If I die,' but if I live, I am in favor of adopting the resolutions of our Pilgrim fathers, when disposing of Indian titles, with substitution:

Resolved, That the South is the Lords' and belongs to His saints.
Resolved, That we are His saints.

"Is not that magnanimous?¹

"For my own little command, although I cannot yet entirely reciprocate the confidence placed in me, I believe I can whip any equal number of Rebels. With the refractory Pennsylvania Reserves, I can whip them, two to one. The Reserves came to me hungry and I fed them; naked, and I clothed them, and now, they would follow me to—Dixie.

"I have written to Governor Curtin a long letter, explanatory, and asking his approval and recommendation, assigning me to the Reserves. In three months, with reorganization, I can make them the crack corps of the army.

"My last interview with the governor was most cordial, and I think we mutually forget and forgive. I must say a word in connection. I have in P. C. Shannon, A. L. Russell and, I believe, Dr. King, good and warm friends.²

"I will now close, and promise further developments, as they transpire. Do not imagine I have nothing to do. Each morning, independent of aids and clerks, I have official communications to make. This morning I have spent nearly two hours signing papers, and I am tired.

"Wrote to Annie yesterday. God bless her. Her visit here was to my own great personal advantage, and she carried home with her the kind regards of all who knew her. Don't tell, or it might spoil her.

"Love to all, and best regards to friends.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alex."

¹ The general, in writing his father-in-law, cannot help philosophizing. The conclusion of his unique syllogism can well be relished, even now.

² Judge Peter C. Shannon and Dr. C. B. King of Pittsburgh and "Alex" L. Russell of Bedford, adjutant general of Pennsylvania.

W. M. McGRANAHAN TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Headquarters 63rd Pa. Vols., The Ironclad,
"Camp Pitcher, near Falmouth, Va., March 2, 1863.

"John B. McFadden, Esq.,

"Respected Sir:

"I return the certificate of deposit, properly filled up I hope. I found John Calligan in Company E, a fine, honest looking Irishman, but like many other brave sons of Erin, now battling with us for the land of their adoption, unfortunately, cannot write. His mark, I thought, would answer, with Sergeant-Major Young and myself as witnesses to the X.

"Capt. Ryan¹ arrived Saturday, looking much improved by his 10 day's stay in [near] the 'Smoky.' I believe a 10 days 'snuffing' of Pittsburgh coal soot would benefit each individual one of the 'veterans,' could it be had, but it is not to be had, for soon the hour may come to again move forward against the 'Butternuts' [Rebels] and come it will, as you say in your favor per Capt. Ryan; and when it does come it will find us where our much-loved and brave colonel [the general] always told us it was best to be, 'in the front, where we could see what we were doing,' he said.

"I know, Mr. McFadden, you always felt a great interest in us, and that any news from us afforded you pleasure, and long ago I determined to write you, in fact, intended posting you up regularly, but neglected it or postponed it 'regularly,' as I should have written, until I began to think probably you had forgotten me, but I found I was mistaken, for in a recent letter to Colonel Kirkwood you did me the honor to inquire very kindly, inviting me to write. I should have done so at once, but I was at that time expecting every day to obtain a few days leave to visit the Smoky City, and would then have had an opportunity to tell you more of our great little gunboat in half a day than I can write in a week, but I was disappointed, and it may be that I shall have to give up the anticipated pleasure of seeing my friends altogether. I am very, very anxious to get home, but the general commanding the division decided that I could not be spared at present. Quite a compliment to me, if I could only get over the disappointment, experienced in the refusal of my leave.

"Corts writes me from Washington consoling me. Says to do as he is doing, 'wait for something to turn up,' like 'Wilkins Micawber.' 'Something,' I presume, will turn up shortly, probably Hooker's preparation for a move.

"Talking of moving, we make a short move tomorrow with the brigade; change of camp, some two and a half miles to the left on account of the scarcity of wood where we are now. We have cut and burned nearly every tree within one and a half miles of us. It is now too far to carry wood, and

¹ Capt. Ryan, Company I, 63rd Pennsylvania.

as we cannot get wagons just when we require them, we must move our fires near the line of the forest. It is astonishing the vast quantity of wood the army consumes in two or three months. When we came here about the last of November, thick pine forests shielded us from the wind on every side, and ran down to the river bank almost. Now the steeples in Fredericksburg can be very plainly seen from where I write, although they are a mile and a half away.

"From just above my tent the famous 'Crest,' Burnside speaks of in his report of the battle, is distinctly visible. I wish you were here to go with me to survey the scene of the terrible carnage and slaughter of December 11, 12, 13 and 14, '62, the scenes of Burnside's Fredericksburg disaster.

"It is quite interesting and novel to go down to the Rapahannock and watch the wretched Rebels promenading the streets of the city within a stone's throw of you, and looking across, one can scarcely believe that that narrow and insignificant stream formed the boundary [at present] of more importance than the vast ocean between Europe and the United States. It is the division line here between the northern and southern Confederacy, and a fearful one it is. The pickets upon the opposite shore are forbidden to hold any conversation with each other now, it having been noted that frequently quite noisy quarrels, wars of words, were carried on. Sometimes political debates, and it was feared that some day they might open a little engagement across the river without authority, to try the range of their guns on the 'Butternuts.'

"Well, it is drawing near mail hour, and I have not as yet said a word about the condition of the 63rd. Let me give you the result of this A. M.'s report, and then explain it a little:

| | |
|---|------------|
| Present for duty, officers and men..... | 392 |
| Sick officers and men..... | <u>34</u> |
| Total present | 426 |
| Officers absent, sick, with leave and on detached service | 9 |
| Men without leave and with leave..... | 2 |
| Men on detached service, with corps and absent from it | 58 |
| Men absent, sick and wounded in hospitals, North | <u>113</u> |
| Aggregate present and absent officers and men.. | 608 |
| Total officers | 34 |
| Total men | <u>574</u> |
| Grand total | 608 |

"Out of these 113 absent, sick and wounded, there are probably 30 that have been discharged from service at hos-

pitals on account of disability and the surgeons neglected to notify us officially. That would reduce the aggregate to 578 out of 1,046 Pennsylvanians the colonel brought across the Potomac into Virginia one year ago, upon the 29th day of September last. The colonel said, as we moved up toward Fort Wadsworth, 'Now boys, we're upon the sacred soil of Virginia.' Alas, how many of them never got off it.

"Those reported 'present sick' are [the majority of them] but slightly ill. Colds from exposure, etc. Several of them are just recovering from measles. Big boys to have measles.

"The regiment is, I think, more healthy at present than it has been at any time during the winter. We are all in good spirits and are longing for spring, with its campaign. But it must hasten.

"Please remember me kindly to Mrs. Hays and family, also to others of my stranger friends, who know McGranahan better than he does them. I will soon again write further of the 'war in Virginia,' and tell you of our new camp.

"This is short, but I will make amends in the next. With best wishes for your health and prosperity, I am, sir, with great respect,

"Truly yours,

"Wm. M. McGranahan.¹

COLONEL KIRKWOOD TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

Headquarters 63rd Regt. Pa. Vols.,

Camp Near Potomac Creek, Va., March 7, 1863.

"Mr. John B. McFadden,

"Dear Sir:

"I take the opportunity this morning to inform you that your welcome letter by Capt. James Ryan and Capt. T. L. Maynard came duly to hand. I was happy to hear of you all enjoying good health, and also Mrs. General Hays and family, and particularly my boy Pearson K., as I will hereafter call him. Please inform Pearson to live in hopes and he shall have that pistol to shoot 'Rebs.' with.

"I am sorry to hear of Colonel Morgan's situation. Poor fellow, but he has a hard time of it; but life is sweet.

"I am glad to hear that you have promoted Mr. Speer to be commander-in-chief of firemen. I think he will make quite a noble officer.

"Yours of March 2d—the same to you, good morning, Mr. McFadden. Well done, for 'Joe'—he is still my friend. Good boy, Pearson,² what he says first he says last; he knows I am no traitor, and it will take more than human to make him believe it.

¹ McGranahan writes in a hopeful vein and gives all the news. Poor boy, in two months he received his death wound and lingered another, dying on June 2, 1863.

² "Joe" and Pearson, Joseph Bushnell, a nephew and Pearson [A. P.], the general's son.

"I trust when I go home, I will have two young men to take care of me, and escort me round the city. Happy to hear of the health of Mrs. General Hays and family still continuing good. I would have answered yours for Capt. Ryan sooner, but we were under marching orders, and on the fifth we changed camps. We are now some four miles northeast of our last camp. The men are quite busy building houses, and they will hardly finish today. It is raining, as usual, and the last move was to place us nearer the wood, but again we have our tents up, the wood will be rather scarce. It is quite hilly here in this section of the country, and a short distance from my tent, by looking down the creek, I can see the Potomac River, but it is a great distance off.

"The health of the regiment is still good. We have 418 men for duty at present.

"Having nothing of importance to write, I will close by sending my best wishes to your family and Mrs. Hays and family and yourself.

"Believe me, I remain

"Yours truly,

"W. S. Kirkwood, 63rd Pa. Vols."¹

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS HAYS

"Union Mills, March 8, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I was made glad yesterday by receipt from you of two letters dated February 22nd and 27th. These are all, excepting one, which I acknowledged, and that I have received from you since your arrival at home.

"I have sent special messengers, and sought in vain for the failure of our mails.

"I have written to you and others very frequently, and on the 19th of February, wrote a special letter, for which you say, 'why don't it come?'

"Anyone here, who thinks my life a 'sinecure' had better try it on. Since you left, it has been one continual round of disturbances and alarms. The 1st Pennsylvania Reserves behaved so badly that I was compelled to disarm them. Their arms are to be returned, but they are not to be trusted, except under compulsion. The 1st Michigan Cavalry, in the absence of Colonel Stagg, also took it into their heads to be unruly, and we were called upon to squelch a little rebellion there. It did not amount to much, and had its origin on a mistaken idea of what constituted fun.

"Capt. Schreiber is now in Washington, will be back

¹ Colonel Kirkwood, glorious soldier that he was, was also putting in the last days of his service, for he, too, went down at Chancellorsville.

today or tomorrow. Capt. Biscaccianti, much to my regret, has been relieved. Capt. Means takes his place.¹

"Sailer, 'the young man,' is acting adjutant general.

" 'Dave' Shields is busy all the time with his duties of provost marshal. Some days we have 50 refugees and deserters from the South, averaging at least 25 daily. Two hours before the cars leave we are all so occupied that perhaps it has cost you one or two letters I intended to write.

"Alarms were frequent for a few nights, as the enemy came to our fort, and kept us busy. One or two of my midnight rides reacted severely upon me, and I have suffered the consequences.

"Just now 'Dave' announces the arrival of another large batch of prisoners, and I will have to proceed to the 'star chamber.'

"I wrote to Agnes a day or two ago. Send my letters care of Major J. W. Newell, No. 442 Thirteenth Street, and I will send a special messenger after them.

"Corts has been with us on a visit and is much pleased, but not more than I am.

"In a few days I shall go to Washington, where you shall have all you ask, even unto the head of a Rebel in a bread basket.

"Love to all dear ones, and more than I can express to yourself.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Dear Wife:

"Union Mills, Va., March 9, 1863.

"To quiet any fears you may have on my account, perhaps inferred from the accounts you will receive through the papers, I write to inform you that I was not the brigadier general captured this morning by a Rebel raid at Fairfax Court House. It was your handsome young friend, General Stoughton.² He, his men servants, his maid servants, and the stranger within his gates; also all his fine horses and beasts of burden, are now en route for Richmond. Although much in advance, my lines have never been shaken, although I know the 'Rebs' would like a chance at me. The wires are out of order, or cut, to Centreville, and I must ride hard today.

"Love to and God bless all at home. I never was in better health or spirit.

"Yours,

"Alex."

¹ The general seems to have liked the count, who was a good soldier, and Schreiber, when his rascality and Judas acts were fully brought to light, completely upset General Hays, who was dumb-founded, so great was his confidence in the man. The formal order dismissing Schreiber is of date, March 16, 1863.

² The Stoughton episode is taken up in the next letter more in detail.

MOSBY VERSUS STOUGHTON, ET AL.

This was a most unfortunate affair for General Stoughton, and is a most fitting illustration of the adage: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Edwin H. Stoughton, born in Vermont in 1837, graduated at West Point in 1859, taking the five year's course. He was a second lieutenant in the 6th Infantry when the Rebellion broke out and resigned March 4, 1861, became colonel of the 4th Vermont Infantry, served acceptably through the Peninsular campaign and was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers November 5, 1862 [General Hays' appointment was September 29, 1862]. General Stoughton commanded a brigade in the defenses of Washington from November to the date of his capture by Mosby at Fairfax Court House, March 8, 1863. His commission had expired by constitutional limitation March 4th, a few days previously, not having been confirmed by the Senate, and was not renewed. He was long a prisoner in Libby, and upon his release located in New York and began the practice of law there. He died in that city in 1868 at the early age of 31. It is exhilarating to observe the redoubtable Mosby, the slyest fox of the whole Confederacy, one of the first to come back lovingly under the old flag and stay there on the payroll, never caught General Alexander Hays asleep. This episode ruined Stoughton, for he surely should have looked closely to his own safety. He was certainly a handsome man, as his picture shows.

In the History of the 126th New York Volunteers the Stoughton episode is thus referred to:

"On the 8th of March, Brigadier General Stoughton was kidnapped by the guerrilla, Mosby, in an exceedingly dextrous manner. The general's whereabouts were betrayed by the famous Rebel spy, Miss Ford, who carried a pass commanding all the Confederates to 'obey, honor, and admire' her. Mosby got within the line of pickets near Fairfax Court House by stationing one of his own men as a sentinel between two of our pickets, where he learned the countersign from the patrol. He thus got in with 29 men, went, as he says, to Fairfax village, rode right up to the general's quarters, took him out of bed and brought him off. He [Mosby] says:

"I walked into his room, and shaking him in his bed, said, 'general, get up.' He said, 'What does this mean?' I said, 'It means that Stuart's cavalry are in possession of this place and you are a prisoner.'"

The guards were kept silent by a pistol pointed at their heads. At the same time Mosby claims that he got 30 other officers and privates, and 58 horses.¹

Much stress has been laid upon this affair because it took place within General Hays' lines. Capt. David Shields says that Mosby flanked Hays' outposts, which were necessarily in the air. As a matter of fact, Mosby knew just where to go, how to go, and what to do, having for a guide, one Ames, a deserter from the 5th New York Cavalry, who knew the country well, and who remained with Mosby until killed in single combat not long afterwards. The report of the provost marshal of Wyndham's Cavalry Brigade is appended [Appendix D], which is to be regarded as official. In a recent story of Mosby's men, a chapter is devoted to this incident, but the story is hearsay, for the author does not say that he was present at the capture and in the story admits the traditions of the command.²

Mosby had with him 30 men, including Ames. It was the intention to capture Colonel Percy Wyndham also, but that officer was in Washington. Ames and a squad went to the colonel's quarters and not finding him, stripped the apartments of all its valuable effects. Ames had the satisfaction, however, to capture his former captain, Barker of the 5th New York Cavalry. The Mosby tradition of the dialogue in Stoughton's room is different from the 126th's [New York] History. Mosby awakened Stoughton by spanking him on the bare skin. Stoughton properly horrified at the indignity, rose up, and when asked if he had ever heard of Mosby, quickly answered "yes; have you got him?"

Mosby replied, "No, but he has got you," and he had.

Mosby took away the two officers, 30 enlisted men and 58 horses. On his return march he started towards Fairfax Station, then turned towards Centreville, successfully passing the forts in the darkness, swimming Cub Run, then overflowing, though not without extreme danger, and once across was safe, and reached Culpepper Court House in a few hours, delivering the prisoners over to General Fitzhugh Lee, who had been a schoolmate of Stoughton's at West Point. All of which is very interesting and shows how easy it was to cap-

¹ "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," P. 140.

² "Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla," by John W. Munson.

ture a "Federal" general in those days, especially when he wasn't looking.

General Alexander Hays had had plenty of experience in Mexico with guerrillas, and to him Mosby was a guerrilla, and nothing more. It was different with Stoughton.

MOSBY'S OWN ACCOUNT ¹

Mosby tells the story thus:

"It was on the afternoon of March 7, 1863, that I started with 29 men on this expedition. Ames was the only one who knew its object. It was pitch-dark before we got near the cavalry pickets at Chantilly. We passed in between them and Centreville. Here a good point in the game was won, for once inside the Union lines we would be mistaken for their own men. By an accident one-half of my command got separated in the dark from the other, and it was nearly an hour before I could find them. We passed along close by the camp-fires, but the sentinels took us for a scouting party of their cavalry.

"We struck the road leading from Fairfax Court House to the railroad station and then went on to the village. There were a few guards about, but they did not suspect us until they saw a pistol pointed at them. Of course, they surrendered. Some refused to believe we were Confederates after we told them who we were. A few sentinels hailed us with the formula, 'Who comes there?' and were answered, '5th New York Cavalry.'

"It was past midnight, and it was necessary to do our work quickly if it was to be done at all. The first thing I did was to detail squads of men to gather prisoners and horses. I was more anxious to catch Wyndham than any one else; so I sent Ames, with a detachment, after him. But for once fortune had been propitious to him. He had gone down to Washington that evening. Ames got two of his staff and his uniform, and brought them to me. One of these officers was Capt. Barker of the 5th New York Cavalry, who had been Ames' captain. Ames brought him to me as a trophy, and seemed to feel a malicious pride in introducing him.

"I had sent another party to the house where Lieut.-Colonel Robert Johnstone, commanding the cavalry brigade, was sleeping. In some manner he had heard the alarm and had slipped out through the back way into the garden in his night-clothes. His wife met my men like a lioness at the door. The other details did their work rapidly, and soon collected at our rendezvous in the courtyard a large number of prisoners and fine steeds. The prisoners seemed to be utterly dumbfounded.

¹ Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Vol. 3, P. 148.

"About this time Joe Nelson rode up to me with a prisoner who said he belonged to the guard at General Stoughton's headquarters, and with a party of five or six I immediately went there. We dismounted, and with a loud rap on the front door awoke the inmates. An upper window was raised and some one called out, 'Who is there?' The answer was, 'We have a dispatch for General Stoughton.'

"An officer [Lieut. Prentiss] came to the front door to get it. I caught hold of his shirt and whispered my name in his ear, and told him to lead me to the general's room. Resistance was useless, and he did so.

"A light was struck, and before us lay the sleeping general. He quickly raised himself in bed and asked what this meant. I said, 'General, get up—dress quick—you are a prisoner.'

"'What!' exclaimed the indignant general.

"My name is Mosby; Stuart's cavalry are in possession of this place, and General Jackson holds Centreville.

"'Is Fitz Lee here?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then take me to him; we were classmates.'

"Very well; but dress quick.

"Two of my men assisted him to put on his clothes. My motive in deceiving him in regard to the amount of my force was to deprive him of all hope of rescue.

"I was in a most critical situation, for in addition to several thousand troops in the surrounding camps, a considerable number were quartered in the houses in the village. If there had been the least concert among them they could easily have driven us out; but, although we remained there an hour, not a shot was fired; as soon as our presence became known each man tried to save himself.

"Stoughton did not delay a moment, for he had no idea how few of us there were. A couple of men had been left to hold our horses while we were in the house. One of these, George Whitescarver, surrounded and captured a guard of six men sleeping in a tent. Stoughton's horses all stood at the door as we came out, with saddles and bridles on. Lieut. Prentiss started, but soon parted company with us. We could not see where he went.

"When I got to the courtyard I found all my different squads collected there with their prisoners and spoils. No sign of resistance had been shown. The prisoners outnumbered us three or four to one, and each was mounted and leading a horse. The cavalcade started in an opposite direction from where we intended to go, in order to deceive our pursuers. After going a few hundred yards we turned and flanked the cavalry camp, and struck the pike to Centreville.

"Stoughton soon discovered how few of us there were. I did not allow him to hold his bridle reins, but gave them to

one of my men [Hunter], who rode beside him. Stoughton remarked: 'This is a bold thing you have done; but you will certainly be caught; our cavalry will soon be after you.' Perhaps so, I said.

"It was so dark that the blue could not be distinguished from the gray. Hence the prisoners all thought there were at least 100 of us. We lost many of them before we got beyond the lines. They were all formed in a column of fours, and after we got on the pike I rode some distance in the rear while Hunter, with Stoughton, was leading in front.

"We went at a trot and the chances of our escape were improving. No one seemed to be on our track, as our winding about had baffled pursuit. It never entered the head of any one that I would march up to the pike in the face of 2,000 or 3,000 troops at Centreville.

"When within a mile of that place, and just about the break of day, we came upon a campfire which had evidently just been deserted. A picket had been posted there on the evening before to stay during the night. The officer, thinking it unnecessary to remain longer, had gone into camp. As we had taken the precaution to cut the telegraph wires, no news had yet reached Centreville of our work at the Court House. When I saw the picket fire on the pike I halted the column and galloped forward to reconnoiter. Seeing that no one was there, I called to Hunter to come on.

"It was necessary to make a circuit around Centreville and to pass between encampments of Union troops on both sides of it.

"We passed within a few hundred yards of the forts, and could see the guns pointing through the embrasures and hear the challenge of the sentinels as they walked on the parapets. My heart began to beat with joy. The odds were now rapidly getting in my favor. We were soon on the other side of Centreville. Although we could be plainly seen from there, it was probably supposed that we were a scouting party of federal cavalry.

"When we got to Cub Run, it was so swollen by the melting snow that it could not be forded. We were still within easy cannon-shot of the guns on the heights, and there was no time to be lost. I acted on the maxim of plucking the flower safely from the nettle danger, and plunging into the brimming stream, swam over. The rest followed, Stoughton being next to me. The first thing he said as he shivered with cold was, 'This is the first rough treatment I have received.' I knew that no cavalry would ever swim after me.

"Leaving Hunter to come on with my men and prisoners, I galloped on ahead with George Slater and once more got on the pike at Groveton. This was the very spot where, the year before, Fitz John Porter had made his disastrous assault on Jackson, during the second battle of Bull Run. From this

hill I had a view of the pike seven miles back to Centreville. No enemy was in pursuit. I was safe. Just then Hunter appeared and the sun rose. It seemed to me that it never shone with such splendor before.

"I turned over my prisoners to Stuart at Culpepper Court House. He was as much delighted by what I had done as I was, and published a general order announcing it to the cavalry, in which he said that it was 'a feat unparalleled in the war.'"

Of Ames, Mosby says:

"While I was maturing my plan I received aid from an unexpected source. One day a deserter, named Ames, wearing the stripes of a sergeant, came to me from a New York cavalry regiment of Wyndham's brigade. The Emancipation Proclamation which had been put in operation was the reason he gave for deserting the cause of the Union, but I always suspected that it was some personal wrong he had suffered. He seemed to be animated by the most vindictive hatred for his former comrades. I felt an instinctive confidence in his sincerity which he never betrayed. After I had thoroughly tested his fidelity I made him a lieutenant. He served with me until he was killed in October, 1864."

How keen General Stuart was to capture Wyndham can be inferred from the dispatch below:

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia,¹

March 25, 1863.

Capt. J. S. Mosby:

I was very greatly obliged to you for the saddle of Stoughton. I wish you would send me whatever evidence you may be able to furnish of Miss Ford's innocence of the charge of having guided in your exploit at Fairfax, so that I can insist on her unconditional release.

We must have that unprincipled scoundrel, Wyndham. Can you catch him? Do not get caught.

J. E. B. Stuart,

Major General.

Capt. David Shields of Sewickley, Pa., who was General Alexander Hays' 'Fidus Achates' in those days, remembers the Stoughton episode perfectly, and gives the following account of it:

¹ "Official Records—War of the Rebellion"—Series I, Vol. 25, P. 858.

CAPT. SHIELDS' ACCOUNT

"In the early Spring of 1863 there was considerable shifting of commanders. General Stoughton, upon assuming command of his brigade of infantry, established his headquarters in a house at Fairfax Court House. His pickets made connection with General Hays' on Hays' left.

"General Hays was most anxious to know what kind of a soldier Stoughton was, and also the kind of a commander on whom he had to rely on his left, and any connection was most important, and any reliance must be such as the complete sense of the word only could imply. General Hays, to this end, taking an aide with him [Lieut. Shields], made a social call upon General Stoughton at the latter's quarters. He found Stoughton to be a handsome young man, who had previously been in command of a Vermont regiment, and having been appointed a brigadier general of volunteers, had resigned his colonelcy though his appointment had not been confirmed by the Senate; he was expecting the confirmation daily, but it never came, and for good reasons.

"General Hays was greatly surprised on learning that Stoughton had two of his four regiments at Fairfax Station, five miles away, on the railroad. The remaining two on lower Bull Run and the Occoquan River, of which Bull Run is a branch, with the officer in command having his headquarters at Woodyard Ford, 12 miles from Stoughton's.

This plan of the disposition of Stoughton's troops was most displeasing to General Hays, especially the small squad only at Stoughton's headquarters. When about to leave, General Hays, in passing a room, halted to ask what reason a telegraph instrument was in service therein.

"'I'll tell you, Hays,' replied Stoughton; 'that's a wire to Fairfax Station, and there's an operator there and the wire goes on to Woodyard Ford, where there is also an operator; so that in case of any need, I can sit here and fight by telegraph.'

"'Yes, indeed,' replied Hays, 'a right easy way of fighting.'

"'Yes,' assented Stoughton, 'it takes us Yankees to find the better way of doing things. You Pennsylvanians are too slow.'

"This nettled General Hays perceptibly, but he said only: 'Stoughton, from my boyhood up I have been doing more or less fighting, and experience has taught me that the nearer you get to the other fellow, the better fighting you can do.'

"When General Hays and his aide rode away, the general remarked: 'Dave, that fellow will be captured before a week. Mosby don't care a —— for his telegraph line. As soon as we get back to camp take charge, and have all the roads and trails coming from Stoughton's direction [Hays' rear], picketed thoroughly; place some mounted videttes beyond the infantry posts toward Stoughton. I will relieve you of any

care of the lines along Bull Run. I'll go with you tonight and see how you have the new line posted.'

"The general did as he said, and on his inspection, though it was night, being a good woodsman, and with a fairly good knowledge of the roads, made some changes in the posting. He said he was much more concerned about his rear than his front.

"Before a week had elapsed, early one morning a squad of mounted men brought a message to General Hays, which read:

'Mosby made a raid on Fairfax Court House last night, capturing a few stores and some prisoners, General Stoughton among the rest.'

"The men reported that all was then quiet at the Court House and on towards Washington, from whence they had come. From Fairfax Mosby had gone south on the Little River turnpike, taking these men along, and any others for whom he could quickly find mounts. General Hays [Shields along also], hurried to his extreme right picket post, where he learned that between midnight and daylight a considerable force of mounted men had passed from a rear direction towards the front. The pickets could not see them. They heard only the noise of the cavalcade, and it was beyond the hail of a challenge. The passing troop made no demonstration of any sort, keeping well beyond the Hays right picket—at least a half mile beyond. The pickets in the morning found the trail in the grass and followed it long enough to satisfy themselves it had been made several hours previously, and was headed away from Hays' lines. The general, therefore, returned to the usual routine and duties.

"When the senators learned of the capture of General Stoughton, commander of the most important post in the defenses of Washington, a point only 25 miles away, his pending confirmation no longer 'pended.' It was allowed to expire by constitutional limitation, for Stoughton had influence and many friends, and as will have been seen, was a recent graduate of West Point.

"The Confederate authorities, when they found they had a general with no commission and no military status, turned him loose, his Confederate classmates of West Point having no high standing, except Joseph Wheeler, who developed later in the war, and it was a joke around Hays' headquarters that Stoughton was released on his merits as a non-combatant, or at least one who fought only by telegraph, and henceforth the Vermonter had ample time to ponder on the value of Morse's invention as a fighting machine."

That General Hays was extraordinarily vigilant, these dispatches tend to show:

Union Mills, Va., March 1, 1863.

Capt. C. H. Potter,

Assistant Adjutant General:

The matter as regards Fitzhugh Lee's presence at Culpepper Court House with some considerable force of cavalry and artillery, has been known to me for a few days past and I had the honor to report it to division headquarters. I have been acting with increased vigilance for a week past, knowing of the presence of the enemy in my front. This morning a refugee came into my lines with a pass of General Lee's own staff officers, dated Culpepper Court House, February 28, and another one, who had worked upon the "Merrimac No. 2," and who gave all information about the same. Both were forwarded to Alexandria. I have found information in the public papers which came to me directly from prisoners, which I have forwarded to the provost marshal of Alexandria, expecting that through him such matter would be forwarded to department headquarters. Hereafter all information at all interesting will be forwarded directly to you.¹

Alex Hays,
Brigadier General.

Union Mills, Va., March 6, 1863, 7 P. M.

Capt. C. H. Potter,

Assistant Adjutant General:

Information is received that 150 of the enemy's cavalry are near Manassas. Colonel Stagg, 1st Michigan Cavalry, has just received information of other bodies assembling for the purpose of effecting a crossing at Woodyard or Wolf Run Shoals. Two of the Michigan Cavalry were yesterday captured within reach of my artillery. I have telegraphed Colonel Asa P. Blunt, Colonel C. D. McDougal and General Stoughton. We will be ready to receive them if they come.²

Alex Hays,
Brigadier General.

Colonel Wyndham's provost marshal made a report to him which will be found in appendix marked J.

¹ "Official Records—War of the Rebellion"—Series I, Vol. 55.

² "Official Records," etc., Series I, Vol. 55.

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Casey's Division,
Defenses of Washington, Union Mills, Va.,

March 11th, 1863.

"Dear Sir :

"I received yours March 2nd, and also one from Annie. Very acceptable, I assure you. I intended to visit Washington, this day, but the wishes of superior authority have been received, and I remain at home.

"I consider the expressed wishes as rather complimentary, as I am the only living specimen of a brigadier general extant, in this section of country.

"You have heard that General Stoughton [the handsomest man in the army] was captured in his bed, and all his household; such as appertains to a brigadier general, viz.: guards, band, horses and servants, besides the usual assortment of tins, kettles, pans, piano, family carriage, and other cooking utensils. All this occurred eight or 10 miles in the rear of my command, while the Third Brigade was not called upon to fire a shot. The mauraunders passed entirely around me. I regard this as an instance on their part of 'conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen,' As I was then prepared, as I have always been, to meet them with a warm reception.

"It was, moreover, a slight to my horses and servants, as they are in every respect superior to those of General Stoughton's. It is now a joke in the regiments, that the 'Rebs,' having become tired of plain corn whisky, desired Stoughton as 'bitters.'¹

"I do not boast, although they will not 'catch a weasel asleep.' We are the extreme outpost, and an overwhelming fire may be thrown against us. Of which, however, I have no present apprehensions, but if they come, you will have a good account at home.

"I am daily becoming more confident of the men in my command. The 1st Pennsylvania Reserves act like soldiers, and I have only to complain of the conduct of some of their officers. It appears that R. B. R., colonel and aide to Governor Curtin, has been entrusted with the matters of conferences among them, and that, as might be expected, 'kissing goes by favor,' to the great disgust of the worthiest men in the regiment, and in consequence, dissensions arise among the officers. Oh, when will our privateer 'retribution' open her batteries?²

¹ "Stoughton's Bitters," a brand well known in war days, long since out of the market, at least not heard of now.

² The general would have got along all right with the Reserves and did afterwards, and their subsequent service was most glorious, as will appear.

"It is a grand mistake of my friends to suppose that my office is a 'sinecure.' Yesterday we received 79 refugees, deserters and Jews, to transmit to Alexandria. In consequence, I am constantly employed, and when I write unofficially I borrow so much time from my duty.

"Once more, again, give a good lick at traitors at home, and say to good, loyal men, that the day is dawning, in spite of all opposition, for God is with us. Never was there more enthusiasm among our soldiers, and the day is coming, shortly, when those who endeavor to clog the wheels of government will repent in sackcloth and ashes. As they have been 'their country's curse,' their acts will be 'their children's shame.'

"I have not seen my confirmation, but I am full of faith.

"Yours in a hurry,

"Alex Hays."

LIEUT. CORTS TO MRS. HAYS

"Washington, March 13, 1863.

"Mrs. Annie A. Hays,

"Dear Madame:

"The general has a world of business to attend this a. m. I assume the duties of private secretary, and herewith transmit Major J. W. Newell's draft No. 350 on the assistant treasurer of the United States in New York, for one hundred and seventy-five [\$175.00] dollars.

"We came to the city last evening and had but safely arrived when word came—[as usual]—Rebel raid premeditated [old song]. Having had some experience, the general made inquiry and found all quiet along 'Bull Run.'

"The general will return in the morning to the front. For myself, I cannot say just what I will do, possibly offer myself as minister to the Court of St. James—why not? when Frank Herron is a major general. If we don't fail in this war, it won't be the fault of the 'powers that be.'¹

"With kind remembrances to all friends, and love to the young Hayses, I remain,

"Very truly your friend,

"George P. Corts."

¹ Frank J. Herron, an old Pittsburgher, who went to the war from Dubuque, Iowa, early in 1861, as captain in the 1st Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and, on the second call, as lieutenant-colonel of the 9th Iowa Regiment Volunteers. Corts, who knew him, seems a bit envious here, but lived to see Major General Herron continue to make good to the end. General Herron died in New York in 1902. He belonged to the well known Pittsburgh family for whom Herron Hill in the city is named.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Kirkwood House, Washington, March 14th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I received yours and your father's of the 8th and 9th, from Major Newell. Almost all letters for me had been sent to the Army of the Potomac.

"I asked Corts, who was with me, to write to you, enclosing draft for \$175. Remember, this last was a short month, and did not produce like the long ones.

"I came to the city in haste, and must return in like time. My principal wish has been accomplished, to see my nomination confirmed, which was done last night, as you will see by the papers. My confirmation had been postponed, to date my appointment back to 'Fair Oaks.' The 1st Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves, smarting under my discipline, and by wish of Biddle Roberts and Curtin, etc., sought to defeat me, and raised heaven and earth to accomplish it, but I have triumphed. More so, as my promotion in the regulars, I understand, is real.

"I have been too much occupied to think of anything but my business, but when I go home, will write you at length.

"My health is now excellent. Love to all, and expect letters regularly.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

The appointment of Alexander Hays, it will be remembered, was of date September 29, 1862. He had been appointed captain in the Sixteenth Infantry [regulars], May 14, 1861, while serving as major in the 12th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and brevet major U. S. A., June 30, 1862, for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard and Glendale; brevet lieutenant-colonel, U. S. A., July 1, 1862, for the same service at Malvern Hill. He speaks here as though his promotion was real and not honorary, as brevets go. After Gettysburg, General Hays was brevetted colonel, U. S. A.

GENERAL BIRNEY TO GENERAL HAYS

"Headquarters First Division, Third Corps,

"Camp Near Falmouth, Va., March 16th, 1863.

"My Dear General:

"Permit me to congratulate you on your confirmation. I do not know the character of the command that you have, but we really think that you should come back to the 'Old Division.'

"The brigade¹ in which your regiment is has no general officer, and as it is composed entirely of Pennsylvania regiments, would be a very desirable command.

"Why not apply to be ordered to duty with this division?

"I am truly your friend,

"D. B. Birney."

"Brigadier General Hays"

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Casey's Division,

"Department of Washington,

"Union Mills, Va., March 18th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"Neither mind nor leisure have permitted me to write that love letter, but it will come in time.

"I wrote you at Washington, and once since. I am either a very important character, or otherwise badly imposed upon. I was not allowed to remain in Washington, for fear the 'Rebs' would find I was absent and break our lines. As I wrote, I am the only specimen of a B. G. extant along the outposts.²

"You have been informed in my previous letters of the attempts made by the officers of the 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, headed and advised by R. Biddle Roberts, to prevent my confirmation, but their efforts failed. If God spares my life, he will yet answer to me, not only for this, but his past offenses.

"I will anticipate the newspapers, and give you the news of the brigade. Colonel d'Utassy is now at Washington, in arrest, under the most infamous charges ever preferred against a man. Schreiber is deeply implicated and disgraced, for complicity with d'Utassy, and for practicing deceits upon his beloved 'mein Shen-e-ral.' May the Lord forgive me, and I will never trust their kind again. The brigade is now under orders of regeneration. Yesterday I secured five horses belonging to the United States that d'Utassy had presented to his friends. It has given me much trouble, but you know when I sweep, I sweep clean.

"Every man connected in any manner with the former provincial brigade has been ordered back to duty in his regiment. But enough of troubles.

"We have organized among the men at hand, a theater, scenery unshifted, but loyal, being American flags. The big

¹ This brigade was the first of the First Division, Third Corps, and was composed of the 57th, 63rd, 68th, 105th, 114th and 141st Pennsylvania regiments, and Brigadier General Charles K. Graham of New York was assigned to its command, and was still in command at Gettysburg, where he was most severely wounded. General Hays' brigade in the Battle of the Wilderness included the 57th, 63rd and 105th regiments.

² B. G.—Brigadier general.

barn is the theater, and more laugh provoking acts I have never seen. When Taylor brings in his trained elephant, 'Tibboo,' the weatherboarding starts off the barn. 'Tibboo' is composed of two American soldiers, with my horse cover thrown over them. One working the trunk, the other the tail of the animal, and you must not think we are not favored with the presence of the gentler sex. Mrs. Sherrill, a most dear old lady, Mrs. Loving and her sister of 126th New York Volunteers, Mrs. Colonel Stagg, and Mrs. Maggie Bowers of the cavalry, 1st private, add beauty and grace to the adornment of our barn. When Taylor comes out in his favorite character of 'Old Bob Ridley,' and asks the ladies if they are gazing upon him, the old barn trembles. Speaking of the barn, Biscaccianti is also in trouble. But I think not serious.

"I had a fright this morning. Criss came running to me out of breath and announced that 'Dan' was bleeding to death. I went to the barn and found that the horse doctor of Hasting's Battery had old 'Dan' and cut the wrong jugular. Poor 'Dan' bled terribly and was pronounced beyond human aid. I was terribly mad, but got the blood stopped, and he is now doing well.

"'Dave' Shields is now in Washington. 'Sailor Boy' is acting assistant adjutant general.

"Corts is here—still on a visit, and I will be loath to part with him.

"Every night is one of alarm. Not that we feel the least apprehension, but reports come in hourly, to keep us awake. The alarms come, generally, from Washington.

"It is now my usual practice to be awakened at two and a half o'clock a. m., when I stay up till daybreak.

"They won't catch this weasel asleep.

"Love to all at home. Express what you know I feel for all. The bell of the locomotive announces the train, and I have no more time.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

THE GARIBALDI GUARDS AND COL. d'UTASSY

The 39th New York Volunteers was the first three years' regiment from the state. They called themselves the Garibaldi Guard, in the army the term became "Guards." The regiment was recruited in New York City and mustered into the service of the United States May 28th, 1861. The first colonel was Frederick G. d'Utassy, a Hungarian count of the kind the American people have since become familiar. The composition of the regiment was most heterogeneous, to-wit: three companies of Germans, in the main good soldiers, as were their officers; three companies of Hungarians, one

company of Swiss, one Italian, one French, one Spanish, and one Portuguese. Alexander Repetti was the first lieutenant colonel, and Charles Weigand the first major. The regiment left for the front the day of its muster. It was present at first Bull Run, though but slightly engaged.

A few weeks after one of the companies [G] mutinied? and was thoroughly disciplined by arrest and imprisonment. In the spring of 1862 the regiment served in Blenker's Division of Sumner's Corps, the brigade being in command of General Stahel.

In April the regiment was with Fremont and participated in the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, being engaged at Cross Keys, and later, in the army under Pope, at Middletown. It will be apparent that the men were seasoned soldiers when they came under the command of General Alexander Hays. The affair at Harper's Ferry and their subsequent inaction and demoralization at Camp Douglass, while under parole, had done much to destroy the esprit de corps, for at best, the regiment was without homogeneity and composed of men of diverse races, speaking many languages, under superior and subordinate officers, soldiers of fortune, mere adventurers, the Garibaldi Guards were anything but good soldiers when they came to General Alexander Hays. They were good soldiers afterwards, and served until the end of the war in the Second Corps.

General Hays had the worthless officers and many of the men and "non coms." mustered out for the good of the service, and formed the remainder into a battalion of four companies, under Major Hugo Hildebrandt, a typical German soldier [a Prussian] and a good officer, "one of the better ones," says Capt. Shields, and thoroughly in General Hays' esteem. The regiment had lacked all the essentials of good troops, individuality, self-reliance, and aggressiveness. But the ceaseless care and vigilance of General Alexander Hays had its ultimate and intended effect in the making of good soldiers, and quaint and grim old General Heintzelman smiled many a time when he learned of Alexander Hays' doings, for he knew what the regiment needed. When Gettysburg came, the 39th was in line with Willard's Brigade, and there it proved its mettle; as good troops as the best, and they were good ever after. However, in January, 1864, the regiment was recruited up to its full quota by the addition of six new companies, mostly English-

speaking. As for the other Harper's Ferry regiments, in Hays' Brigade of Casey's Division, they were Americans, and wanted but the chance, and they got it, more than once, and were ideal troops, as ideal as Alexander Hays or Hancock could have asked for.

When the 39th Regiment came under General Hays' discipline, there was much dissatisfaction among the men, who believed they had not been properly exchanged and were still paroled prisoners. Colonel d'Utassy fostered this belief in every way, where he could have disabused the men's minds, so to General Alexander Hays came the duty of "knocking out such ideas" and making them soldiers, and General Heintzelman knew Alexander Hays could do it.

Capt. David Shields' account of d'Utassy's undoing is most interesting and somewhat amusing, and he relates the following facts:

THE LUXURY OF WAR

"Colonel d'Utassy had his headquarters in the largest house in Centreville. General Hays left him there with a part of the brigade, but made his headquarters in tents at Union Mills, where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses Bull Run.

"Squad, company and battalion drills were kept going morning and afternoon. Heavy details were made for picket duty daily, the general believing this onerous round of duty was the most effective way to bring these troops to a just realization of their status as actually exchanged prisoners of war again in service. General Hays was tireless in this discipline, and on the go day and night, particularly in bad weather.

"This sort of actual training quickly began to improve the command: the efficient ones replacing the inefficient ones in every way the general could arrange. Colonel d'Utassy was kind, in having the general, with one or more of his aids, dine with him in his big house, to elaborate meals, that were cooked in Washington, 30 miles away, and hauled out by a government ambulance with four horses attached, and relayed at a half-way point. Despite the bad roads, the food was so well packed against the cold, that it was put on the table warm. The quality and quantity of the food and drink was all that could be desired, and General Hays' aids were glad to sit down to such unusual soldier rations. The general did not tell any of his staff his opinion of Colonel d'Utassy. Later events showed his opinion of the colonel's military qualifications better than words could express, and the culmination came quickly.

"Just after dark, with a heavy, wet snow falling, he took his aid-de-camp, Lieut. Shields, to ride the picket line, which was eleven miles long, the right of which commenced where the cavalry left off, to the north of Centreville, running along the east bank of Cub Run to its juncture with Bull Run, down its east bank to the end, and the only way was to go horse-back, following the indistinct trails made by the infantry pickets.

"On this night, as we got to d'Utassy's post, the first regimental camp had not a single guard, neither had the second regiment; then the general and Shields got going fast to the colonel's headquarters, where all were comfortable indoors, with no guards out, and the enemy, in shape of Mosby, close at hand.

"The general pulled up in front of the colonel's big house, jumped off his horse, went up the broad steps to the great door, which quickly gave way to the weight of his body pushed against it. As the door broke open, Colonel d'Utassy was seen at the head of the stairs, dressed in red flannel underclothes. The general ordered him to come down at once, just as he was, and get out his horse and go along. When a short distance had been covered the colonel dropped back alongside of Shields, and asked him what the matter was. He was told of the grossly unsoldierly condition of his post. He then asked what the general was going to do. 'Ride the picket line,' came the answer.

"'I cannot go as I am; I will perish. I will go back to my quarters, put my clothes on, and I will join you on the line, where the Braddock road crosses Cub Run.'

"Shields replied: 'Do not think of such a thing. Keep close after the general.' And he did.

"Most of the distance was through scrub pine, with low hanging limbs, bending, often to the ground, with their load of wet snow. There was about 300 pickets stationed on this line at irregular distances, but so posted as to have accurate control of all the line, that no one could get through unknown to the picket. It was hard, trying, difficult, and dangerous duty. The snow had obliterated any sign of a path. The picket was stationary, keeping hidden and quiet, usually behind a tree, or bush, but just where was the serious puzzle, even to a friend; as he might mistake any coming upon him for enemies, and shoot. This experience had happened to General Hays and Shields on two occasions of their numerous rides along the picket line at night.

"The colonel had never ridden at night, and seldom in day time along a picket line; this unpleasant and dangerous duty if he could ever think it necessary, would be put upon a subordinate, who also would shirk it, with the certain result, negligent or cowardly pickets.

"When the picket line was reached [the extreme right],

Shields was sent ahead and remained in advance through the entire night, and ride; his positive knowledge of a picket's position was the earnest, firm challenge: 'Halt, who goes there?' Shields would quickly answer: 'Friends with the countersign.' Picket would reply: 'Dismount one; advance and give the countersign.' Being satisfied, the picket would say: 'Countersign is correct.'

"Then the general and colonel would join Shields; so it went, there not being a picket post missed.

"There was no talking, all was serious and real, even the cussing at the horses or the slap in the face by a limb of a tree. The ride was such a novelty to the colonel that he had nothing to say. When the trio got to the general's headquarters, after break of day, d'Utassy was so used up he was not able to say anything. Speech had failed him. The general dismounted and went into his tent, not saying a word to the colonel or Shields, who went to the general and asked what he had to say to the colonel, who was nearly perished, and almost speechless with fatigue and cold, which his red flannel underwear had but slightly kept out.

"The general said: 'Tell him to go to his headquarters under arrest;' and off the colonel rode, his last ride as a soldier, and, as was fitting and altogether right, in disgrace, and almost dead from exposure. Whether or not shame mantled his cheek could not be seen in the darkness, and when daylight came, Colonel Count d'Utassy was too cold to blush.

"'Get something to eat, and a fresh horse, as we are going at once to Washington,' [30 miles away] said the general and they went, but were only a short while in Washington.

"While going back to camp the general stated a court-martial had been called at once, at his request, to take action on Colonel d'Utassy's case. The court met the next day. Evidence was presented, chiefly by General Hays, showing utter incompetency as a soldier by Colonel d'Utassy; infamous rascality for one claiming to be an honest man, who by falsehood and perjury had been getting about three times the pay he was entitled to; that such conduct had a demoralizing effect on his command. The court, at the one and only sitting, found Colonel d'Utassy guilty on all charges and specifications, immediately sentencing him to be cashiered and sent to Sing Sing Prison, N. Y., and imprisoned there for one year. This sentence was carried out forthwith."

Referring to the roster of the field and staff of the regiment, it appears that 15 officers had been dismissed shortly before or about the time General Hays took command, and as many more had resigned. The date of the formal order of d'Utassy's dismissal is May 29, 1863, and Repetti had resigned nearly a year before. Major Hildebrandt was left

the ranking officer, serving until December 10, 1863, when he was honorably discharged.

A PITTSBURGH NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

"Brigade General G. F. d'Utassy of the National Guard, state of New York, who commanded the 39th Regiment, New York Volunteers, during the war, is in the city, the guest of Alderman Louis Hagar. The gentleman was the first volunteer general who was breveted to major general during the war."

d'Utassy was not even a brigadier by brevet in the U. S. service, and the statement of rank herein is entirely erroneous and probably inspired by himself. It will be noticed that d'Utassy, in addition to his other accomplishments, was somewhat of a liar.

AN EPISODE ENTIRELY OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Two ladies from Richmond visited General Hays' headquarters during the month of March. They did not do so because of any desire to make the gallant general's acquaintance. In fact they paid him two visits—"agoing and acoming" one, so to speak, and before they left, took the following obligation, and "thereby hangs a tale." The story begins with the affidavit below.

"Casey's Division, 22d Army Corps,
Union Mills, Va., March 21st, 1863.

"We and each of us do solemnly swear without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, that we will not divulge to any person beyond the lines of the army of the United States, anything which may have come to our knowledge during our residence within said lines.

"Nor communicate anything which may be prejudicial to the United States or give any comfort, information or intelligence to the enemies thereof.

"And we do further swear, that we do not carry with us, or on our persons, any document or letter, written or printed, which conveys any information, to parties beyond the lines of the U. S. army.

"[By the Officer]. So help you God.

[Signed]: "Constance Cary,
"Eugenia C. Hyde."

Adj. Corts hastens to tell the Hayses in Pittsburgh all about it.

ADJUTANT CORTS TO MRS. HAYS AND FAMILY

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Casey's Division,

Union Mills, Va., March 21, 1863.

"Kind Friends:

"I have been here for two weeks, enjoying myself prodigiously, visiting the country hereabouts, of which I have good reason to boast a pretty accurate knowledge of its geography.

"A visit to Centreville brought to mind a vivid remembrance of Groveton, Chantilly, &c., and some lively skiddadling towards Washington, which I hope will never again occur.

"The season just closed [as they say of watering places], has been very gay, closing this morning very brilliantly. Since I came here large numbers of persons have been daily brought through the lines, fleeing from Richmond. These are mostly foreigners, and represent Dixie land as being in any other than a flourishing condition, but with these occasionally are some genuine F. F. V's. condescending to pass the Yankee lines, and with all their boasted pride. Of this latter character, two ladies arrived from Washington yesterday and remained until this morning, both very accomplished, but the most bitter Rebels imaginable.

"You can be assured we lead a lively time. The young Miss Cary is quite pretty and very smart, truly devoted to the 'stars and bars,' so that with our love for the old flag, a very spicy style of conversation existed, but had we not had the general for our leader, I fear very much the fair Rebel would have had the argument entirely on her side, but then, she was so pretty, a blond, auburn hair [nearly red], my fancy, if she was not so rebellious, I think I could like her.

"The ladies arrived from Richmond within our lines just a week ago, passed to Washington, representing their wish to go North, but as the sequel has shown, merely on a shopping expedition. And really Miss Cary's sorrow for the nice dresses she had purchased and was deprived the privilege of bringing with her must have been trying to the gallantry of the officers in Washington. She was allowed a duck of a bonnet and a love of a hat, nothing more. She boasted of the dash she would make with these alone, and said: 'Only think, with the elegant dresses she had left, what a fluttering she would have caused as she swept the aisles of St. Paul's [in Richmond], and had the glory of introducing the fashions in Richmond. Their visit was rather summarily ended, as the slip from Washington paper indicates.

"This morning Lieut. Shields, myself and a squad of cavalry escorted the ladies across the line, leaving them at a house near Manassas, to find their way to Richmond as they best can. They were very profuse in their compliments

to these headquarters for kindness and hospitality, promising should any of us be so fortunate as to get to Richmond, how gladly they would reciprocate the many obligations. I told them, no, thank you; been there.

"Two ladies, one a Philadelphian, Mrs. Weaver, the other a native of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Barton, came from Warrenton yesterday on their way home, apparently very glad to escape from the 'Old Dominion.' These two exploits closed the business.

"Heintzelman's orders: hereafter no person to pass in or out of the lines, 'except contrabands.'

* * * * *

"The general [Hays] is in the best of health. Don't think the Rebs will get him between the hours of 2 and 6 o'clock a. m., judging from the way he hustles around the room at that time.

"He has a letter of congratulation from General Birney, who is anxious he should come and take his old brigade. I wish he would.

"How soft and silly people are getting. If I can judge by the account of Sheppard, Negley and Gross,¹ what a pity for the poor 'things' they were in a fight. Swimming today. Kennedy not yet arrived.

"With the general's love and my kind regards to you and remembrance to your father and family, I am,

"Most truly your friend,

"George P. Corts."

One of these "Rebel ladies" still lives and the reader is aware that Capt. Shields is also a living reality. Capt. Corts, who was wounded at Fair Oaks and in the Wilderness, died a few years after the war, his end hastened by his wounds. It is only fair to allow the "Rebel lady" of these strange eventful days to tell her story, and she does so most interestingly in a recent magazine article.² The world of literature has long known this gifted authoress as Mrs. Burton Harrison, and her husband in the stirring years, 1861-1865, was the confidential secretary of Jefferson Davis.

No doubt to Corts' mind, Miss Cary was rather a peppery proposition from a "secesh" point of view, and he was clearly of the opinion that the general had caught a pair of tartars. Exceedingly vivacious and engaging as well as pretty, despite

¹ In "Sheppard, Negley," the reference is obscure now from the lapse of time, there being no one to recall it, the people being long since deceased. Undoubtedly Pittsburgh people are meant.

² Scribner's, April, 1911.

the fact that they were ultra "secesh" [that was the word in those days] and glorified in it, there has drifted to Pittsburgh sufficient grounds for belief that more than one of the staff fell in love with the fair young Virginian, and why not? To be sure Miss Cary was entirely innocent, as her story shows, and it is rather a tribute to the good sense of the staff that they could appreciate beauty and vivacity, even in an "enemy." Moreover, the staff were not deviating at all from a well known scriptural injunction. Had the "captives" been of the opposite sex, the case would have had a different aspect. General Hays, gallant soul, it is admitted, treated his visitors with his usual hospitality, and did his best to make them feel at home—but let Mrs. Harrison speak, first reading the letter, which permits the reproduction of her magazine article—such portions rather as may be pertinent, and noting that the general did not expect his visitors to call again.

"Washington, D. C., March 28, 1911.

"Mr. Gilbert A. Hays, Sewickley, Pa.,

"Dear Mr. Hays:

"One of the most interesting results of my Scribner's articles [which are taken in condensed form from the book they are to publish in the autumn] ¹ has been the letters they have brought me, confirming and endorsing my girlhood memories of long ago. Needless to say I have found yours of the deepest interest. I should be very glad to have you insert in your book my account of our stop at Union Mills, going and returning to Washington. I have told there the exact facts as to our journey, and its object. The 'trousseau' business existed solely in the imagination of the reporters, and was added to lend zest to a newspaper paragraph. I think my own article pretty thoroughly establishes where my fancy was fixed at even that early time.

"I know that I was very young, full of secession fire that took shape in defiant speeches, and all that, but the respect and courtesy we met with at your father's headquarters was always deeply appreciated, and kindly remembered, long after I had a son of my own to send in U. S. uniform to the Spanish War.

"I had forgotten the oath given by General Hays. That is very interesting. We could safely subscribe to it.

"My aunt, Mrs. Hyde, was a stately and beautiful woman of middle age, who died long ago in the odor of sanctity, after a life of unselfish devotion to others.

¹ Mrs. Harrison's book has since been published under the title, "Recollections, Grave and Gay."

"What you tell me of Capt. Shields and Cortis is very full of interest. I often thought I should like to see both of them again, and I must ask you to say as much to Capt. Shields, with my compliments. With kindest regards, believe me

"Yours sincerely,
"C. C. Harrison."

[Mrs. Burton Harrison].

"RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY"

Mrs. Harrison, after narrating life in Richmond during the Peninsula campaign, speaks of the death of her uncle, Lieut. Reginald Fairfax, of the "old navy," and we will take up her narrative at this point:

"My uncle, who had commanded a battery on the James, was prostrated by malarial fever and taken to Richmond, where he died at the Clifton House, tenderly nursed by his sisters. He was to my brother and me a second father. His property, fortunately so invested in Northern securities as to be unavailable during the war, was left between his three sisters, thereby enabling us, after peace was declared, to resume a life of comfort, when many of our Confederate friends were in absolute want. My other uncle, Doctor Fairfax of Alexandria, had, in the abundance of his belief in the Confederacy, put all of his fortune into Confederate bonds and suffered a total loss of it.

"In the latter part of February, 1863, it became necessary for either my mother or aunt to carry to Washington certain papers connected with the inheritance coming to them from the estate of their late brother, in order to secure much-needed provision for the clouded and uncertain future of their families. After some debate it was decided that Mrs. Hyde should be the one to go; and I, with the love of daring adventure coursing through my veins, induced them to let me accompany my aunt.

"Bidding farewell to those friends in Richmond who looked upon us as predestined to a Northern prison, we went first to stop near Culpepper, not far from the winter quarters of General Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry. Here we remained while casting about us for ways and means to cross the border and get into Alexandria. Not only were the chances of war in favor of our capture on the way—that did not appall us, since we were intent strictly on private business—but from every side came gloomy tales of swollen rivers, deserted villages, a war-ravished country liable to forays from prowling vagabonds of either army, and the likelihood of running upon a skirmish at any moment. Worst of all, it seemed impossible to hire a conveyance.

"Waiting, however, in a pleasant country house near the headquarters of a crack cavalry division, with a dozen gallant

knights, ready to do one's lightest bidding, had its endurable side. There were visits to and from camp, rides, shooting matches—'General Fitz' presenting me with a tiny Smith and Wesson revolver captured by himself, which he taught me to wear and use."

The ladies were obliged to remain some time at General Lee's headquarters, awaiting a favorable opportunity to proceed North, and it came at last. There can not be followed here all the details of their journey, so aptly told by Mrs. Harrison in her book. Suffice it to find the ladies at Warrenton in late February and parted from the escort that had been furnished by General Lee, and let Mrs. Harrison resume her story:

"We hired a country cart of the old-time hooded variety, wherein, drawn by mules and enthroned on straw, we made creeping progress toward Centreville. On the road we passed a tired woman carrying her baby, a crying child tugging at her skirts, driven by starvation, she said, to go inside the Union lines. We naturally picked them up, and the hours that followed were hardly cheerful. Sleeping at a poor farm house that night, we awoke to find a party of Federal soldiers ringed around it, who proceeded to search the premises. When we got downstairs the officer in charge was waiting at the breakfast table. Although they were in pursuit of some one more important, it was necessary for him to know who we were, and what our business there. 'Property-owners in Fairfax County, going to their home on matters of private business,' did not seem to suffice him as an explanation. We must come with him to report at United States headquarters in Centreville.

"Lacking other means of advance, we then hired the only vehicle of the establishment, a pole on four wheels, drawn by two oxen; and balanced upon this, our trunks bound on somehow by the depressed Confederate sympathizer who drove us, a bayoneted guard walking on either side, we superbly entered the village of Centreville. At headquarters, the officials in charge made a thoroughly conscientious effort to penetrate our disguise of innocence, and stamp us guilty, but the case baffled them. A full examination of our luggage failed to develop anything but the fact that Confederate principles were antagonistic in a marked degree to the theory of personal adornment. In the perplexity of the situation, they decided to send us on as prisoners of war, to Brigadier-General Hays stationed at Union Mills on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, whence, they said, parties of 'refugees from the Rebel lines' were daily expedited to Alexandria.

"The bitter cold drive of six miles to Union Mills in a little open trap, plunging up and down in deep ruts of frozen

clay cut by army wagons in a heavy soil, or going at a snail's pace between six stolid Germans, holding their bayonets as they marched on either side of us, was actually the most painful experience of our adventure. My aunt, with her stately figure and beautiful clear profile, in her mourning garb, sitting so calm and self-controlled amid her strange surroundings, reminded me of some grande dame of the French Revolution going in a tumbril to execution. For nothing in the world would she have condescended to make a complaint; we had deliberately placed ourselves in this situation, and must make the best of it.

"Ahead of us were several wagons loaded with up-country refugees, Germans and Irish, going to Washington to take oath of allegiance and seek for better fortunes. One of these vehicles, piled high with household goods, upset, and there were wails from the women and children belonging to it, though nobody was badly hurt. While waiting for them to clear the road, we suffered intensely with the cold, arriving finally at Union Mills so thoroughly congealed, it was hard to set our feet upon terra firma.

"Stumbling to the ground, we paid our driver and were shown into a room heated to suffocation by a red-hot stove, and crowded with the unhappy 'refugees,' men, women, and children, who had arrived ahead of us, all nearly perishing of cold and fatigue. We gave but one glance into the interior and turned away sickened by the noxious atmosphere, to meet a smart young staff officer¹ who, with the most astonished face I ever saw, could not for the life of him understand what we two were doing there.

"Ten minutes later, seated before a bright fire in the officers' quarters above, we were kindly and courteously urged to partake of hot coffee, which we accepted, and champagne, which we refused. How long it had been since we had seen champagne!

"A room, hastily made ready, contained two army cots, gayly striped blankets, tin basins set upon a bench, delicious toilet soap and towels, a mirror, and two tall tin cans of boiling water. A tray of supper sent in 'with the general's compliments' filled our hearts with overflowing gratitude to our noble foes.

" 'I am glad I've scripture warrant for it, for I simply love my enemies,' one of us exclaimed, in heartfelt tones.

"A cattle train, the box cars crowded with the poor emigrants on benches, afforded the sole means for our getting on next day. Our kind host, the general, relieved his mind of us by letting us go to Alexandria on parole, under supervision of the provost-marshal there. By orders from his headquarters, we were allowed to travel in the cab of the engine, and thus whizzing past many a well-known landmark

¹ Lieut. David Shields.

in our county, we regained the old town left two years before, under such different circumstances."

After arrival in Washington, Mrs. Hyde and her niece attended to the business that had brought them to the city and then enjoyed themselves shopping, but all was not well, in Mrs. Harrison's own words:

"Then fell a thunderbolt! Certain Union sympathizers among our whilom friends having taken pains to communicate to the secretary of war that he was harboring dangerous characters from the seat of rebellion, nearly allied with the leaders of the Confederate government, and full of menace to the Union cause, an order was sent to us, which I transcribe:

Headquarters, Military Div. of Washington.

Washington, D. C., March 19, 1863.

Capt. H. B. Todd, Provost Marshal,

Captain: By direction of the Secretary of War, Mrs. E. C. Hyde and Miss Constance Cary, refugees from Richmond, will be sent South over the lines, with orders not to return inside the lines of the U. S. forces.

By command of Brigadier-General Martindale.

[Signed] John P. Sherburne,

Asst. Adjt. General.

Official:

A. W. Baker, Lt. and Adjt., Washington, D. C.

"A trim young lieutenant with good manners and, as was developed, a feeling heart—Lieut. Clark Smith of the 169th New York Regiment—stood in the hall below as the instrument of Fate. There was a wild rush of packing, surrounded by zealous friends. Whatever it was possible to squeeze into the Dixie trunks, with little presents for all our circle, went into them; much was worn, a good deal condensed into hand luggage. A smart braided riding habit, a gown or two, and other coveted fripperies, had to be left with their makers, ultimately reaching us by flag of truce. But one thing I could not entirely forsake—a new hat, an unimagined luxury since many months, that had been tried on and was waiting orders at the milliner's. We had no sooner seated ourselves in the carriage opposite the polite lieutenant, than a siege of the enemy ensued, shorter but no less successful than that of Richmond. In the end, our carriage, on its way to the boat-wharf, drew up before the door of Miss Wilson's fashionable millinery in Pennsylvania avenue, and our lieutenant, issuing from it, returned carrying a handbox. I hope this transgression has long been forgiven him. The new hat, so thought the Richmond girls, was well worth a dash upon the enemy.

"Back at Union Mills again, and surrendered into the

hands of our former host, we were greeted by jovial General Hays with pleasant tidings. 'I'm not going to let Fitz Lee boast he treated you better than we shall,' he exclaimed, when the question arose as to how he should dispose of the bad pennies returned upon his hands. So behold us seated in a smart ambulance, under escort of a dashing guard of 40 men in blue, the general himself, with two of his staff, accompanying us to the limit of the Union lines. In parting I asked if he had any message to send to his old West Point comrade, General Ewell, who had lately lost a leg in Confederate service.¹

"'Give my best love to good old Dick, and tell him I wish it had been his head,' was the laughing answer, transmitted in due time."²

It is manifestly unfair to quote here any more of Mrs. Harrison's most thrilling story as it has since been published in book form. A single incident is recalled by Capt. Shields which had passed from the fair narrator's recollection, to-wit:

At the time Miss Cary and Mrs. Hyde were brought into General Hays' headquarters, just as Miss Cary jumped somewhat sprightly from the conveyance, a small pistol [mentioned in her "Recollections,"] fell from her clothing, and upon Shields stooping to pick the weapon up, its fair owner, quick as a flash, put her foot on it, with the remark, "That's my private property, sir."

One can expect spunk in a Virginian and no doubt in those days there was plenty in evidence. Mrs. Harrison has long since been forgiven, "Even as we forgive those who trespass against us." It is to be hoped she will excuse the use of the word, spunk. It is decidedly colloquial, and of a marked Yankee character.

Let it suffice to close this incident to say that Mrs. Hyde and her charming niece, after various adventures, got safely back to General Fitz Lee's headquarters, and were received by the gallant officer with open arms—that is metaphorically speaking, and from thence the way to Richmond was clear.

¹ General Ewell graduated July 1, 1840, the day General Alexander Hays entered.

² "Recollections, Grave and Gay," Mrs. Burton Harrison, PP. 111 et seq.



Soldiers' Monument, Franklin, Pa.

CAPT. KENNEDY TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Casey's Division,

"Centreville, April 1st, 1863.

"My Dear Mrs. Hays:

"If I have not written to you before today, I beg you to believe it was not because I am unmindful of you, or that I had forgotten my promise, made some time since. I arrived safely in Washington, after many delays by the wayside, but so sick when I reached that city of magnificent distances, as to render it impossible for me to leave my room except for a part of a day. The morning following my arrival, I was called upon by Capt. Schreiber, and I assure you I was much surprised at the information communicated by him, inasmuch as I had heard nothing, either of the courtmartial of d'Utassy, or of Schreiber having been relieved as acting assistant adjutant general. Schreiber gave me a most pitiful account of his affair and asserted his entire innocence of committing any intentional wrong towards the general. From his statement to me, then, I imagined the general was anxious that he should again be reinstated, and I at once told him I would do anything in my power to assist him, that I would at least secure him a hearing by the President, or the Military Board, then sitting for the investigation of cases similar to his. He appeared exceedingly rejoiced at the prospect of getting a hearing, which was all he wanted, to secure his reinstatement. I accordingly told him to draw up a statement, and address it to the President, setting forth his grievances, and I would get my uncle¹ to submit it to him. The evening previous to my leaving for this point he brought me his statement, and said he would get the letters which he had on file in the War Department, and which proved the truth of the statement set forth in his communication. I saw uncle the same night, and he at once agreed to attend to the matter, as soon as he received the letters which were to accompany it.

"On the morning following, I came to headquarters, and the following day received a letter from uncle, stating that he had seen the President's private secretary, and that Capt. Schreiber should have a hearing before Judge Holt,² and if the facts were as alleged, he should be reinstated.

"After my arrival here, however, I found that the general was not at all pleased with the conduct of Schreiber, that in fact, he had lost all confidence in him, and fully believed that Schreiber had grossly betrayed his confidence. From

¹ Kennedy's uncle was Joseph C. G. Kennedy, superintendent of census, who was murdered in Washington by a fanatic. This Joseph Kennedy dined with Queen Victoria when he was the representative of the United States at the World's Fair in London in 1852.

² Hon. Joseph Holt of Kentucky, the Judge Advocate General of the army with the rank of colonel, a famous man of the war days.

the facts detailed me by the general, I am satisfied that Schreiber is not the man we thought him, although at the same time, I think that d'Utassy is and has been the main instrument in involving him in his late difficulties. Still, there is no excuse for his betrayal of the general's confidence, by willfully disobeying his order, and forging and altering his dispatches. He also deceived the general as to his being mustered into service. The general still in some measure sympathizes with him in his difficulties, but says he will never again place confidence in a Dutchman.

"Schreiber, I believe, is still in Washington, and boarding with d'Utassy and Mrs. Bacon.

"We have discovered since our arrival here that d'Utassy has carried off all the flags belonging to the 39th Regiment, which had been presented to them in New York, and since they have been in the field. He also carried off from here everything he could lay his hands on. Among other things, a large number of papers belonging to the office at the post; these we have sent for again. Mrs. Bacon is moving everything to accomplish his release or restoration. And as to her, I can only say that my first impressions of her character have been fully confirmed by her subsequent conduct. When I first arrived here, I found the general and staff in tents. The next day the wind blew down the stove pipes, and nearly carried off the tents, and as the headquarters formerly occupied by Colonel d'Utassy were only occupied by some of his former very numerous staff, whose occupation had departed, I concluded that the general commanding had a small right to be comfortable, especially as he was not very well, so I succeeded in getting him to come down here, and we are now established quite nicely. The general and myself have the large corner room down stairs, which has a large fireplace, and at present, an elegant large wood fire. The 'young man' and 'Dave'¹ have a nice room directly over our heads, and the general, with a long stick, can pound them out of bed, by knocking on the ceiling. The clerks sleep in the office down stairs, which is infinitely more comfortable than the former one at Union Mills.

"Since my arrival, I have been busy every day and night, sometimes not going to bed at all, in consequence of the alarming rumors of an intended attack upon the post by Stuart and Jackson. I have to act as assistant adjutant general, and we have more business here than we had at the Mills, in consequence of the concentration of the brigade, and the fact that all communications for Colonel Fessenden's brigade² pass through our headquarters.

¹ Sailer and Shields.

² Francis Fessenden of Portland, colonel of the 25th Maine Volunteers, a most distinguished officer who attained the rank of major general of volunteers.

"The general was unwell for a day or two, but is now lively. He has introduced one very bad custom, however, and is making us all get up when the bugle is sounded, at five in the morning. This is terrible. 'Dave' and Sailer have taken turns, each sitting up half the night.

"I succeeded in getting the box through safely, but all the things expressed were not in it. Before I left the hotel I asked the clerk if there were any packages for me? He handed me one for 'Dave,' and said that was all. I then thought the others were packed in the box; upon my arrival, I found they were not. I immediately wrote to Harry Schreiber, that if there were any more packages for me, to send them by express to my uncle at Washington and I would get them. 'Dave' was in a terrible way, expecting some token from his lady love, but he has partially recovered, and waits with equanimity.

"I have written this scrawl amid many interruptions, and should it be, as I fear, disconnected, you must excuse it.

"I will write you again soon, I hope, under more favorable auspices.

"The general sends much love. Please remember me to all the family. 'Dave' and Sailer also wish to be remembered. 'Sailor Boy' went almost crazy over his cake cannon; has sent it home to Philadelphia. Hastings et al. are all well.

"Yours truly,

"T. R. Kennedy."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Casey's Division,

"Union Mills, Va., March 24, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"Within the last ten days I have received but two letters from home. One from Aunt Rachel and one from Agnes. I will answer them both, when time allows. None from you, darling, but they tell me you are not well. I need not express to you a desire to be with you, for you know that every impulse of my nature would wish me home, and every throb of my heart only repeats the love I bear you.

"'Hark, the sweet bugle sings yielding joy to me laddie' for I have received orders to concentrate my brigade at Centreville, preparatory, I suppose, of another 'On to Richmond.'

"It is, however, to prevent communication with Washington. My lines have become notorious for stopping Rebels, and I am being transferred to another sphere.

"Corts wrote to you yesterday, by request, and gave you the account of Miss Constance Cary. She is a niece of Gouverneur Morris of New York, a correspondent for papers. Says I am the only gentleman in the Northern army, and that I will hear of it, when she gets back to Richmond. 'Dave' Shields and Corts escorted her over the lines to 'Dixie.'

"I enclose the oath I made her take, before she left me, in taking she wiggled her fingers, significantly.

"Henry says breakfast is ready, and 'The Count' stands saddled for my first ride to Centreville. As soon as I am settled, you will hear from me.

"God bless you all, and my love to all at home.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Centreville, Va., April 1st, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"On this, 'The Fools Day,' I am in extacies over a 'wee bit letter' I received. If I had written such a diminutive thing I would have been scolded until I made amends in a full written, four-page letter, on foolscap. But it was, really, a treat, a little one, but then, it had been so long since I heard from you. Then, you were sick, and I was anxious.

"Well, maam, with tomorrow's train goes down 'The Sailor Boy' to Washington, and then and there he will draw my pay for one month from the U. S., leaving a balance of one day's [April 1st] placed on the books of that institution in my favor. As I have full faith and confidence in Uncle Sam's integrity and ability, I will permit that amount to accumulate until the first of May. The amount you will receive through the agency of John Sailer, on this present occasion, will correspond, my darling, with your modest request for two hundred [200] for really that is the amount specified by you. In consideration of your goodness while on your last visit to me, and my daily increasing love for you, in consequence [I don't care who knows these sentiments], I will make the amount two hundred dollars [\$200]. God bless you; for your sake I desire to be a millionaire.

"If you expect me to answer your letters paragraphically, you must not charge me with flirting, at my age, though Miss Constance might have played smash 17 years ago.

"d'Utassy has gone and left us, and taken along his lady love, having stolen everything possible, and transportable in his possession, belonging to the government. Also he stole all the three flags of the 'Garibaldi Guards.'¹ I have sent an officer of that regiment after him, and would not be surprised if he found an asylum within the walls of some penitentiary instead of under the sunny skies of his dear Italy.

"You have not heard one-half of his rascalities, and I have no time to detail them. It is reported he and Madame

¹ The Garibaldi Guard, the 39th New York Volunteers, of which d'Utassy had been colonel. The general says Italy. He means Hungary, as d'Utassy was a Hun. The count found the asylum later.

B.¹ have been united in the bonds of wedlock! Schreiber is in Washington. He is a victim of d'Utassy's.

"The dressing case and prayer book have never been received; where are they? Kennedy and the boxes arrived safely.

"Corts is in Washington pressing his claim for assistant adjutant general, on the strength of one of the best letters I ever wrote. His reinstatement has been approved by Governor Curtin, and I believe he will succeed. I am pleased to hear of Lieut. Laufman's reinstatement.

"Tell George Murphy² that I have not yet possessed myself of any valuable trophies, as almost everything, except graves, has disappeared from this vicinity. The 'Rebs' burned down the bridge over Bull Run, three miles in advance of me, and I cannot, at present get over.

"We have had several bad scares [via Washington], which keeps me on constant watch. The exposures incident to leaving our pleasant home at Union Mills going into tents, riding almost all night and day, almost broke me down. I caught a very severe cold, followed by a bilious attack. I could get sleep and rest, only by snatches. Three nights ago, we had the latest scare 5—10—15 thousand of the enemy [so they said at Washington] were advancing on our lines, and I was ordered to 'hold Centreville at all hazards.' They appeared not to be aware that such was my intention, without orders. Although they knew I had remodeled and strengthened my guards and picket lines. I kept my command under arms all the night. The boys were as keen as cutworms for a fight, and have confidence that I can not only get them into, but take them out of one, if a chance is offered. Although I was entirely prostrated, I did not sleep a wink. In the morning, we ascertained that no enemy was near us. Can you find fault more, with a man's not writing love letters, under such circumstances?

"I am now quartered in the 'd'Utassy hotel,' very comfortably. Surrounded by my regiments, with the batteries sweeping every foot of ground in front, but nobody will come to disturb me, perhaps, from the instructive principle of avoiding noxious beasts.

"There now, love to all, too many to enumerate, and many thanks to the donors of 'the goodies' sent. I will continue to love and write to all as soon as I command this division.

"All the boys are hearty. 'Dave' Shields is as fat as a bear, and twice the size, when he left home. They are all asleep. God bless you,

"Your husband,
"Alex."

¹ Madam B. was an officer's wife.

² Major George W. Murphy of Pittsburgh, the brother-in-law of Mrs. Hays.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Dear Annie: "Centreville, Va., April 5th, 1863.

"I received yours of the first, and as I wrote the same day suppose you have received mine. I cannot imagine why, therefore, you complain?

"I have not failed to write, even when I wrote with difficulty. For ten days I have not been on horseback, suffering from a very severe cold and gastritis, I believe they call it. I am now hearty and well, eating a full ration, as usual.

"It was my intention to have gone, today, to Upton's Hill, where I am summoned as witness on a courtmartial, but the day is furiously blustering, snow and high wind. I have, therefore, postponed my start until early tomorrow morning, and will ride 25 miles before you have breakfast at home.

"I have purchased 'The Count'¹ and now have the best stable in the army.

"'Dave' Shields' horse is not sufficient for his riding, and I intend to let him use 'Leet,' as he suits him.

"Last night we had an alarm from the picket line. It was snowing and storming furiously, and 'Dave,' with two mounted orderlies, were sent to ascertain the facts. The alarm was false, but 'Dave' was nearly frozen when he returned.

"We are as comfortably quartered as possible. I have a wide, open fireplace, and do enjoy myself hugely, heaping on the logs.

"I have never received the prayer book, or anything else, except the box. You cannot imagine the satisfaction your box afforded, not only to ourselves, but to travelers, for, as we are situated, we must 'keep hotel.'

"You must excuse me from further exertion at this time, as the mail must start for Union Mills.

"Love to all and God bless you. I will write that love letter as soon as I gain courage. I will write to Alden.

"Your husband, "Alex."

"N. B.—This is longer than your letter."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Dear Sir: "Centreville, Va., April 5th, 1863.

"I received yours, dated 3rd [only two days], and concluded to spend the evening with you. Today I wrote to Annie and Alden. I enclosed to the latter a package of bank notes, generally 5's, for spending money, and thereby have bought off one correspondent for some time.

"I wish you could pay me a visit, to learn for yourself and friends, what military life on the pickets really is.

¹ "The Count," Capt. Biscaccianti's horse.

"It is no place, however, for nervous individuals. Nine o'clock has just sounded, and already, before and since I began to write, three different signals of the enemy have been announced to me. They are, however, distant, and I have no apprehensions that they will come within reach of my twelve 'bull dogs,' much less attempt to meddle with my 'nettle patch.'

"I expect to get a good sound sleep tonight, and that will be a luxury and a rarity to me. I sleep but little at night, sometimes not at all. When I am in good health I experience no inconvenience, as I require but little sleep at any time, and that I can take at any hour.

"Last night we had an alarm, and 'Dave' Shields, with his cavalry, rode through darkness and a terrible snow storm to the picket line, only to find it was false. 'Dave's' people would scarcely recognize him. He has grown a great deal, and every day appears more manly. His friends may well be proud of him.

"Each day gives me more confidence in my command, and now that I have gained theirs, I think I can whip the Rebels here, in Centreville, five to one, and on any ground, even.

"Corts appears sanguine in obtaining his appointment. Says if I will go to Washington, it is sure. As I go tomorrow to Upton's Hill, on courtmartial, I will try to go to the city to aid him if possible.

"I go, with witnesses, against the commanding officer of the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment, and may discover something relative to my friend R. B. R.,¹ and upon my return I will write you my experience.

"Our soldiers are anxiously awaiting the workings of the 'Conscript Act.' God help the poor conscripts that are quartered with our 'old soldiers.' They will be bored to death.²

"In, and throughout the army, there is a marked improvement in every branch. There is no ground for dissatisfaction, although no murmur of discontent is heard, except against the traitors at home who, by words and deeds, are giving comfort to the enemy, and insulting us.

"I cannot write more at present, but will try to find time when I return. Love to mother, and say 'still water runs deepest.' Love to Rachel, Margaret³ and all the little ones. Regards to friends.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alexander Hays."

¹ The Pennsylvania Reserves, then under command of Colonel Wm. Cooper Talley. R. B. R., Colonel R. Biddle Roberts, the former colonel, having resigned.

² The Conscript Act—the draft, and hence conscripts—drafted men. The general's fears were groundless.

³ Rachel, Margaret, Mrs. Hays' sisters.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Centreville, Va., April 9th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"A very happy woman's letter dated 5th was received yesterday and made a man very happy. In fact, I have been fortunate in the last five days. I rode to the courtmartial at Upton's Hill, and then went to Washington, five miles, to remain over night. I would then have written, but I was tired out, riding about 30 miles, after a week's confinement to the house. We rode from Washington next day, and I was glad to see the flag at Centreville. I feel, however, vastly improved in health, in fact, I never felt better.

"I have read 'The Spasm of Sense,'¹ and it is 'first rate.' You talk, however, of want of time, with six. Think of me, with 3,000 children to feed, cloth, and generally provide for.

"There is not a single day that I do not desire to write to you, or someone else, but in attending to my duties, I find the hour of 11 o'clock arrives unawares, and then the ambulance must go to Union Mills for the mail.

"Kennedy did not receive the bundle, although it came to hand mysteriously in Washington. I have the dressing case, Bible and prayer book, with handkerchiefs. Tell Rachel I am very much obliged, and will acknowledge.

"Corts is here today and says, with my letter he feels sure. I hope so.

"I cannot delay the mail, so goodbye, and God bless you. Love to all,

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MISS RACHEL McFADDEN

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Casey's Division

"Centreville, Va., April 10th, 1863.

"Dear Rachel:

"Even though it should excite the wrath of my worthy spouse, who imagines she alone should receive letters, I will write to you. I do not know that there is much in our life to interest you, but you have numerous friends, and I can tell you of them.

"The weather, until today, has been very unpleasant, and for two months the roads had no bottom to be found. This morning the sun broke out splendidly, and a thousand birds gave us a grand concert, from the old orchard which surrounds our quarters. We now have a promise of good weather, and anticipations of a delightful time. I am requested by a unanimous vote of 'the staff' to tender you an invitation to visit

¹ Most probably a magazine or newspaper article.

us, and bring your friends. I can promise you a jolly time. There are no more interesting localities, or pleasant rides and drives than will be found around here. I wish you could come, and if I find I am to be made a fixture of 'The Defense of Washington,' Annie and yourself will receive orders.

"Some people think I ought to write oftener, but I wish they could see how I am almost constantly employed. I am now in bed after reveille [5 o'clock], and sometimes I do not go to bed at all. From breakfast until 11 o'clock, when the mail leaves, I am employed, providing for my troops, and so busily that the time slips away unawares. The daily inspections and visits to the pickets put in the day. In the evenings I write my official answers and communications, by which time I am willing to sleep, but a messenger arrives, perhaps, with the announcement that Mr. Stuart, Mr. Lee, Mr. Hampton or Mr. Mosby and company¹ intend to visit me, during the night. For such distinguished strangers, I am forced to stay awake. Alas, poor Stoughton, what a fall, without firing a shot. His is only another instance of the fatal consequences of beauty, through which so many of the human race have fallen. Thank Providence, Dear Rachel, you and I have nothing to fear on that score but we make up the deficiency in goodness!

"I was pleased that your father formed such a good opinion of Kennedy, as he deserves, notwithstanding the tattle of some lady friends of Mrs. H's. He is well, and attends exclusively to the office. I hope, however, to have Corts back again, which will, however, interfere with no one.

"'Dave' Shields weighs 160 pounds, and is growing like a colt, and is a good boy.

"'Sailor Boy' is also a fine boy, but awful green. They are all in excellent health. I never have found a party get along more pleasantly.

"I do not know, but I should take intentions into consideration, when I thank you for that dressing case. It is, however, most acceptable. Corts got the prayer book.

"I cannot tell you of the infamy of d'Utassy and Schreiber, but I have a lecture to deliver, on the subject, on a future occasion.

"Sincerest love to mother, and I want her picture. I have a very delible one on my heart, but other people cannot see it.

"Love to all, and I promise to write oftener in future. Now goodbye. My love to all the girls, of course.

"Your brother,
"Alex."

¹ Distinguished Confederates—"Jeb" Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, Wade Hampton.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Casey's Division,
 "Twenty-second Army Corps,

"Centreville, Va., April 13th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I fear you are a boaster of your punctuality, as I have not received the two letters promised me, this week, whereas, I have certainly kept my word, of late.

"We are in the midst of stirring events. Three of the natives of Allegheny County, Mr. Sam Lyons, Lloyd and Dr. McQuaide, from Stewartstown, arrived here in search of two dead soldiers, killed at Bull Run.¹

"I sent 'Col.' Shields out yesterday with his regiment and 40 mounted men, to obtain the remains. Soon after their departure, I received orders to march, and sent a messenger to bring the parties back. I am all ready now, and anxiously awaiting further orders. There is great anxiety in the brigade to know who will command, as the division is ordered. I know the choice, if it was a matter of election. I never saw men in better spirits; they are jubilant over the prospect of action, and their confidence is very complimentary to me. I believe they will give a good account of themselves.

"I have a new corresponding secretary, Capt. Thomson, a brother-in-law of Ed. Cowan's, and a good man. He has for temporary clerk, 'Dave' Elliott.²

"Our march will undoubtedly be toward the Rappahannock and after we start, it may be a week before I will have an opportunity to write home. I will, however, expect letters regularly.

"I wrote you of the arrival of the presents from you, excepting those from little Rachel, which were received, with many thanks, and compliments by the recipients.

"I will be pleased to accept your kind invitation to visit Kenridge, but I have not yet accomplished my mission. I feel confident, however, that a kind Providence will in time unite us all, and I will sharpen my sword for a bout with England.

"I never felt in better health, and never had more cause to be satisfied, and it may be possible that I will command a division—in course of time, certain.³

¹ Stewartstown was a hamlet on the Allegheny River opposite Lawrenceville, since became a large borough under the name of Millvale and also known as Bennett's Station. The dead bodies spoken of were men of Company B, 63rd Regiment.

² Capt. William Thompson of West Newton, Pa., a staff officer. Edgar Cowan was then United States senator from Pennsylvania. David Elliott was a civilian clerk, of a well known Pittsburgh family.

³ Within two months General Hays' satisfaction was complete. Hays' division at Gettysburg will be mentioned later.

"I suppose we are destined for Culpepper to rout the Rebel cavalry there. If we become settled there for a time, it will be a good opportunity for friends to visit us. I will write some of them, when the good occasion occurs. Wrote to Rachel day before yesterday.

"The brevets were not acted on on account of many being included who never 'smelt gunpowder,' but it will be allright.

"Love to all, and kind regards to everybody.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Dear Wife:

"Centreville, Va., April 15, 1863.

"I promised [and as I never break promises], I write again, with the occasion of delayed orders to march.

"Our trains were all packed and the men, with three days' cooked rations, are becoming impatient for action. I know not where we go, but suppose towards the Rappahannock, although it was understood that the division of Abercrombie¹ at Harper's Ferry, has been ordered to take shipping. You can imagine that I am very much engaged. Last night I got rest from 1 o'clock to 6 this morning, but the night before I never closed eyes, and spent the time on horseback.

"I am today endeavoring to force a train from Fairfax Station with vegetables for my troops. Kennedy is quite sick in bed. Shields and Sailer are well, but kept busy. For my own part, I am in perfect health.

"The people from Stewartstown procured the remains they came for, and were full of thankfulness. You will no doubt hear from them. If we remain, I will write again. No more time now.

"God bless you all, and love to everybody.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

LIEUT. KENNEDY WRITES THE NEWS

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Abercrombie's Division,

"My Dear Mrs. Hays:

"Centreville, April 18th, 1863.

"Nothing of special interest has transpired in this department since last I wrote you, except perhaps the change in the commander of the division. Night before last we received notice that General Casey had been relieved and General Abercrombie assigned to the command. Why General Casey was relieved, we as yet do not clearly understand, but suppose, and indeed, have had intimations to that effect—on

¹ General John J. Abercrombie, who succeeded Casey as General Hays' superior in command of the division.

account of his high rank, being now a major general, and of course entitled to a more extensive command.¹

"General Abercrombie is a very old man, having entered the service in 1822. What his capabilities may be as an officer we have as yet no opportunity of judging. He has been in service since the war began, but not, I think, very actively. He designs coming to this post next week, and I presume we will have to vacate our quarters and take to tent life again, which although pleasant during warm weather, is not an enviable state of existence when it is cold, and the wind blows, as it only can blow, in this country.

"The general monotony of our life is occasionally varied by the advent of visitors, who are anxious to get to the battlefield of Bull Run for the purpose of procuring the bodies of friends killed in action, or those who are desirous of passing our lines and penetrating still further into Dixie.

"Four days since, we had rather an amusing affair, which for a day or two kept us rather on the *qui vive*. About 12 o'clock at night a young woman, escorted by four cavalymen and two persons representing themselves as detectives belonging to the government police under Colonel Baker,² presented themselves at our headquarters with ostensible authority to cross the line, or rather, for the young woman to do so. After crossing, she was to proceed on her way, alone, south. She rode in a wagon, with a driver, but was to proceed by herself, after reaching our line. The general went with them to the line, but the stream was swollen and something in their conduct excited the suspicions of the general, and he ordered the whole party back to headquarters, until inquiry could be made, and a satisfactory answer received as to her right to go southward. The lady in question was exceedingly indignant at the action of the general, and also quite pert in her manner. She had evidently seen much of the world, and was thoroughly posted in the ways of society. She also was decidedly familiar as to all the roads in this section of the country, having, as she said, lived in these parts in years gone by. She, with all her vivacity, was rather reticent, and although a great talker, was not disposed to give much information concerning her mission, further than to inform us that she was in government employ and on her way in quest of knowledge for the government. She certainly, from her character, made of boldness, confidence and readiness, is a fit person to be used as a spy, provided she did not give the Rebels as much and more news than she would, or might communicate to us. She would not go to

¹ General Abercrombie was a Tennessean who graduated at West Point in 1822. He was therefore, at the time Kennedy wrote, 61 years of age. General Silas Casey was also an old man of the West Point class of 1826.

² Colonel, later Brigadier General LaFayette C. Baker, chief of the United States secret service.

bed that night, and as a consequence, poor general got no sleep. The next morning the two detectives were sent back to Washington and a telegram was sent to Colonel Baker inquiring as to the young lady. A satisfactory answer was received in the evening, and she could have then taken her departure, but in the meantime a tremendous storm of rain came on, and her departure was delayed for two additional days. I can assure you she kept everything and everybody awake around these 'diggins,' and Capt. Thompson, Sailer and 'Dave' all had in turn a sample of her wit, both sarcastic and pleasant. She was quite pleasant at times, and again sharp, according as matters developed themselves to her fancy or otherwise, and the general and she had it, at swords points the first day, with a vengeance. However, she very readily discovered that the general, to use common parlance, was no chicken, and she subsided under his control, gave up in despair not to carry any of her points with him. She appeared to succumb, half pleased and half mad. She would persist in remaining in our room during the day, and that, too, among so many men. The general began to feel like the Frenchman, who played for an elephant, and when he found himself installed possessor, did not know what to do with it, and began to imagine we would have the young lady a permanent fixture, as there was no prospect of the storm abating. The general became excessively tired, and was determined to get rid of her, at all events. Now, during all this time, I was sick, and confined to my room, or rather, a room up stairs, as I had to vacate mine, in behalf of some strangers, two men here, after the bodies of relatives. The general, however, kept me thoroughly posted. Day before yesterday the general was summoned to Washington to attend the d'Utassy courtmartial, and on that morning I got down stairs. Not feeling at all well, but knowing that he was anxious I should be around, and in the office during his absence, and then, for the first time, saw the fair damsel who had been creating all the hubbub in our quarters. She was, and is evidently a young lady of age, about 28. Not handsome, or even pretty. Not interesting, though, or by means of much intelligence or mental culture, but possessed of an active mind, quick perception of character, and much of that knowledge only gained by observation, and a thorough mingling in society of all kinds, having the faculty of communicating nothing that would throw any light upon her own history, and yet talking incessantly, and the power of making those who have not seen as much of the world as she, tell all they know, and all she would desire to know. Such I read her, and such I estimated her, after five minutes acquaintance. Whether my estimate is a correct one, I have no means of determining.

"Well, all things must come to an end, both in nature and art, and as the clouds had disappeared that morning, and the

sun shone brightly, the birds chirping merrily, and the chickens giving forth their peculiarly joyous notes, indicative of their intense pleasure at the change, the general concluded that the lady in question, called Miss Watress, alias Miss Annie Johnson, should take her departure southward. And as the general was to leave for Washington in an hour or two, I was charged to send her off. It being supposed, I presume, on account of my great age that I would not yield too readily to her enchanting power. The general left, and shortly afterwards the young lady informed me that she wished to take her departure. The spring wagon was brought to the door, and Lieut. Sailer [who had been detailed by the general for that purpose] took his seat with her; the reins of her gallant steed in hand, and in a few minutes accompanied by the orderlies, started for Bull Run, over which stream he was to escort her. Soon they were lost to view across the plain, and down the Warrentown road. I turned on the porch, drew a long breath, and with a feeling of intense relief, went into my office, and soon, among the piles of papers, orders received, and communications to answer, forgot the fair damsel and her mission. Within a few minutes, however, a dispatch came from Washington, countermanding the order for the general to appear before the court. He had by this time reached Union Mills, and I was fearful had taken the cars, and was well on his way to Alexandria. However, I telegraphed him, hoping to intercept. In about an hour, I received another dispatch from the War Department, from Colonel Baker, desiring if the young woman had not crossed the lines, to send her back to Fairfax Court House, and also to forward a written statement, relative to the acting and conduct of the two detectives who had accompanied her, but who had returned to Washington. I was about to answer the dispatch, when the general made his appearance, having received my message. I went into the office and began writing, when my attention was suddenly attracted by an exclamation from one of our orderlies, and looking out the window, I saw Sailer coming up the road, driving in gallant style, the young woman still in the wagon. Again all was bustle and excitement, which was soon dispelled upon receiving the intelligence that the streams were swollen so much that it was impossible to cross. Although the fair damsel persistently alleged she would have crossed if she had had to swim the horse. But that she had been overruled by the escort, and compelled to return.

"Great was her annoyance when told that she must bend her steps towards the 'City of Magnificent Distances,' although she maintained admirable control of herself. She shortly took her departure again, to our relief.

"What the full object of her mission was we never learned, and in fact, know nothing except that she was on some errand for the government. That she will undoubtedly

succeed in making her way in and through the world, I have no doubt, but I, for one, should not like to be under her control or to be associated with her through the bonds of legal relations. A pretty dance one would lead upon this stage of checkered existences.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Hays, I am afraid you will, ere having perused this epistle thus far, have become a-wearied, both in the story and the writer. If so, you take this in doses, as a sedative, and right I am, you will quickly pass to that state commonly called sleep.

"I will label all my letters, as I have in days gone by, as physicians do prescriptions, 'only to be used when, or after going to bed, and desirous of repose.'

"But the truth is unless I write of the incidents concerning our everyday life, I can write nothing at all, for we rarely have anything in that line except an occasional scare developed in Washington, concerning which we are daily informed. Although from our position as extreme outpost, we should be presumed to know more than they at the seat of government.

"The weather today has been lovely, the air balmy and soft, and tonight I am writing with my window open. Nothing is to be heard, without or within, but the heavy tramp of the sentinel, interposed with an occasional loud challenge. The general is sound asleep, and the young men also, for the general has a fearful habit of routing everybody out of bed exactly at 5 o'clock in the morning, and now he has the bugle blown in the house, and all through the house, making noise enough to awaken the seven sleepers.

"I wish you were here this pleasant weather. I am confident you would enjoy yourself, and make up for deficiencies in that respect when with us at Union Mills. In addition, we have quite a number of ladies visiting in the various regiments, wives of officers, and one or two single, on a visit to their brothers. I understand that they are pleasant and agreeable. If we remain here long, you must endeavor to get back. I rarely see any of the ladies, from the fact that I am kept quite busy, during the day, and frequently during the night, and also from the other fact that I am not so much of a lady's man as I was in days gone, being in a transition state from an imaginative youth to a confirmed old bachelor. I am fully satisfied I shall remain so, unless you keep your promise and exert your influence to procure me a wife by the time the war is over, for I certainly will never be able to find one myself. I used to be exceedingly susceptible in my youth, but have got bravely over it now, and then again you know, after the war is over, and I should be fortunate enough to escape, there will be an elegant chance, for there will be many, many fewer young men, and more young ladies. I don't speak of this in a light manner, but as an existing fact.

"I presume we shall have General Abercrombie with us on

Tuesday of next week, from a telegram received this evening. His assistant adjutant general, who was with us last night [and who, by the way, I have formed a great dislike to, on account of his manner, allied to not a remarkable degree of common sense or intelligence or refinement], told me he was very sorry they were going to leave Arlington House, and coming to this forsaken country; that they infinitely preferred staying there. We have also learned today from some officers who have been with Abercrombie that he has a very unpopular staff, and a very disagreeable one. I can only say that if they attempt to play off any airs upon us, they will find they have some old officers to deal with, and not green ones who have never seen service, like those with whom they have been associated since the war began, for the fact is that the general [Abercrombie] has not been engaged in very close operations, and his old division has seen the Rebels only at a convenient distance.¹

"I have also been informed that but one of his staff has ever been in a battle, but all assume a profound knowledge of military affairs. I sincerely hope we may have been misinformed—time alone can determine, and should it prove otherwise, we will be the first to do them justice. At any rate, we will meet them as gentlemen, and treat them as such until we have reason to adopt a contrary policy.

"I am satisfied that the general was intensely disgusted with Capt. Slipper, assistant adjutant general, last night, for he assumed, with an air of vanity, a profound knowledge of the history of the Peninsular battles, in which he was not a participant, and criticised with the air of a general of experience the whole of that campaign. He drew in his horns very considerably when he discovered after a lecture of an half hour that he was talking to a general who had been in all the engagements and was thoroughly posted. I was much amused to see with what infinite chagrin he arrived at the conclusion that he had made a fool of himself, and had rendered himself somewhat ridiculous. I think he went back this morning a wiser man, for he told me he had supposed, and in fact knew the regiments of the brigade to be new troops, and also supposed the general commanding, a man appointed from civil life. Whereupon I indicated to him in a quiet way that he was lamentably ignorant of the fighting men of the war, and was almost entirely alone among army officers in his want of knowledge of the military character and reputation of our general, who had seen more service and had won more scars than nine-tenths of all our officers and generals now in service, and that we had quite a number of officers in the regiments of the brigade who had participated in many engagements.

¹ Lieut. Kennedy is speaking of the division at Harper's Ferry which General Abercrombie left. He is wrong as to the general, as will have been seen.

"Capt. Jones, with the battery [the 11th Massachusetts] which has been with us since the organization of the brigade, was yesterday ordered back to Washington, preparatory to being mustered out of service, inasmuch as their time expires in about four weeks. His battery has been replaced by the 9th Massachusetts, which is in for three years. We were all exceedingly sorry to lose Jones, for he has one of the finest drilled batteries in the service, and in addition was an energetic, pleasant and intelligent man. He was equally sorry to part with the general, for whom he has formed a sincere attachment, and with whom he desired to see service.

"¹ Hastings also regrets losing him, for the relations between the men of the batteries was extremely cordial. Hastings is as fat and as merry as ever, but anxious as to his fate, having heard indirectly that he was to be replaced by the 17th New York [battery]. Inasmuch as his time is out in August, and there appears to be a disposition to take all batteries from the front to Washington whose term of service has, or will expire during the summer, he wants to have an engagement with the enemy before his return to Philadelphia, to render an account to the good people concerning his services.

"I know the general will make a strong fight for him, and I think successfully.

"We have all, you know, become so much attached to him that we consider him as one of our family; he was here tonight, and I could hear his ringing laugh in the other room, every few minutes over some of the general's stories.

"d'Utassy's trial drags its slow length along and bids fair to last all summer. The proofs of his rascality are vast, and it has already been shown that he has received at least \$15,000 in money, and how much more will be proved, I cannot say.

"Schreiber is still doing what he can to get restored. I don't think, however, that he will succeed in this.²

"An examination made by one of the telegrams on file in the office at Union Mills, and of which I have had copies made, show that while he was with us, and when you were there, and from the first day of your arrival, he kept d'Utassy thoroughly informed of all our movements, every day life, orders issued, and to be issued, which would in any way effect him, and a vast deal which did not. In fact, that he was keeping up a perfect system of espionage upon us.

"In one of the telegrams, dated the 8th of January, the day before we reached Union Mills, he says:

"'General Hays has not arrived, good for you.' In another, sent over here on the day we came here on a visit and I came with you in an ambulance, and while we were on the road he telegraphed, 'Mrs. Hays, the general and his two

¹ Capt. Matthew Hastings of the Keystone Battery.

² Schreiber seems to have been true to his name—a writer.

orderlies have just started.' 'Dave' and I are designated as the two orderlies. Quite complimentary, was it not?

"I assure you I thoroughly appreciate all he was doing when the general was doing all he could for him, and you and the rest of us were trying to make him comfortable, sympathizing with him in his misfortune, and pitying his condition.

"We paid all his expenses, and contributed many little things for his edification, while at the same time he was sending to d'Utassy everything he could lay his hands on that he thought we would not miss. He sent him nearly all my books, and some valuable documents belonging to me.

"I often wondered where all our paper disappeared to, so rapidly, and on one occasion I mentioned to him that during the night or evening previous, some one had taken nearly a ream of my best letter paper from my desk, which I valued specially, as but little of the kind could be procured. He manifested the greatest interest in the matter and ordered diligent search for it. Of course it was not found.

"Ten days since having learned that d'Utassy had carried off a large amount of blank paper, etc., belonging to the brigade headquarters, and which he had brought from Union Mills to this point, as well as the flags of the 39th Regiment, the general sent Capt. Baer to Washington to bring them back. He brought back with him a government wagon full, and among five or six reams of writing paper, and a thousand envelopes, blanks, etc., I discovered the very letter paper I had lost—was there ever such ingratitude?

"Well, my dear Mrs. Hays, I must really close. The general is well and lively. All the aids are well except myself, but I am infinitely better than I was. Please give my respects to your father, Miss Rachel, your sister and all the children.

"Yours truly,

"T. R. Kennedy."

GENERAL HAYS TO JAMES B. McFADDEN

"Centreville, Va., April 20, 1863.

"Dear James:

"Got your letter yesterday. The papers you refer to were presented to the committee on claims, then sitting at Harrisburg, after having my affidavit attached.

"I know no more. Any official at Harrisburg can post you on the matter of claims.

"I don't like your short letters. If a man writes, he ought to write like I do. Ann Hays, by her insignificant note, has condemned herself to 'scraps' for the next month.

"Pearson's picture is horrible.¹

"General Abercrombie takes command of this division, and, oh, Lord! but I will tell you more when I know more.

¹ "Pearson," Alfred Pearson Hays, the general's son.

"There is not much probability of our leaving soon, and I would like you to come on, even if we left. A trip to Washington would do you good. Say, if it will be so, and I will make arrangements to meet you in Washington.

"If I remain within reach, I want Annie with me, about the first or middle of next month.

"My kind remembrance to Mrs. G. W. Murphy, Lieut. 'Tom' McFadden, Colonel Stockton¹ and McMillen, Matthew and all others.

"Corts is here, and thinks he has his appointment sure, A. A. A. General.

"Yours sincerely,

"'Alex' Hays,

"Brigadier General Vols."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Dear Wife: "Centreville, Va., Sunday, April 20, 1863.

"You will expect a very short letter, and you shall have it. Yours, dated 14th, arrived last night, and I am very thankful.

"This is a most delightful day; more enjoyable after such weather as we have had. Our camps are very gay, enlivened and humanized numerous styles of Tennessee loveliness. At guard mounting a number of lady visitors from the 126th [N. Y.] made their appearance, and caused me to suffer terribly from a fit of home and wife sickness. The orders we have had to move, have been suspended, and we may remain here some time. If I remain, or am within reach, you will get an order to join me in May.

"I have directed Kennedy to write and he reports twelve pages. That ought to satisfy a most insatiate creature. He will tell you of my trials and crosses with Madam Watson, alias Waters, alias Annie E. Johnson,² a war detective whom I captured, and like the man who won the elephant, did not know how to dispose of, after won.

"I send dear Martha³ a few little withered flowers in return for hers to me. Soon we will have abundance of them, and I will send more.

"Love to all, and God bless you.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"We are all well. Say to 'Jim'⁴ to come at once."

¹ "Colonel" Stockton and McMillen, lifelong employes of John B. McFadden, loved by all the family. Matthew, a man of all work for the Hays family.

² The woman seems to have given the general as much trouble as the enemy.

³ Martha, the general's daughter, later Mrs. Robert B. Black, now deceased.

⁴ James B. McFadden, the general's brother-in-law.

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Centreville, Va., April 20, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"I find leisure this morning, and will occupy it writing whatever may come uppermost. Our anticipated orders to march have not been received although we have been ready for ten or twelve days to move, at an hour's notice.

"It does not follow that our force is of no importance. In fact, its necessity in this region, is the cause of a change in the program at Washington. Our first destination was to Suffolk, but Hooker interfered to keep us here.¹

"You may estimate the importance of this command from the quantities of ordnance stores required to be carried. Four hundred rounds of ammunition [enough, nearly, to wear out some of them], for each piece of artillery. One hundred rounds of small ammunition, in each man's possession, and enough in wagons to last for weeks' continued fighting, allowing intervals for sleeping and eating. Seven days' rations, three cooked and in haversacks.

"For a time it was believed that I would have command, whatever was to be our destination, and it gave particular satisfaction to my own brigade, and I believe the whole division, for I have their confidence. A few days since General Casey was relieved by General Abercrombie, who takes today my quarters, while I move into tents, situated in the very bosom of my brigade on a spot overlooking the country for miles. There appears to be no question, either here or at Washington, as to who will be required to do the fighting. It is insinuated that I am too fond of fighting, which is as ridiculously absurd as many other reports made of me. I really do not know what our soldiers enlisted for, but I know they want a little fun.

"I can tell you nothing of the change until I write again. I do not at all dislike it, as it will not only relieve me of all disagreeable responsibility here, but give me leisure to more perfectly organize and drill my brigade as well as time for private purposes.

"Corts is now with me, and appears sanguine that he will receive his appointment. I telegraphed to Colonel Puleston² yesterday to call upon Secretary Stanton, and to ask Corts' appointment as a 'favor to Pennsylvania, and a personal one to me.' I think he will succeed.

"I have really a very fine set of young men attached to me, and have no fear of the stuff of the Third Brigade, if we are ever called upon to make a dash.

¹ Hays' Brigade was assigned to the Third Division, Second Corps, June 25th, 1863.

² Colonel James H. Puleston, military agent of the state of Pennsylvania at Washington.

"Kennedy is the book worker, while Shields and Sailer are 'gallant squires,' of all work. They are favorites, and respected by all. I have never seen a greater transformation than in the case of 'Dave' Shields. He has developed into a full grown man, with the self-possession of a veteran.

"I am very much pleased that Annie is satisfied with her new home. Whenever she is pleased, I am more so. The picture of Alfred is awful, a caricature of the boy, and I want one of both the 'little fellows.'

"I also want Annie to go to Dr. Hullihen to send me a new strong set of springs for my teeth. I don't want anything more in this letter.

"I have mentioned the spirit which pervades my command, but it is not single. From letters from the Potomac Army I am satisfied that a far better feeling exists than ever before, amounting to enthusiasm, you can acquire confidence, that in the next conflict we will prove ourselves superior to anything the South can produce.

"Love to all. God and the Union. Dismay to Copperheads.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alex."

A break in the most monotonous round of camp and guard duties is noted in this excerpt from a war-time diary of Surgeon Charles S. Hoyt, of the 126th New York Volunteers:

April 21st—Brigade reviewed today by General Hays. Order of brigade: Right, 125th New York Volunteers; left, 126th; right center, 111th New York Volunteers; left center, 39th; right, Keystone Battery;; left, 9th Massachusetts; day pleasant, affair passed off creditably.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Centreville, Va., April 24, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I could not let the mail leave without a short note to you, although I am anything but idle. General Abercrombie has arrived and assumed the responsibilities of the post, and I have removed with my family, and am now occupying the highest point in the county, with tents, in full view of the Rebels [if there are any within sight]. I am pleased with the general so far and anticipate nothing unpleasant.

"In health I never was better, and so far as I can enjoy myself, I am doing it. There are some little longings in which I would indulge, if I dare. If you were here, I would ask for nothing more, for the present.

372 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

"If there is a prospect of my command remaining this side of the Rappahannock, even for a limited time, I will invite you on.

"All are well. Hastings is fat and hearty. You will find the d'Utassy case in the papers. Mrs. B. is still by his side, although he is in close arrest. Capt. Charley B. is to be mustered out of service. 'Children suffer for the sins of their parents.'

"Can't write any more. God bless you and love to all.

"I go to Washington on courtmartial tomorrow or Monday, will write from there; rather, the court is in Alexandria.

"Your husband,

"Alex" Hays."

AN OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION

Adjutant General's Office

Washington, April 25, 1863.

Sir:

I forward herewith your commission of September, 29, 1862 as brigadier general, United States Volunteers, your receipt and acceptance of which you will please acknowledge without delay, reporting at the same time your age and residence when appointed, the state where born, and your full name, correctly written. Fill up, subscribe, and return as soon as possible the accompanying oath, duly and carefully executed. I am sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

James A. Hardie,

Asst. Adjutant Gen'l.

Brig. Gen'l "Alex" Hays,

U. S. Volunteers,

22d Corps, Dept. of Washington.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Kirkwood House, Washington, D. C., April 29th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I have delayed writing you, a day, to send you a remittance. It was my desire to have sent you \$200, but I find my extra expenses of this month, including part pay for my new horse, 'The Count,' and bills incident to living in hotels in Washington, will require me to restrict you to your allowance. I send draft on New York for \$175, drawn by Major M. F. Webb, enclosed.

"Tonight is one of intense interest here, as it will be tomorrow with you, when it is announced that Hooker has moved, and worst of all, Sesesh sympathizers are chuckling over a reported repulse of our army. I do not believe it.

"I am full of news, much more than I can communicate

by letters. We, Shields, Sailer and I, have been before the august tribunal of the Pennsylvania Reserves. There is no use to conceal the fact that their animosity against me is most bitter, but you know the old adage, my motto: 'Save me from my friends, and I can take care of my enemies.'

"Tonight as I was sitting with a number of friends in the office, in walked the Great R. Biddle Roberts, who is to act as Military Agent of Pennsylvania.¹

* * * * *

"I saw Heintzelman today and had a very cordial reception, although we fought before parting on the subject of refugees, women and children.

"At Centreville, I left all quiet and well, and received a most complimentary request that I would permit my officers to make an application to the secretary of war, that I might be assigned to command my brigade, untrammelled by supreme authority and expressing unlimited confidence in me. I sternly rebuked them.²

"Am I not a lucky man to make so many friends, and enemies?

"Tomorrow will decide Corts' case, but I am determined to carry him through, therefore he is now at Centreville, and quite domestic.

"Dave and Sailer are with me, and two better boys, each in his way, I could not wish to have attached to me. I treat them as if they were our boys. Sometimes I am cross, and sometimes pleasant, just as they behave.

"They are both at the theatre, and I have made the sacrifice of my public pleasure, to write to you. Was there ever such self-denial exhibited by a husband—17 years old, at that?

"I received a 'Pittsburgh Post' today, and for the first time in my life have laughed over 'an obituary' until I ceased from exhaustion. Case of McQuiade & Lyons—such lies I never saw.

"If I am not required on the d'Utassy courtmartial I will return to Centreville tomorrow evening. I have a lecture in preparation for you, Rachel McF. and others on the subject of predistinction in favor of young 'Dutch' gentlemen, who are not sufficiently known, for Schreiber is the most infamous scoundrel I ever knew.

"Well, today I received copies of the old photographs which will be sent you, and I have two other styles taken, which I think are excellent, or will be, and will send enough

¹ Colonel Roberts acted as military agent from April 27, 1863, until December, 1863 [succeeding Colonel Puleston], when he returned to duty on the governor's staff until the end of the war.

² "Supreme Authority"—undoubtedly General H. W. Hallock, who "bothered" more than Alex Hays and he knew better than his volunteer officers in this matter.

to go around to all my sweethearts. I have an idea of having one, at least, painted by Ulke for my favorite, but am in doubt if it would be acceptable.

"I suppose if I named her, it would not startle the public, for even that dear creature knows I love her more than life.

"I had my hair cropped today, with the intention of sending a package home, but discovered that the crop fell scant, and would not go around, so for prudential reasons, suppressed the gift.

"Love to all, and God bless you. I will send flowers to the children when I return.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

As the incident of the First Reserves gave General Hays much worry and concern, it will be well to quote here the facts as related in the "History of the 126th New York Regiment," and from an entirely disinterested source:

"February 27th, 1863.—A detachment of the Pennsylvania Reserves, temporarily attached to the brigade, and encamped near it, became fractious and refused to do duty, whereupon General Hays called out the 126th and ordered them to disarm the insubordinates, who were condemned to fatigue duty in the rifle pits, the 126th standing guard over them while they worked. This soon brought them to terms; but the incident was pleasant to our boys, showing the confidence placed in them by their superior officer."¹

It mattered not to General Hays where the troops were from—if they had been from Pittsburgh or Franklin, they would have been subjected to the same ordeal if mutinous, and any soldier will tell you that the slightest reluctance to perform any assigned duty is mutinous and the officer in command can take summary action. It is very evident that Colonel Roberts or his successors, had not inculcated immediate, absolute and implicit obedience, or this regrettable affair had not occurred, and Colonel Roberts, an able lawyer and an officer of high rank, above all others, should have known the law as to mutiny, and the procedure in such cases always swift, vigorous and unavoidable, if only as an object lesson to others. General Hays had no alternative. He acted as any commander should. Yet the First Reserves, as a fighting force was one of the best organizations from the state, and had a most glorious record. Probably the men were over persuaded that Roberts' authority and influence were greater than they were.

¹ "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph;" P 135.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Centreville, Va., May 11th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I know you are expecting anxiously to hear from me, and I can assure you I am getting quite as anxious to hear from you, as I have received no word for a week.

"We all feel anxious for news. You have the sad news for the Shields family, of the death of William. For two days I made inquiry in Washington, hoping I might be able to secure the body. As I was required here, I sent word for 'Dave' to come down. He is yet in Washington, with permission to remain as long as necessary, but there is no hope of the recovery of the body now.¹

"We are all well, and very hopeful; strong in faith and making our position here much stronger by new fortifications. Abercrombie prefers to be absent, and has the consent of all parties.

"I was up nearly all last night, and early rode along my picket lines. Returned in hope of writing a long letter to you. Since then I have been very busy examining and granting papers to citizens, as we have become strict.

"I will write you, at length, as soon as possible. Yours and Agnes'² pictures are perfect, and we want more. I have had what people call a splendid fac simile taken. In my hurry in leaving Washington I intrusted them to Mr. and Mrs. Graham, two old friends of father's, to be sent to you. Tell me if you receive them.

"God bless you all, and love for distribution.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

LIEUT. KENNEDY TO MRS. HAYS.

Headquarters Third Brigade,

Abercrombie's Division,

Twenty-second Army Corps,

"Centreville, Va., May 13th, 1863.

"My Dear Mrs. Hays:

"I don't know how I have incurred your displeasure, nor do I know that I have so done, but I am certain that I have in a measure fulfilled my promise to write, and sometimes imagine my lengthy platitudes have alarmed you and that you feel like withdrawing your promise, and not writing to me at all, or, at any rate, not answering my letters.

"However, I have charity enough to suppose you to be

¹ Lieut. William C. Shields, Company G, 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers, killed at Chancellorsville—body never recovered—a brother of Lieut. David Shields.

² The general's eldest daughter, Agnes, afterwards Mrs. George A. Gormly, now deceased.

deeply engaged in the manifold duties incumbent upon the head of a family, when spring returns. Such as rigging out of the urchins in new clothes, making garden and generally attending to chickens and other domestic affairs.

"The weather is extremely warm, succeeding a week of extremely cold and disagreeable weather, and as I write the perspiration is oozing out of every pore in streams of triumph over limp paper collars. To say that I am sitting with my coat off and sleeves rolled up, with feet in slippers and collar open, is expressing nothing more than the truth, although I am aware that such a state would not agree with the more fastidious notions of our semi-would-be cultured society, and that my appearance would not prove attractive to romantic young ladies, whose ideal of our officers consists of stiff coats and brilliant buttons, polished boots and unsoiled gloves at all times, and under every possible circumstances.

"Of news I have not much. We still occupy our exalted position on the heights of Centreville, awaiting like Micawber, for something to turn up, and like him, with the full expectation that it will prove to our advantage.

"Doubtless you are aware that General Abercrombie has command of our division, and has come from Washington and taken his abode among us, turning us out of the old house, and turning himself in. Well, we were not disappointed at leaving, in fact, the General had made arrangements to do so some time before he [Abercrombie] assumed command, all of us preferring tent life in warm weather.

"The old man has been in service since 1822, and is now comparatively harmless. Two or three of his staff are very pleasant fellows, but his adjutant [Slipper] has about as little sense as any man I ever saw in his position, and adds to his ignorance, a very disagreeable manner, which has rendered him detested throughout the brigade. He does not bother us much, but takes particular delight in annoying his inferiors, and those who are in the office, such as clerks and orderlies—delights in little petty acts of cruelty.

"The general [Hays] was absent two weeks in Washington attending the d'Utassy courtmartial and during that time we received several orders that looked strongly towards a move and a fight. You ought to have seen the anxiety manifested by the officers and men of the brigade for his return and presence. Many of the officers told me the brigade would not fight half so well if the general was absent, and verily I believe they would not. Every day privates came to my office inquiring when the general would return, and when I received a dispatch from him, saying he would be with us in case of a move, their joy knew no bounds, and the report spread like wildfire.

"The general has equal confidence in the brigade, and I am satisfied it would not disappoint him.

"Tomorrow we are to be reviewed by General Abercrombie, at 9 o'clock. The old fellow seems to have the utmost confidence in General Hays and sends for him whenever he gets into a quandary.

"Sailer has been ordered back to his battery in pursuance of a recent order, and will leave our headquarters tomorrow. We all regret exceedingly to lose him, but have the consolation of knowing that he will be but a few steps from us.

"The batteries are under command of the general of division and all their orders are received from these headquarters.

"Poor Capt. Hastings is as jolly as ever, and hates Capt. Slipper, Abercrombie's adjutant general, with intense cordiality. He and his lieutenants spend nearly every evening with us.

"Our present headquarters are delightful, situated upon a knoll which slopes gradually down to the road. We have a beautiful yard with 200 feet front on the road, back and on top of the little hill about 200 feet is situated our tents, five in number. Directly on the front of the road or about ten feet from it is my office; in the yard between my office I have planted full of cedar trees and in front of each tent is enclosed a space or circle about ten feet in diameter, with a hedge of cedars, through which the sun with difficulty finds its way. So that sitting outside we have an agreeable shade, and cannot be seen from the road or camps around us, and yet we can see everything going on around us. On the left of the staff line of tents and at right angles are the pioneer's tents. Immediately back of the general's tent is our dining tent and Henry's kitchens—100 yards back of them again are the stables made very neatly of brush and old tent flies for cover; between the stables and our lines of tents the ground is filled with cedars. I took this matter in hand myself, and planted a tree wherever I could find space, and irregularly the whole is surrounded by a rustic fence, around which outside are planted trees. My office has two openings, one on the side next to the road, and the other opens into the yard, so that I can step into the yard, and by a little winding path reach the general and our own tents, though the office is sufficiently near to the general's quarters so that he can call for anything he wants. To the right of the general and our staff line and outside of the enclosure is situated the tents of the orderlies within easy call, and on the left, and also outside of the enclosure is the post-office tent, placed so that it can be reached without entering the yard.¹ I may say without vanity that my efforts have caused much admiration, and the general, 'Dave' and Sailer, when they came home, were delighted. The general thinks the whole grand, and when the sun is the hottest, enjoys the shade of the improvised vine and fig tree, sitting inside of his little hedge enclosure. He can see everything that goes

¹ See pencil sketch of this camp headquarters and photograph.

on, and often astonishes remiss sentinels or wrong-doers in the neighborhood, who, after a vigilant examination, imagine he's out of the way, whereas he is safely ensconced in a nice rocking chair¹ [the one used by Beauregard and Johnson, when here, and which some of the boys found and gave him, afterwards identified by citizens here], and seeing everything.

"Hardly had I finished my improvements and yard, which was visited every day, when Hastings began and improved in the same way in his battery, and now every regiment is rejoicing in its artificial shade, and the tents are nearly buried among the trees.

"I would, if we had the water, have a fountain in the middle of the yard.

"I was much amused at the remarks of officers while I was in the midst of my improvements. When visiting me, or passing along they would say that as soon as I got through we would have to move, but I told them that when they had soldiered as long as we had, they would invariably pitch their tents with a rest of even a day, as if they designed remaining a month [which was frequently the case with us, when all thought we would march the next day]. I predicted also that they would soon be following our example, and they did.

"Hastings commenced, being delighted with the appearance of our headquarters, and astonished how a few trees relieved the bareness of a dry hill, and soon his battery was surrounded with an artificial grove.

"The general was highly pleased with the transformation in the appearances of the camps of the regiment. Abercrombie's staff, who had chuckled at the idea of getting possession of our large old house, already fixed for them, now wish they had our location and headquarters, and would readily exchange, but fortunately for us and unfortunately for them, they cannot select twice. They complain much of the loneliness of their quarters, and well they may, for they turned away all the detachments and guards camped around them when we occupied the house, and have no troops near them except the 126th Regiment [N. Y.], and poor Colonel Sherrill, and officers of that regiment are extremely anxious to have the general move their camp to where we are.

"We are encamped nearly in the center of the brigade, regiments on three sides of us, and the batteries to the right and left. Then again, when we occupied the house it was the center of attraction, and every day, and especially in the evenings, large numbers of the officers come down and sat with us, and the band discoursed sweet music every morning and night. The brigade guard was mounted in front of our quarters. The provost marshal with his guard had a pretty camp

¹ This chair was sent to Mrs. Hays at her home, and at the time the old Pittsburgh Exposition burned, October 2, 1883, it was destroyed with other relics of the war, loaned for exhibition.

on one side, the pioneers on the left, the 126th Regiment [N. Y.] on the right, and the ambulance corps in a pretty orchard in the rear. Scarcely an hour in the day passed but that some officers were visiting the general, not only from our own, but other brigades, all attracted by the general's sociability and open-heartedness, and merry peals of laughter rang through the old house, caused by the general's and others' anecdotes. So that our quarters were the center of attraction, where all delighted to come, and where every one was treated with cordiality, which made them feel entirely at home.

"Now, scarcely an officer goes there, and as Hastings says, all who do are so glad to get away. I was much amused last night by a remark made by Lieut. Waterbury, aide to General Abercrombie and a very nice fellow; he came up here and found the general sitting in front of his headquarters, while sitting around him on stools, and chairs under the trees were gathered some thirteen officers of the brigade. 'Why,' said he, 'every time I come here in the evenings, when its pleasaant I find host of visitors, and all appear to be enjoying themselves, while no one comes to spend an evening with us, and I have to come here to find any company. I only wish I belonged to General Hays' staff, you all appear to be so much at home, and I know you have twice as much work to do as we have.' However, I think I know the reason, and the balance of the staff feel it.

"Poor old General Abercrombie remarked to Colonel Sherrill the other day that he wondered why so few officers came to see him, that he would be glad to see them any time. The colonel says he was on the point of telling him, that if he would get after Mr. Slipper things might change. But at present he keeps every one away.

"Let me give you a specimen of his style. About ten days ago Colonel Proctor¹ of the Second Brigade called to pay his respects to the general, never having seen him. Going into the office, he enquired for the general, mentioning his business.

"'You can't see him today, sir,' says Mr. Slipper, and went on with his writing. Colonel P., indignant at the tone and manner of the answer, put on his hat and remarked that General Abercrombie would call on him when he wanted to see him, and this in the presence of Mr. Slipper, who, being subordinate, did not venture a reply. A few days afterwards Colonel Fessenden, commanding the First Brigade, with the colonels of his regiments, called upon a similar mission and were treated in exactly the same style. Capt. Hastings was with them for the same purpose. They left, intensely disgusted. A day or two subsequently he visited Colonel Fes-

¹ Colonel Redfield Proctor, 15th Vermont Volunteers, Secretary of War 1888-1889, and at his death, 1908, United States Senator from Vermont.

senden, that is, General A., and remarked to Colonel F. that he had been waiting for him to call, but despairing had cast off legal etiquette and called first.

"Colonel F. informed him that he had called, when the general, in great surprise asked him where and when, all of which he was duly informed. He did not appear to like it, but kept quiet. I believe Slipper had told Colonel F. cavalierly that the general was out, when the fact was, they had seen him entering the house as they approached. The general was informed of this, when he remarked that it could not be so, inasmuch as he was never out at that hour. Similar incidents occurred with other officers.

"How long do you suppose General Hays would tolerate such conduct on the part of any of his staff? Why, it has been with the utmost difficulty I could prevent him seeing officers, even on comparatively trifling business, when he was sick, and demanded rest and quiet.

"These incidents arose while the general¹ was in the city, for he was summoned there two days after Abercrombie came, and I assure you he was much surprised when he heard of it, as also with Mr. Slipper's way of doing business in the office. When I had frequently, when alone, to send hurriedly to Mr. S. for information concerning matters of immediate importance, and concerning which a speedy reply was desired and needed, he would not even receipt my communications at time, or answer them, frequently putting us to great trouble. Sometimes saying the communications were not in their office hours, when he received communications. The idea of having office hours when a division is in the field, and on outpost duty, and the Rebels all around us. The indignity was not to me, but to the commanding officer of the brigade, in the general's absence.

"Then, again, he would send orders to the regiments directly, without sending them through the proper channels, would not send the countersign, until after 12 o'clock, M., when we needed it at 8 A. M., and necessity required us to have it. He continued to act in that way until last Saturday the general quietly came home and the countersign not having arrived, and the general having been duly informed, he mounted his horse and went down to see the young gentleman, who put on so many airs, and informed him the countersign must be sent, when we wanted it, and not at an hour of his selection; that he wanted him to understand that communications to his brigade must be sent to these headquarters; that he wanted him to understand that he commanded the brigade, and not Mr. Slipper of General Abercrombie's staff; and that when communications were sent, of importance, by me, by direction of the commanding officer of the brigade in his absence, he wanted them and would have them answered, no

¹ General Alex Hays.

matter at what hour in the day or night. The result has been that the countersign comes at the proper hour, and communications are answered directly.

"The fact of the matter is that Slipper has complete control over old General Abercrombie, and answers many communications, endorses many papers, admits or refuses admission, as he sees proper, and the poor old man gets the blame, not deservedly, either, for we all rather like the old fellow, who wants to be more sociable than Slipper will let him.

"The staff has a holy hatred of him, and an adjutant general, with his influence with the general, rules them with an iron hand, and renders them very uncomfortable at times. They get up here as often as they can, and are really, pleasant fellows.

"The clerks in Mr. Slipper's office are afraid to say their souls are their own. He does not pretend to do any business before 10 A. M., and quits at 1 or 2 o'clock, after which hour until the general came back he would neither receive nor answer communications, or sign papers, whereas we have to work from 5 in the morning frequently until long after midnight.

"For instance, it is now 20 minutes past 2 o'clock, all are sound asleep and yet around is a great deal of business.

"While awaiting for the clerks to copy long and important orders which have to go out at daybreak, I write this.

"Slipper punished an orderly by tying him up by the thumbs for twenty-four hours for not having his horse as clean as he thought he should be. This was before he came here.

"I imagine he does not like one of us, and I am satisfied he has a wholesome dread of General Hays, since the interview the other day, for he had found out, I suppose, by an examination of the Army Register, that the general is a Regular, and from what he said to me one day I know he fears them; at any rate, he does the general, from what I have heard today from one of their staff.

"Well, I have written you vastly too much about a poor subject, but as this is a chapter of our every day life, I thought it might be interesting to you, as throwing some light upon our relative relations with the division headquarters, which are pleasant with the exception indicated, and he don't bother me, now, since the general's return.

"He has been for the past ten days trying to ingratiate himself with the officers, and has been to see us three times. He thinks that I am very unsociable, and that I ought to call there frequently; was profuse in his compliments of the appearance of our books and papers; thought we beat them badly in the way of getting them up, etc., a wonderful change since the general came back.

"But as Captain Hastings says, and the other officers, he

[Slipper] has begun too late, his reputation is fixed through the division, and he will be annoyed ten-fold worse when he tries to retaliate, for every one above the rank of captain can snub him, and have already begun quite effectually. While our relations might have been pleasant, they are now antagonistic, and will continue to be.

"I wish much you could be with us now; we have some of the most beautiful and wildly romantic scenery to be found in any section of the country, and the profusion of wild flowers, and their great variety, would astonish you. I have handsome bouquets for my office table every day, and I know you would delight in them.

"Poor 'Dave'¹ has heard of the death of his brother on Friday night, and I can assure you he feels it deeply; he is now in Washington awaiting the recovery of the body. I hope they may succeed in getting it.

"How soon we shall move from here, or whether we shall move at all, is shrouded in mystery.

"The general's health is pretty good now, although last week he had another attack of the bilious cholic, with which he and I are at times affected. He is, and has been, exceedingly busy for the past three weeks, while in Washington constantly engaged on the court or on matters pertaining to the division with Heintzelman.

"I am much obliged for your photograph, and it is now on its way home. I think it good, but too sober.

"You must really excuse this scrawl, for I have written at a race horse speed and amid frequent interruptions, knowing that if not finished tonight I might not have an opportunity for a long time again.

"Please remember me to all the family, to Miss McFadden and your father, and should you get time amid your many household duties to write me a few lines they will be gratefully received. I don't know whether you can read this or not. And I really don't believe it is worth the trouble of deciphering.

"Yours truly,

"T. R. Kennedy."

A most costly sacrifice on their country's altar was made by the Shields family, when at the Battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, William C. Shields, first lieutenant in Company G, 28th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, known as the Sewickley Rifles, and a brother of "Dave," was mortally wounded. The Union lines being repulsed in a desperate charge, it was impossible to rescue the wounded, and the battlefield—a dense woods—taking fire, friends were unable

¹ "Dave," Lieut. David Shields.

to recognize the dead after the field was again taken by the Union troops, and young Shields' body was forever lost to his family, sleeping today among the countless thousands who are numbered among the army of the "unknown dead." The 28th was in General Geary's Division of the Twelfth Corps.¹

"Rus" Kennedy, it will be noted, was most intimate with the Hayses. General Alexander Hays boarded with the Kennedys while a student at Allegheny College. Rustin Kennedy himself graduated at Jefferson College, Canonsburg, although he was a student for a while at Allegheny and later founded the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity there. He was the law partner of Judge Derickson of Meadville and died January 5, 1882. General Hays said to Kennedy in his good-bye, "'Rus,' I will make a spoon or spoil a horn." The reference was to the obsolete expression, "By the big horn-spoon."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Centreville, May 14, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"Since my return from Washington I have received but very brief letters from you, and that written in a spirit which affords me pain.

"Agnes sends me a note of ten lines, which I received yesterday, to which is added three lines by you, upon note paper, informing me that Kirkwood² had probably lost a leg, giving no other information or cheering word. The note has neither place, date or postmark.

"I will not spend my brief time in scolding, hoping that this day's mail will return, with 'Dave' Shields, and kind letters from home.

"Three days ago, while I was passing over the picket line with Corts and Sailer, 'Dan' suddenly bounded over a ravine upon the side of a steep hill, and by the unexpectedness of his action sprained my back badly. I have, however, been on horseback every day, often part of the night. Yesterday from 8 o'clock A. M. until 2 P. M. we had a grand review and inspection. Abercrombie expressed himself highly gratified, as I certainly was, giving me further evidence and expression of the confidence which my command now has in me.

"Abercrombie pronounces it one of the best brigades in the service, and thinks I ought to be proud of it, which I am.

¹ General Geary was the first colonel of the 28th Regiment and organized it.

² Colonel William Speer Kirkwood, who shortly afterwards died of his wound.

"I have not been idle one minute since reveille, and now it is past mail time.

"Although there are two stars in this horizon, there is only one visible.

"I have a large pocketbook full of flowers for the children, which I will send forthwith.

"I have no news, even from Washington. We continue to work in the ditches, but I think we will leave before we need to use them. Take this for what it is worth.

"Love to all. Mine to you is unabated.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Abercrombie's Division,

"Centreville, Va., May 16th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I take advantage of the morning's stillness to write. Reveille has sounded, but, contrary to usual custom, I have permitted my staff to snore away that I may be uninterrupted.

"A brighter scene never was pictured than this from my tent on the highest point in the country. The sun is fairly up, the air balmy, and all nature is smiling within the range of the eye, which can sweep over the area of an ordinary county. I have paid my respects to my private family, 'Dan' and 'Leet,' who are taking their breakfasts, priding themselves upon a new pair of shoes which each has received. They reply to my caresses somewhat like children, pretending to bite as I stroke their glossy skins, and ask me, in horse Latin, which I understand perfectly, 'Let's take a ride this beautiful morning.' 'The Count' is recovering from a severe attack of influenza, and promises good service in a day of need.

"Yesterday, in a long ride along and beyond the pickets with Corts and Shields, I gathered some old familiar little flowers for the children, which I will enclose. I will also send in another envelope some papers which may interest them when they are old enough to understand and appreciate. I have and could send you my commission as brigadier general if you desire it, although I may require it.

"You complain of not having received any letters for ten days. I cannot account for it, as I certainly write often, though briefly, even if such was the case, you have no right to be, and write, so despairing. It is wrong and un-Christian.

"Why should not you, or Rachel, or Agnes, write me something every day? You have no fortifications to build, no long line of pickets to ride over at the risk of your necks, or drills, parades, or reveille to attend daily. My dear wife, you appear, like my horse 'Dan,' to grow simpler as you grow

older. Nevertheless, like my horse 'Dan,' I love you more and more for your very weaknesses.

"I received yours of the 10th yesterday and it was consoling if not satisfactory. I will continue to write as often as I have time and opportunity. As for news, we have none except from the daily papers. Have sent to me regularly the Evening Chronicle.

"Corts is still with me, but not yet received his appointment. I will write again to Stanton if it does not come soon. Kennedy and Shields are both well. 'Dave' takes the loss of his brother hard, but bears up like a man. Sailer [boy] has returned to the battery very reluctantly on his part and regret on ours, but a general order required all artillery officers with their commands.

"Captain Hastings spent a short evening with me [last]. He is as jolly and as bacchanalian in his ensemble as ever. Sends regards.

"I know there are one thousand and one things I want to say and which I would say if you were present, but my thoughts are really 'wool gathering' this morning. To give you an idea of how much I am employed I have not been able to read the newspapers for three days—get all my news, really, at meals.

"You will have received my pictures and I will receive another invoice today, which will be transmitted.

"Tell my dear, sweet Katie¹ that I love her more than ever and will answer her letter. Love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

CAPT. CORTS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Washington, May 18, 1863.

"Kind Friend:

"I am happy in being again in the military service, having received appointment of assistant adjutant general and the additional good luck of being ordered to duty with General Hays, and will enter upon my duties tomorrow.

"The general says the 63rd No. 2 is now organized, and when opportunity offers the fame and glory of the 'Iron Clad' 63rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, will be fully sustained by the Third Brigade.

"General Hays is extremely popular with his troops; they have perfect confidence in him, and know when it comes to fighting they will have to do their work.

"It is sad to think of the loss of so many of our brave comrades, yet pleasant to know they all [with a single exception] died nobly, and the 63rd looms up gloriously. The result

¹ The general's niece, daughter of George W. Murphy.

of the late battle,¹ although not decisive as we all had wished, has not caused the least depression in the army. We fear the cowardly Copperheads more than the Rebs. If our friends at home will attend to the traitors we will manage the enemy in front.

"I have but time to scribble these few lines informing my good friends of my promotion, and will again be myself when actively engaged at my duties.

"Enclosed is express company's receipt for package this day forwarded for Mrs. Hays.

"Desiring to be kindly remembered to the members of your family and friends, I am, very respectfully,

"Your friend,

"George P. Corts."

"To John B. McFadden, Esq., Pittsburgh, Pa."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. MCFADDEN

"Centreville, Va., May 18th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"It is Sunday, a day of rest to all under my command. I wish you could be present to witness the perfect repose of the brigade. The day is beautiful; horses, dogs and soldiers are loafing in squads at all points within the pickets. One blast of a bugle, however, would animate and assemble all in fifteen minutes' time. Though 'blue moulded,' we are despairing of getting into a fight, and the probability is that we will have to rest on our old laurels and let others pluck the green bays. 'The Harpers Ferry boys' have turned out trumps, and when we do get a chance look out for blood.

"A few days since we had a review and inspection, and I must confess I never was so proud of any command. The General [Abercrombie], I am only a general, says there is not a better brigade in the army. The confidence and devotion exhibited towards me by officers and men is truly flattering, and I must confess that they have won upon me until I will be loth to part with them.

"The glorious old 63rd has again met the enemy, and, as usual, suffered terribly. We hear nothing except from newspapers, but we surmise that our list of friends is abbreviated. If I am not permitted to live to write the history of the 63rd² it will be my last request to some friend, competent to do the case justice, to write its history, and will settle the question so long mooted, 'Can Volunteers Fight?'

¹ Chancellorsville.

² The history of the 63rd Regiment, under the title, "Under the Red Patch," was written by Gilbert A. Hays, son of the general, and published in 1908.

"Rippey's Regiment¹ has done gallantly and does honor to his memory.

"I have intended, when time affords, to have written to you fully of my affairs with the First Pennsylvania Reserves [late Biddle Roberts'], but it all ended. The bitterest feeling was excited, or so attempted, against me, and as I told you long ago R. B. R. was the author of the whole of it. I have an account, of which you know not, to settle with him. I always told you 'save me from my friends and I can take care of my enemies.'

"I have written until my mail cart is waiting. Corts goes around chuckling over his appointment of assistant adjutant general, Hays' Brigade. He must have a horse, and Uncle 'Jake' Painter² is the man to honor his own family in horse-flesh. Nothing less than a first-rate horse, fit to associate with 'Dan,' 'Leet' and 'The Count,' will be accepted. If Uncle 'Jake' is so penurious as to refuse \$500 for this occasion your citizens must raise it. Turn this matter over to James.³

"If I am to be banished to this place I will send soon a requisition for a wife and two children.

"Corts will write from Washington.

"Love to mother [real and sincere] and to all.

"Yours,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JAMES B. McFADDEN

"Centreville, Va., May 20th, 1863.

"Dear Jim:

"I am out of humor and all patience with my dear wife, inasmuch as I have received no letters for two weeks. 'Dave' Shields is similarly situated, as he has not heard a word from home since the death of his brother. 'Dave' is much depressed.

"I write now on business, knowing that you will take greater interest in me than my wife has shown [tell her that]. I sent some time ago for a new pair of springs for my teeth to Dr. Hullihen. Will you see him and send by letter? I also must have a new coat. Will you give the order to Gray, to be forwarded as soon as possible? He has my measure, which was a good fit, and now wants to be proportionally enlarged, one size, as I have grown fat and weigh 190 pounds. The cuffs to be of dark blue velvet if possible.

"I have wanted you here for some time. The weather is delightful and the air exhilarating and bracing. I am sure it

¹ 61st Pennsylvania, belonging to the Sixth Corps.

² Jacob Painter, the wealthy iron manufacturer, uncle of Corts, and then the head of the firm of J. Painter & Sons of Pittsburgh.

³ James B. McFadden.

would benefit you. Come on, even if but for a trip to Washington, and bring Annie. Our stay is very uncertain, but if we move you can return. It may be that I will be kept in my present position and probably as long as there is an enemy to threaten Washington. My brigade has the name of being the best in drill and discipline in the department, and I really believe it. I never have held a command in which I enjoyed so much the confidence and respect of all, although I am as cross as a bear.

"My military happiness reached a climax when Corts was assigned to me. Our organization is now perfect, and Corts goes swaggering around in his new clothes quite natural and relieves me very much. Cannot a horse be secured for him? He is as poor as poverty.

"I have a ride almost daily along and beyond the pickets and wish you could enjoy one with me.

"Love to all and regards to friends.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex., B. G."¹

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Centreville, Va., May 21, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"I am nursing my wrath to keep it warm. Neither 'Dave' nor I have had a word from home for two weeks, except Agnes' most unsatisfactory note. It is too bad. I am exceedingly angry with you, but I would be willing to 'kiss and make friends' if I have a chance.

"Last night we were out beyond the lines until 1 o'clock watching for the enemy's scouts, and this morning I was up again at 4 o'clock. I arouse all the boys at reveille, which they do not relish.

"I feel a great relief in having Corts again with me. 'Dave' is very sad over his brother's death, but all try to cheer him up and he bears up like a man.

"My bodyguard on expeditions to the front with Corts and 'Dave' are fourteen dragoons. The men are devoted to me, and I believe will stand by me under all circumstances. Kennedy is disabled, but is a most valuable office help.

"No one interferes with me in our precautions of defense. General Abercrombie devotes himself to 'the ditches' and leaves the rest to me. I like him very much.

"I understand that Schreiber intends visiting Pittsburgh [probably]. If he does so, you will not recognize him in any manner. I have intended giving you and Rachel a lecture on first impressions, but have not had time.

"Hope you have received plenty of 'counterfeit presentments.' You ought to see the rush for them. If my admirers

¹ Brigadier general.

are sincere I will become a 'household word' in the rural districts of New York. Don't be jealous, darling, but all the New York women want to have me on paper.

"I wrote to 'Jim'¹ yesterday for a new coat because I am becoming seedy, and for springs for my teeth because I cannot eat hoe cake.

"Do please attend to my orders. I have entreated you and James to come on.

"Address me hereafter directly.

"Love to all and God bless you. Guard is mounting and 'Dan' awaits me.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

A graphic battle picture and a touching story of suffering is told by "Billy" McGranahan, then adjutant of the 63rd Regiment. General Hays loved McGranahan and Kirkwood as though they were his sons.

W. M. McGRANAHAN TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

"Birney's Division Hospital, May 20th, 1863.

"My Dear Brother:

"Hard job to write lying on my back, but I must scratch a few lines to relieve your anxiety. I am doing very well here, although not yet out of danger. On Sunday morning, May 3rd, about 6:30 o'clock, I was shot through the left side by a Minie-ball. The ball passed clear through and went on its way rejoicing, having entered the small of my back about two and one-half inches from the backbone and coming out in the abdomen pretty well toward the side.

"Shot in the back, but no disgrace, as I was mounted and endeavoring to steady the men as we fell back to a position where we had the advantage of the 'greybacks.' Feeling myself wounded and unable to remain in the saddle, I checked up the horse and dismounted; the animal broke from me immediately. I followed on after the regiment some fifty yards, but had to give it up, I was getting so weak. Down I went face foremost among some bed clothes [comforters] upset from a medicine wagon. There I lay while the battle raged around me and over me and the Demon Rebels came howling on. In half an hour the fierceness of conflict ceased directly about me; the Rebs went to the right and left into woods; then it was that I espied a 63rd boy who had come back that far to look for a wounded comrade. I hailed him and got a drink of water. He got me fixed more comfortably and I had previous to that turned over on my back, which I found a great relief. I now discovered that some portion of my insides had

¹ "Jim," James B. McFadden.

run out through the hole in my abdomen. This alarmed me considerably and I gave up entirely; had no hope of ever getting away from there alive. A few minutes after some two or three 'Yankees' gathered around me and, making a litter, and placing some comforts on me, carried me inside our line some one-fourth mile.

"The fire now became very hot. Shot and shell flew around us. I saw one or two of the boys wavered, and requested them to carry me to the side of a brook about one hundred yards distant. This they did, and then all but the 63rd boy left me. While piling up knapsacks around me to keep away balls and pieces of shell from striking me he had his left hand struck off by a missile. I made him leave me at once. After that I had Rebel care entirely. They were very kind, but relieved me of several articles which they said I would not need—sword, belt, hat, etc. They put up a shelter to keep the sun off as it grew warm. Towards night a Rebel surgeon came around and gave me several powders of morphine to allay my sufferings for the night. I passed the night pretty easy. The Rebels made me some coffee for breakfast and wanted me to eat some of their biscuits, but I could not go them—all dough.

"About 1 o'clock I was carried back into the field where I had been shot and taken to an old open barn, where a Federal hospital had been established. Here I was made pretty comfortable, and the surgeons—Drs. Zookly, Webster, Leet and others [Federals]—commenced to deliberate on the disposal of what had run out of the abdominal hole. The second day they decided that it was the omentum [a part], or the covering of the intestines. This they ligatured and cut off even with the surface of the abdomen. I felt much relieved after this, and got along pretty well on poor fare for twelve days, which I put in on my back.

"Finally, the ambulances came and my miserable ride commenced. The jolting and jarring nearly finished me. I got the ambulance to stop over night near our lines. Friday, the 15th, after we had recrossed the river, I was nearly exhausted.

"Saturday we proceeded again slowly and 4 P. M. brought me to this hospital, delivered almost safely from the hands of the Philistines.

"Should my wounds show any more dangerous symptoms I will telegraph, so that you may be able to come on. At present I do not think it necessary. Your presence would only excite me.

"Please show this to Mr. McFadden; he is very anxious about me, and I cannot write to all. I am now exhausted with this afternoon's exertion.

"My love to all. Tell my dear friends not to feel uneasy

about their soldier boy; he will be all right soon and able to take the field against his tormenters.

"The 63rd, as usual, did nobly, as their loss will testify. Poor Kirkwood is down again with a bad wound.

"No more, my dear brother. As ever,

"Affectionately yours,

"Regards to the boys.

"Will."¹

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Centreville, Va., May 24th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I merely write to satisfy you that, unlike some wives I know, I do not scold and upbraid, although I have heard no word from home for two weeks. It is the case, also, with Shields, and under the circumstances it is a shame if anyone is to blame. I cannot understand it.

"I am endeavoring to get a furlough for 'Dave,' and will, I think, accomplish it in a few days. I have written several times inviting you and James to come on, even if but to Washington, the trip would benefit you both. I want my coat and springs for my teeth.

"Yesterday I went out to Bull Run battlefield with a number of my officers and cavalry escort. I gave them a hard ride, and returned in the evening very tired. I saw the old grounds of the 63rd and it made me sad. In the course of the day I gathered the enclosed flowers. Some of them are from the locality where I was wounded. They are for distribution among the children, but there are some 'forget-me-nots' for Martha and Katie.

"If I do not hear from you this day I will certainly lose my temper.

"Love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

"How do you like late photographs? Send me more of yours. The rush for mine is tremendous.

"Address my letters direct to me at Centreville."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Centreville, Va., May 26th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"Annie has expressed a wish to visit me again at some later day, but as a protracted delay here is uncertain I wish her to come at once. The probability is that we will remain some time. Even if she only reaches Washington the trip

¹ McGranahan died of his wound June 2, 1863. Kirkwood lived three weeks longer.

will benefit her, while the visit will conduce to good standing with 'the powers that be.' I am certain I stand A No. 1, but in future settlements it will be advantageous to keep up a feeling of interest.

"We are jubilant over Grant's reported victory.

" 'Such is life.' A short time since a common drunk, and vilely slandered, and now the New York papers kiss his feet; and if he don't fall the Lord knows where they will not elevate him.

"Hooker, I fear, is 'a dead cock in the pit,' and I regret it is so or that there is a necessity of change.

"McClellan's intercourse of late with Copperheads is damning him in the estimation of his old friends. His renunciation of 'the world, the flesh and the devil' before a fashionable audience in a highfalutin church will not preserve the glorious prestige which his name conferred upon our troops.¹

"They are men of common sense and know that when religion is associated with treason it is a mockery.

"My own command is chafing to 'pitch in' to somebody. See the Philadelphia Inquirer of [I think] last Sunday, day before or after. If the Third Brigade has the decision I might ask for anything.

"Everything is flattering in my prospects, and it is my desire that my wife should see to enjoy it.

"Love to all.

Yours sincerely,

"Alex."

"Mail me direct to this post.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Centreville, Va., May 26, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I have received but one letter to mollify my wrath, but expect more today. We are jubilant over Grant's success and want a chance 'on our own hook,' but the probability is that we will be kept in reserve for some time to come to keep 'the key to the defenses of Washington.' When we do move it may be far away.²

"I write shortly to your father by this mail to say that if you desire to come to see me so must it be, but if possible you had better come at once.

"Perhaps you might get a couple of hundred and a cure for homesickness.

¹ Alexander Hays' first words in derogation of General McClellan and Hooker was soon "dead," as General Hays predicted.

² The prophecy here is most apparent.

"In case coming is decided upon I must be written to and will meet you in Washington, but let there be no disappointment. No move, as Abercrombie and I will go to Union Mills.

"Love to all.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MISS RACHEL McFADDEN

"Centreville, Va., June 3, 1863.

"Dear Rachel:

"I have a mind not to write you a word. When it requires but one small sheet of paper from the whole family, such as the last I received from you and several others, it is hardly worth noticing.

"I suppose you are all satisfied to get 'Dave' home. Do not, however, keep him overtime. Say to Miss Rebecca¹ that I would positively have written to her the next day after the boy left, but I met with a slight accident, only 'Dan' and I falling down a bank. I was somewhat stunned and slightly bruised, but I will be well enough in a day or two.

"I expect Annie to leave home on the 4th without waiting for 'Dave.' I will meet her in Washington, or if I am unable to go down on account of Abercrombie's absence I will send Corts or Kennedy.

"Nothing now except what you find in the papers.

"Love to all and regards to friends.

"Your brother,
"Alex."

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER

"Centreville, Va., June 5th, 1863.

"Dear Father:

"I arrived in Washington yesterday morning at 10 o'clock and found Lieut. Kennedy waiting for me. At 1 o'clock we took the boat for Alexandria and at 3 o'clock left that place in the cars for Union Mills, where I found the general and a number of officers waiting for me. After a pleasant ride of two hours I was glad to see the tents at Centreville.

"My pen cannot describe the beautiful scenery around me. We see the Bull Run Mountains and away off in the distance the Blue Ridge.

"We have three tents opening into each other, and in front is an arbor of cedars, where we have stools and chairs and where I have been holding audience this morning, for all the officers I know have called upon me.

"In the arch over the arbor is 'General Hays' headquarters,' the letters formed of cedar altogether. I am delighted

¹ Miss Rebecca Shields.

and ready to receive any of the high dignitaries who may please to call.

"The general looks well and is much pleased with his new coat, which fits nicely. Mr. Hays is well pleased with his brigade, and I think has good reason to be so.

"Corts is well and the busiest man you ever saw.

"We look for 'Dave' Shields next week. Will you send the general some Windsor soap, as he now has his chin shaved every morning? I feel very proud of him and only wish you could see me. At guard mounting we wished that 'father' was here to see how well the men looked.

"I know nothing certainly of d'Utassy, though I think he is to be sent to Fort LaFayette for one year.¹

"Schreiber is in Washington dismissed from the service.²

"I will write tomorrow. The general sends regards, with mine, to all.

"Your daughter,

"Annie A. Hays."

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER

"Centreville, Wednesday, June 11th, 1863.

"My Dear Father:

"Yesterday we received your 'official' letter of Sunday. I need not tell you it was welcome. I feel anxious about James and hope Shields will bring us a favorable report when he comes.

"Mr. Hays thinks his measure had better be left with Gray, as his coats have always given entire satisfaction, and if there should be any alteration required it would be more convenient for Gray to do it than your New York tailor. I never saw Mr. Hays look better in any coat than the sack I brought. His wardrobe is in good condition.

"The brigade has twenty-six hundred men on duty. It now consists of the 39th, 111th, 125th and 126th New York; the First Reserves were sent to Washington. The batteries now are under control of the division commanders, much to their regret, as the officers and men were much attached to Mr. Hays.

"The sanitary condition of the brigade is wonderful, there being but three confined to bed and they are doing well.

"The great secret of the general's influence over the men is the great care he takes of them. He is everywhere, sees and hears all that is going on, corrects everything amiss, always strict but firm and just in all his orders. I am much

¹ This statement is correct.

² Schreiber, when the charges against him were pressed, was found never to have been mustered into the United States service, and claimed the protection of his government and was let go.

pleased with everything so far, as of course I have all the attention and deference it is possible to give to a lady.

"Yesterday evening General Abercrombie and staff came to spend the evening with us and it ended in a levee, for at least twenty officers were here; we had a very pleasant time. Mr. Hays was full of fun and wit and kept us all laughing. I was surprised to find it 11:30 o'clock when they said good-night.

"This morning I rode to 'guard mounting' with the general. The officers crowded around me, as they said I was the first lady who had ever reviewed them. We then went to the batteries, then to a number of 'secesh' families who have applied for relief, and the general wished me to see if they needed it. We then went to the hospital, a large frame house. We found everything in order and the men delighted to see us. I had been there before with oranges, and this morning I carried them some roses; their thanks more than repaid me.

"We expect to go to the battle ground of Chantilly this afternoon, though it now looks like rain, which is much needed.

"I hope the little Colonel Kirkwood¹ is a good boy. This is Martha's birthday. I feel she is a good girl and obeys all her aunt says.

"I did not write yesterday, as we had company all day. Corts and Kennedy wish to be remembered. Elliott² took breakfast with us and he looks and does well.

"We have had but two Evening Chronicles.³ Please have them directed as your letters.

"Love to dear mother.

"Your daughter,
"Annie."

Mrs. Hays and her sister, Rachel McFadden, were most assiduous in the hospital work wherever they happened to be, and many a sick and wounded soldier had cause to remember them for all subsequent years. Miss McFadden's connection with the Sanitary Commission in Pittsburgh and at the front is one of the proudest boasts of Pittsburgh's war record.

MRS. HAYS TO HER SISTER

"Centreville, Va., June 12th, 1863.

"Dear Rachel:

"Yesterday afternoon Shields arrived and received a warm welcome, for he is a great favorite with all.

¹ The reference to little Colonel Kirkwood is not clear, perhaps a namesake. Colonel Kirkwood was over six feet in height.

² David Elliott.

³ "The Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle."

"Yesterday we had a visit from General Stahel and staff, who were passing through with sixteen hundred cavalry and several pieces of artillery. They had been down to Warrenton Junction. I was pleased with the general. He is small, not very handsome, but looks as if he could fight; is the most unassuming Dutchman I have met.¹

"Yesterday a large party went to the battlefield of Chantilly. I went on horseback and was much pleased, for Corts was able to tell us the position of the two armies and show where the 63rd fought. We then went to call upon General Fessenden, who commands a brigade of Vermonters. We were kindly received, the band was turned out, and it has the reputation of being the best in the service.

"We arrived at Centreville in time for dress parade, then in the evening we had the usual amount of visitors.

"This morning I was up before 5 o'clock, mounted 'Maria,' and with two orderlies I rode six miles; stopped to see the Keystone Battery and was home long before breakfast. Then I went to guard mounting to see how 'Dave' Shields commanded. He does well. Came home and made some bouquets for my boys in the hospital, who are always glad to see me. The hospital is kept in excellent order.

"Now, I must get my mosquito bar up and see to things generally.

"You must write me directions about that stamping, for I do not know what you want me to do.

"I had an excellent letter from Alden yesterday; he is counting the days until I come.

"I am surprised to see that Herron² has been removed. Will it affect George's situation?

"Give my love to all.

"Your sister,
"Annie."

MRS. HAYS TO HER DAUGHTER

"Centreville, Va., Saturday Morning,
June 13th, 1863.

"My Dear Agnes:

"Your papa received your letter yesterday, and as he is very busy it falls upon me to answer it. I will tell you how I have spent my time since this time yesterday. I made my mosquito bar and then papa and I mounted our horses and visited two regiments and afterwards went some miles to a deserted house and collected a quantity of roses. I have just

¹ Julius Stahel, Count Sebastiani, was born in Hungary. After the war he was for many years in the United States consular service.

² Reference is to Wm. A. Herron, then Clerk of Courts of Allegheny County, at Pittsburgh, who failed of renomination, and in whose office George W. Murphy was a clerk.

sent General Abercrombie a pretty bouquet, and as soon as I write this I will take some down to the hospital.

"On returning from our ride we stopped at dress parade at the 111th New York Volunteers.

"While at tea I received a long string of fish from the Keystone Battery. I cooked them for breakfast and all pronounced them excellent. After 'taps' I had a delightful sere-nade from the quartette club.

"This morning I was off for my ride at 5 o'clock, and a very pleasant one it was, for the country around here is very beautiful. After breakfast I went to 'guard mounting,' and I have to hurry my letters, as we are having the Episcopal church cleaned out and made ready for service tomorrow; it has been used for a cavalry stable until your father came here. The ladies are to meet there this morning to dress it with evergreens.¹

"We are all well. Shields will write home tomorrow.

"Ask grandpa to please write us long, newsy letters; all take a great interest in them.

"How is grandma? I hope she will give you a long lecture on your birthday and tell you how good I was at your age.

"We feel anxious about Uncle James² and hope to hear that he is better.

"Kiss the little ones and let me know how Aunt Rachel gets along. I do hope the children are good.

"Papa sends love.

"Your mother,

"Annie A. Hays."

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER

"Centreville, Va., Thursday Morning,
June 18th, 1863.

"My Dear Father:

"I hope I will be able to finish this letter, as it is the third one I have commenced, but each time had to lay it aside. I will now resume my doings this week, commencing on Tuesday morning. The general, with myself and escort, started to look for the 63rd soon after breakfast. After some hours' riding we came upon them suddenly encamped on the other side of Bull Run, near the old battlefield. 'At once there rose so wild a yell' upon the arrival of their beloved colonel that regiments ran in every direction to see what could be the matter. The men gathered around to shake hands and get one word.³

¹ Mrs. Hays was a devout Episcopalian.

² James B. McFadden, Mrs. Hays' brother.

³ "The Army of the Potomac" was on the march to Gettysburg.

"I never saw the colonel so elated. He has something witty to say to all, and when [Captain] Dougherty, of Company H, came pushing forward Alex raised his hands and said: 'Why is it possible that Company H is yet alive?' Such roars you never heard. We remained an hour, and on leaving they gave three cheers for our brave general. I saw Ryan, Gross, Haymaker, Maynard, McClellan, etc., etc., and Major Danks. He looks well, but had little to say. All inquired for you and wished to be remembered.

"We rode on to General Birney's, where Alex was again made welcome, and remained there for lunch with Generals Birney, Ward and Graham.¹

"We arrived home after 4 o'clock almost suffocated with the dust, the heat is oppressive and the men have suffered everything on the march. In one division twenty fell dead on the march, while four hundred were sent to the hospitals.

"Major Sterling, of Ohio, called to see us. He says he is an old friend of yours.

"This is a list of officers who have called: Major Generals Meade, Birney, Howard, Doubleday; Brigadiers Ward, Graham, Robinson, Schurz; Colonels Farnham, McCalmont and Coulter; Major Willis Biddle, who sent regards to Rachel, and hosts of others.

"Our tents have been crowded from reveille until midnight; we have a table set all the time and we are all nearly worn out, but today the Third Corps leave and they are the last. Sixty thousand men have marched past our door since Sunday, destination unknown.

"General Hooker leaves Fairfax Court House this morning.

"I feel very anxious about this raid into Pennsylvania and wish I was at home, though I would not now like to start. I will only remain a short time in Washington and Philadelphia, as I wish to get home, it is so warm.

"I was sorry to hear from the doctor who went with Colonel Kirkwood to Alexandria that he cannot live; the journey has been very severe. I will try and see him if possible.

"Ask Rachel to have the rest of the sweet corn planted and have a straw mattress made for Alden's bed.

"Mr. Hays has been suffering severely with his eye for the last twenty-four hours; he has both bandaged up now. The doctor thinks it is the dust, as the air is so full of it we can scarcely breathe.

"I received yours and Rachel's of Monday yesterday. Give my love to dear mother, Katie and the rest.

"Yours in haste and great confusion.

"Annie."

¹ Generals J. H. Hobart Ward and Charles K. Graham of the Third Corps.

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER

"Centreville, Saturday Morning,
June 20th, 1863.

"My Dear Father:

"Yours of Tuesday was received yesterday. Much obliged. We feel more anxious about you than of our own position.

"The Second Corps, commanded by General Hancock, arrived last evening, and such a sight I never saw. The men were completely demoralized, no order or discipline. The officers only think of getting themselves under shelter and eating. They were committing some depredations when Alex would stand it no longer. He called for 'Dan,' buckled on his sword and pistols and dashed in amidst them, ordered them to move on, then went to General Hancock and told him that he [General Hays] commanded this post and forts and General Hancock's artillery must take up another position, all of which General Hancock has done.

"The guards around our brigade have been doubled and the order given to shoot the first man who interfered. Alex was up this morning at the first streak of daylight; he is now down with General Abercrombie. His eye looks better, but he needs rest. I wish he could have a furlough for a few weeks, but that is impossible.

"I wish they had a few more Alex Hayses—this war would soon be over.

"General Abercrombie came up yesterday. I asked him about Colonel Williams;¹ he was dismissed, he could not pass the severe examination.

"I am sorry to leave Alex now. He requires me, but I do not wish you to be anxious about me. I will leave here on Monday and be in Philadelphia on Wednesday, and will only remain there long enough to get Alden some clothes.²

"Direct your letters to Horstman's, but do please write to Alex as often as you can; if you could only see what he has to go through in one day you would not complain of his silence.

"I hope you can read this, for the noise and confusion turns my head.

"Love to dear mother.

"Your daughter,

"Annie."

¹ Colonel D. H. Williams of Pittsburgh, colonel of the 82nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, appointed a brigadier general November 29th, 1862, which commission expired March 4, 1863, and not having been confirmed by the Senate, was not renewed.

² In the logic of events, Mrs. Hays must have departed—Nolens volens.

The whole of the Second Corps bivouacked at Centreville that night. The itinerary of the march shows that the corps marched from Sangster's Station¹ on June 20th and thence towards Thoroughfare Gap and Gainesville, General Hancock succeeding General Couch in the command of the corps on June 9th, General Couch having been assigned to the command of the new Department of the Susquehanna. It must have been exhilarating to have heard General Hays laying down the law to his old classmate and "buddie," Hancock, although outranked by the latter, and General Hancock was well aware that General Hays was right. It would probably be going too far to blame the corps as a whole for the acts of those adventurous spirits in any organization who go just far enough beyond strict discipline to subject the whole command to censure. These are the strictures of Mrs. Hays, accustomed to the rigid discipline of the camps, and she was now beholding an army on the march, tired and careless and in an enemy's country. It is a matter of history that the Second Corps under Hancock earned its greatest fame. It was a splendid organization for all the purposes of war, and though General Couch was a most lovable man and a good soldier, the corps has gone down in history as Hancock's Corps, and Mrs. Hays' account of its lax discipline seems most strange. In a few days General Alex Hays was to be of that corps, to share its glory and renown, to help make that glory and renown, and he was proud of it. There was never a doubt of its being a fighting corps and that reputation appealed to Alex Hays.

¹ Sangster's Station was a station on the Orange and Alexandria R. R., east of Union Mills, or towards Alexandria, to be exact, between Union Mills and Fairfax Stations.

CHAPTER XV.

GETTYSBURG

THE last letter from the post of Centreville¹ was of date June 20th—Mrs. Hays to her father. The first letter of this chapter bears the date June 30th—on the way up to Gettysburg. June 30th was Tuesday, the day before the great battle opened. Mrs. Hays undoubtedly left on the date set, Monday, June 22nd.

For ten days Centreville had been the scene of great activity. The passing through of the great Army of the Potomac, the thrilling news of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, the active cavalry operations within the hearing of Hays' men, notably the action at Aldie, the bringing in of large numbers of prisoners, were exhilarating breaks in the humdrum routine of the onerous and tiresome round of duty Hays' Brigade had so long endured. The last corps passed and still no orders for Alexander Hays to move, but on the 24th the welcome order came. "Join the Third Division of the Second Army Corps forthwith and constitute the Third Brigade of the division," it said. Then came work—the sick must be disposed of—they were rapidly sent to Alexandria and Washington. Surplus baggage was hastily gotten out of the way. Shelter tents were drawn and everything made ready for the moment, and on the 26th the brigade marched to Gum Springs and thenceforth was a part of Hancock's Corps. On this day also General William H. French was relieved of the command of the Third Division and assigned to the command of that delectable "man trap," as Longstreet calls it, known as Harper's Ferry, and Alexander Hays was appointed to the command of the Third Division in his stead. Some changes had been made in the division. Its three brigades were consolidated into two, General William Hays, commanding the Second Brigade, was absent, wounded, and his place was taken by Colonel Thomas A. Smyth.

¹ "Centerville," the accepted and usual spelling is "Centreville."

Four regiments of nine months' troops, two from New Jersey and two from Pennsylvania, had been mustered out at the termination of their period of enlistment. The 4th New York, a two years' regiment whose term expired May 25th, was also lost to the division, whose removal left but the 10th New York Battalion and the 1st Delaware in the former Third Brigade, and three regiments, the 14th Connecticut, the 12th New Jersey and the 108th New York in the Second Brigade. Hence these five regiments were made a brigade under Colonel Smyth of the 1st Delaware.

At nightfall on the 26th of June, in the midst of a drenching rain, the Second Corps went into bivouac at Gum Springs. The historian of the corps [Walker] has a word to say:

"Here joined for the first time a body of troops destined to bear a conspicuous share in all the future labors and dangers of the Second Corps, from the fast approaching conflict on the bloody slopes of Gettysburg to the final triumph of 1865. This was the brigade commanded by the dashing Alexander Hays. General Hays had been colonel of the 63rd Pennsylvania and had distinguished himself on the peninsula. On joining the Second Corps, General Hays took command of the Third Division, that of the brigade devolving upon Colonel Willard."¹

General J. T. Owen, in command of this brigade subsequently, was not with the command. He had commanded the Second Brigade of Gibbon's Division, but coming under his superior's displeasure had been placed under arrest, and Brigadier General Alexander S. Webb, who had just received his volunteer appointment, took his place. Previously Webb had been an artillery officer and on staff duty, and Webb at once leaped into the front rank of fame when Pickett broke his lines at the "high-water mark" at Gettysburg.

The Second Corps crossed the Potomac on pontoons on the 26th at Edwards' Ferry, the old battlefield of Ball's Bluff. On the next day it moved via Poolesville to Barnesville, Md. On the 28th Hancock is at Monocacy Junction and the men learn that Hooker has been superseded by Meade. Lincoln had for once "swapped horses in crossing a stream," and all on account of Harper's Ferry. But tactics or tactical matter are out of place here, and Alexander Hays' men had had

¹ "History of the Second Corps," Francis A. Walker, Page 260.

enough of Harper's Ferry. They had been there and knew Hooker was right in asking its evacuation.

On the 29th the Second Corps marched from Monocacy Junction via Liberty and Johnsville to Uniontown, Md., somewhat over thirty miles, and for the men who had been doing garrison duty for many months this was a most trying experience. At Uniontown the reception of the Union troops was most cordial and inspiring. Kind words and good cheer lifted the hearts of the weary marchers, too many, alas! on their last march. The halt had been called at 10 P. M., the advance two miles beyond Uniontown on the road to Westminster, and here Alexander Hays found opportunity to write, and here the corps rested on the 30th and were mustered for pay, it being the regular bi-monthly muster.

At daybreak on the 1st came the order, "Move forward at once to Taneytown," which point is reached at noon. But eight miles away terrible events had been happening and Reynolds was dead, and the three days' battle of the century was in progress and dismay and disaster were in the air.

Hancock himself hastens forward and arrives in the very nick of time, and the story of Hancock at Gettysburg has been written.

The halt of the Second Corps had been called at Taneytown at 11 P. M. on the 1st. At 3 A. M. on the 2nd the columns were again in motion. By 8 o'clock the corps was positioned where for all time shall remain the enduring monuments that mark its valor and loyalty.

The Second Corps formed the left center of the Union line along Cemetery Ridge in the point of land between the Taneytown and Emmittsburg roads in front of and slightly to the right of Meade's headquarters, relieving Robinson's division of the First Corps, which later, on the third day, closed up on Hays' right, joining the Eleventh Corps line. Gibbon is on Hays' left and Doubleday to the left of Gibbon, with the remnant of his hard-fought division heroes of the first day.

Woodruff's Battery I, First United States, is in Ziegler's Grove on Hays' right, and Arnold's Battery A, 1st Rhode Island, between Hays' left, the 14th Connecticut, and Gibbon's nearest brigade, Webb's [his right regiment, the 71st Pennsylvania], and the now famous clump of trees, with Cushing's Battery A, 4th United States, to the left of Arnold, and around

these guns and on this very front the high tide of rebellion surged and ebbed away, and here for all time is the millennium of the glory of the American soldier on Alexander Hays' front as well as Gibbon's.

General Hays finds opportunity to write on the 30th of June. That day was the bi-monthly muster for pay and all the troops were mustered as though there was no enemy within a thousand miles. Most probably the general embraced this favorable moment. He does not write again until the 4th.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Uniontown, Carroll County, Md.,
June 30, 1863.

"My Dear Wife:

"I write only to give you information of my present whereabouts, as I had no opportunity since I left Centreville to do so.

"I was ordered forward to Green Springs, where General Abercrombie left us. I was placed in command of the Third Division, Second Corps.

"I have three brigades as large as my own. The division is known as 'The Trefoils.'

"My command is designated by blue. My old brigade sports the blue and is in command of Willard.

"We have a promise of a fight. My command will do its duty.

"I have been in the saddle for the past twenty-four hours. I need not tell you that I am much fatigued.

"We marched thirty miles yesterday. The army is much pleased with the new commander.

"My love to all. God bless you and the dear little ones.
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN¹

"On Battlefield, Near Gettysburg, Pa.,
"July 4th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"Yesterday was a warm one for us. The fight of my division was a perfect success. Corts, Shields and myself were untouched. 'Dan' was killed and 'Leet' severely wounded. Corts and Shields each lost a horse.

"We are all sanguine of ridding our soil of the invaders.
"Yours,
"Alex."

¹ Note the general's first mention of the great fight [to his father-in-law] is modest in tone. No spotlight or braggadocia.

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER, JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Merchants Hotel, Monday Evening,
July 6th, 1863.

"My Dear Father:

"I have just returned from Germantown and found a letter from Mr. Hays, which relieved my mind very much, as I read in this morning's *Inquirer* that Colonel Willard, of the 125th New York, was killed. I have been almost crazy since I read it, as I saw he had been acting brigadier.

"General Hancock commands the Second Corps. He is wounded, also General Gibbon, of the same corps. It seems a little strange that Mr. Hays should command part of a corps that two weeks ago he had pointed two of his guns at to make them obey. The corps was a fighting one, but was demoralized.

"My visit to Lavinia¹ was delightful, and Alden looks and feels better, but as I wrote to Katie yesterday she will tell you all about it. I will feel much disappointed if I do not see her before she leaves.

"Tomorrow Alden again sees Dr. Hays. I will write you as soon as the visit is over.

"I must write to Mr. Hays. God bless each and every one of you at home.

Your daughter,

"Annie."

"P. S.—Colonel Willard was a major in the regular service, had seen many years of service in New Mexico, was an elegant looking man, a fine scholar and linguist and a brave soldier. Mr. Hays thought much of him. His wife lived in Troy, N. Y.²

¹ Mrs. Lavinia Horstman Patterson, sister of William and Sigmund Horstman, of Philadelphia, an intimate friend of Mrs. Hays. Alden, the oldest son of General and Mrs. Hays.

² Colonel George L. Willard—Colonel George Lamb Willard was born in New York City in 1827. He had served through the Mexican War in the Ohio regiment of Colonel George Morgan, and for gallantry at Chapultepec was, on recommendation of General Scott, promoted from sergeant to brevet second lieutenant in the 8th United States Infantry. He remained in the regular army, obtaining the rank of captain September 27, 1861, and serving with the 8th through the Peninsula campaign, and February 10, 1862, was made major of the 19th United States Infantry. Early in 1861 Captain Willard had recruited the 2nd New York Volunteers, a Troy regiment, but was not permitted by the War Department to retain the command, the 2nd going to the front under the command of Colonel Joseph B. Carr. In 1862 the War Department justly permitted Colonel Willard to assume command of the 125th Regiment, which he had recruited at Troy in the summer of 1862, his commission bearing date of August 15, 1862. He was buried at Troy, and at his funeral was an immense concourse of public officials and patriotic citizens, and the funeral was held with appropriate military honors. According to General C. M. Wilcox, Colonel Willard served in the 15th United States Infantry

Alexander Hays, it will be remembered, was a lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry.

When Colonel Willard fell terribly mangled by a shell, which struck him in the face, it was a soldier who had served in the Eighth, Joshua Wiseman, who carried his dead colonel from the field, at the time his faithful orderly in the 125th New York Regiment.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Taneytown, Md., July 7, 1863.

"My Dear Wife:

"I have written several times since the eventful 3rd to assure you that all was well with us. I mean Corts, Shields and myself. Our fight with the Rebels on the 3rd was most terrific.

"I commanded the Third Division of the Second Army Corps. Opposed to me were A. P. Hill and George E. Pickett, besides several others of my old acquaintances.

"They thought they were attacking raw militia. After cannonading us for an hour they advanced across the plain and were met from behind our stone wall by a volley which swept them like a tornado. It will not be credited, but we [I mean the Third Division] took double our own number of prisoners, killed twice our own numbers and took nearly three thousand stand of arms. It is called the Decisive Battle of Gettysburg.

"I am untouched, as are also Corts and Shields, which is miraculous, although we all lost our horses. 'Dave' Shields had the shoulder of his coat blown off by a shell. 'Dan' was killed by a cannon ball through the heart just after I had exchanged him for 'Leet.' 'Leet' was shot severely in the breast—three balls. One has been extracted and will be sent to 'Leet' Shields.¹ Out of twenty mounted orderlies I have but five or six left.

"Of your acquaintances I have lost all my colonels, lieutenant colonels commanding brigades and lieutenants commanding regiments.

"The battle cannot be described except as the most terrible fought between men.

"My division has taken twenty banners,² or battle flags,

in Mexico and was promoted to a lieutenancy for gallantry at Chapultepec. He was major of the 19th United States Infantry as well as colonel of the 125th New York when he fell. Young says he was a commander of gifts and princely presence greatly beloved. "Battle of Gettysburg," Jesse Bowman Young, P. 395.

¹ Whose family had presented General Hays the horse.

² Twenty-one actually.

more than all the balance of the army, and the Third Division is at a high premium.

"We may meet the enemy again, but they are totally demoralized.¹

"My love to all and God bless you.

"Alex."

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER

"Merchants Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa.,
Tuesday Morning, July 7th.

"Dear Father:

"Dr. Hays thinks Alden much improved in sight, health and looks, and will not remove his eye at present, as, he says, when Alden grows up, he can have a glass eye inserted that will much improve his appearance, and by placing it over the part of the eye now remaining it will move very naturally.

"If Alden continues to improve I hope to leave for home some time next week.

"I see by this morning's papers that the Second Army Corps lost sixteen hundred men in the battles last week.

"I received a letter from Major Brayell, paymaster. He tells me Lieut. Kennedy was captured by the Rebels while on his way to the brigade. After keeping him a few days he was paroled.

"I felt very anxious, as Kennedy had Mr. Hays' pay for this month and a number of articles he needed. Of course the Rebe's would be glad to have a supply of greenbacks. I have not heard the particulars. I only know he was released.²

"I sent home on Friday a draft for one hundred dollars to be given to James on my account. Did it arrive?

"Alden sends his grandma his marks for lessons and conduct while in the asylum. He is now printing some poetry. He sends much love, and hopes that Aunt Katie will not leave until we come home.

"Tomorrow is Mr. Hays' birthday; the next day Gilbert's.

"My love to all.

"Yours,

"Annie."

MRS. HAYS TO HER SISTER, RACHEL McFADDEN

"Merchants Hotel, Philadelphia,
Thursday Morning, July 8th, 1863.

"My Dear Rachel:

"I have just changed my room for a large, airy one, with a piano in it, and Alden is busy practicing. He is going to

¹ In the light of subsequent events this demoralization seems to have been a very calm one.

² Lieut. Kennedy's money and General Hays' pay and dress-coat were duly "confiscated" by the enemy and as a matter of course never recovered. General Hays in a subsequent letter speaks of General "Jeb" Stuart wearing his coat.

make a good performer and is very fond of it. He still improves in health and his eyes are less painful.¹

"It is six weeks since I left home, but it appears much longer, as in the last two weeks I have had so much to bear and now I am afraid to look at a paper. We have lost so many friends in the last few days, and I think the hardest fight is yet to take place, though the officers say that the fighting was terrific. General Meade has surprised me, as I had no idea there was so much dash in him. I believe him to be a good man and a modest one. I hope now to see the two stars upon Alex's shoulders.

"I called on Mrs. Maylon yesterday. She intends going to Pittsburgh in a few days; do call on her, as she has been so kind to me. What a good woman she is.

"I then drove to Mrs. Hepburn's² and found Mrs. H. and Nina at home. They appeared glad to see me and invited me to stay for dinner. I declined, as Lavinia Patterson was coming to dine with me. Nina says you never answered her letter and she wishes much to hear from you. They are all much concerned about Jim and send much love to mother, father and yourself.

"I have not been to Sterling's, as I saw Robert on the street, so I concluded Lizzie and children were home, and Alden does not like to go among strangers.

Mrs. McKibben is just too kind. She says she cannot do too much for dear Alden, but our friends have done all in their power to comfort me, for, indeed, I have need of it. I never passed two more gloomy weeks, for I felt when I looked at Alden that he would soon be blind forever, but thanks that the means used by Dr. Hays have been successful, every day I see a change. But my head says good-bye.

"If we do not go to Lavinia's tomorrow I will write to 'Mag,'³ though she never answered one I wrote to her.

"Tell me exactly how James⁴ is. Many thanks, my dear Rachel, for your kindness to my dear little ones.

"Your sister,

"Annie.

"P. S.—Alden sends love to all."

¹ Alden, although totally blind, is an accomplished musician.

² Mrs. Hepburn, wife of Judge Hopewell Hepburn, at one time on the Allegheny county bench, living at 102 Penn avenue, next to the McFaddens, later removing to Philadelphia. Nina was a daughter. Lavinia Patterson, a sister of the Horstman brothers.

³ "Mag," a sister, Mrs. George W. Murphy.

⁴ James B. McFadden, Mrs. Hays' brother.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Keedysville, Md., July 11th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I have written several notes, as opportunity offered, informing you of my safety and good health.

"Yesterday we passed the battlefield of Antietam and are now marching to meet the enemy again. I believe we have him surrounded, without chance of escape.

"My division is the fighting kind I love. My loss at Gettysburg¹ was nearly 1,200 in it alone, which shows that the struggle was desperate.

"I sent 'Leet' severely wounded, three shots in his breast, to a Dr. Weaver in Gettysburg. I will leave him there until I can send for him well, or will give notice to send him home if I cannot reach him.

"I never was in better health or more sanguine spirits. Corts and Shields are in the same condition.

"Love to all and God bless you all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Near Jones Cross Roads, Md.,
July 13th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"The 'Cross Roads' are six miles and equi-distant from Hagerstown, Williamsport and Boones Borough.

"My division is formed along the heights near the Hagerstown road. It forms one of the links of the Anaconda, which holds Lee's army in its coils.

"When I took command of it [the Third Division] only two weeks ago it was considered large. Since then, however, it has become more respectable, although its numbers have diminished. In the battles of Gettysburg I lost 1,262 men. We, however, can count five of the enemy to one of ours. The killed of the enemy alone outnumber my whole division two to one. The arms we captured will give us three guns to each man. Our prisoners also outnumber us two to one. I have sent forward to headquarters seventeen² of the enemy's standards, and know of at least five others which were surreptitiously disposed of. Such a capture of flags was never known before.

¹ Official casualties: Carroll's Brigade—Killed, 38; wounded, 166; missing, 7. Total, 211. Smyth's Brigade—Killed, 61; wounded, 279; missing, 26. Total, 366. Willard's Brigade—Killed, 139; wounded, 542; missing, 33. Total, 714. Grand total—Killed, 238; wounded, 987; missing, 66. Total, 1,291.

² See official receipt for fifteen; six were donated to General Webb.

"Until after the battle there was but one Hays in command, so there can be no doubt of his identity. I claim all due to the name and can prove it by evidence of an army corps.

"The Second Corps justly claim the honor of the repulse of the enemy, and it is conceded that the Third Division [Hays'], Second Army Corps, fought the decisive action—killed, wounded, prisoners and banners speak convincingly of our claims. I have written of the loss of my horses. Noble old 'Dan' died a soldier's death. A solid shot passed through his heart just after I had dismounted from him, and he died without a struggle. He lies in an honored grave dug by Henry and the other servants. 'Leet' was soon afterwards shot in the breast with three balls and totally disabled. He is now in a hospital in Gettysburg under care of Dr. V. Weaver. My third horse was one of 'Uncle Sam's' and of little account. Corts' horse as well as Shields' was killed. I had about fifteen mounted orderlies when the battle began, at the end only two. One of them lost his horse and the other—my standard bearer—had his flagstaff cut in two. The shoulder of Shields' coat was blown away. Corts had his knuckles skinned. I escaped totally unscathed, although all expected to see me go under. Once in the forenoon my pickets [the Garibaldi Guards],¹ who were posted near a barn half a mile from my front, were repulsed by the Rebel sharpshooters and retreated in disorder.

"'Dan' was then living and on him I dashed over the plain, followed by my standard-bearer [who is a reckless, devil-may-care Irishman].² We rallied the runaways, put them in position again, retaking the barn. This was in full view of both lines and fair range of the enemy's bullets. Our line held their breaths in suspense, and I have since been told by several generals that they expected to see me blown up each minute. The enemy appeared to have been surprised, for not a gun of theirs opened until my mission had been fulfilled and I had nearly reached our lines, when all the rebel batteries opened upon me and showered shot and shell around. Just as I entered our lines Colonel 'Dick' Coulter³ came to congratulate me when a shell struck a tree between us, glanced off and killed several of our men who had been drawn from behind their defenses from curiosity.

"My defenses were stone walls, and since Jackson is dead I think I have a claim to his title.

"Already there is shown a disposition to rob me of my right, but it can't be done. You have heard that all the colonels of my old brigade were lost, two killed and two

¹ The 39th New York Volunteers.

² Corporal Carroll, 5th New York Cavalry.

³ Richard Coulter, colonel of the 11th Pennsylvania Volunteers, of Baxter's Second Brigade, of Robinson's Second Division, First Corps.

severely wounded. 'Harper's Ferry Boys' have wiped out Harper's Ferry.

"We are watching intently for our prey, though the haul will not be of 'sucking doves.' Sykes is on my right and Webb's Division¹ on my left. Last night I had two points fortified which will give us a cross-fire on any advance. We are very sanguine but cautious. Yesterday it rained torrents and today gives promise of more, which will keep up the Potomac.

"You understand this is to be a strictly private letter, not to be bounded literally. Tell Shields' and Corts' friends that both stand high in the army.

"I must not be found fault with for failing to write, for I have neither time nor opportunity. I am in better health and spirits than usual, but much jaded and have lost flesh.

"Love to all, and by all, you know whom I mean.

"If anything occurs I will write or others will. Kennedy is a prisoner.

"Yours,

"Alex."

OFFICIAL REPORT.

BRIGADIER GENERAL ALEX HAYS, THIRD DIVISION,
SECOND CORPS.

"Headquarters Third Division, 2nd A. C.,
July 6th, 1863.

"Lieut. Colonel C. H. Morgan,

"Chief of Staff:

"Sir—I have the honor to report, through you, the part taken by this division in the late battle of Gettysburg.

"On the 2nd day of July the division, moving on the Taneytown road, arrived within about one mile of the town, where it was assigned a position on a ridge, nearly parallel with the road, facing eastward. A stone wall just below the crest of the hill gave much strength to the position, and an open space of half a mile on our front afforded the artillery posted on the right and left flanks a fair field for effective service.

"A strong line of skirmishers were thrown forward to our front, and during the day contended successfully with the enemy.

"Twice, at least, soldiers were sent from our position by the 12th New Jersey, 1st Delaware and 14th Connecticut Regiments against a barn and house² one-fourth of a mile in advance of our position, returning in each case successfully with prisoners.

¹ Webb's Division, the Second of the Second Corps. General Gibbon, absent, wounded.

² The Bliss buildings.

"Colonel Willard, of the 125th New York Volunteers, commanding the Third Brigade, was early in the day withdrawn from the division by the major general commanding, and took a prominent part in the engagement on our left.

"The history of the brigade's operations is written in blood. Colonel Willard was killed, and next day, after the brigade had rejoined the division, his successor, Colonel Eliakim Sherrill, 126th New York Volunteers, also fell. Colonel Dougald MacDougall, 111th New York Volunteers, and Major Hugo Hildebrandt, 39th New York Volunteers, were each severely wounded, leaving the brigade in command of a lieutenant colonel.¹

"The loss of this brigade amounted to one-half of the casualties in the division.

"The acts of traitors at Harper's Ferry had not stained their patriotism.

"The operations of the First Brigade, commanded by Colonel S. S. Carroll, are fully set forth in his own accompanying report, and too much credit cannot be given him and his command for the gallant manner in which they went to the relief of the troops on our right. The darkness of night was no obstacle, and I have no doubt their timely arrival and merits will be acknowledged by the general commanding in that part of the field.²

"The Second Brigade, Colonel Thomas A. Smyth, 1st Delaware, remained continuously in protection of our front along the stone wall and in support of our line of skirmishers.

"Throughout the 2nd the enemy kept up a desultory fire from their artillery posted in the skirts of the distant timber, frequently shifting their batteries and opening suddenly on our lines, but were silenced or driven off by the effective fire of our artillery.

"The ensuing night passed in comparative quietness, our men resting on their arms. The daylight of the 3rd was a signal for renewed hostilities, and during the forenoon was a repetition of the practice of the preceding day, except that their skirmishers appeared more pretentious in their assault. About 11 o'clock A. M. an entire lull occurred, which was continued until nearly 2 o'clock P. M.

"Anticipating the movement of the enemy I caused the house and barn³ on our front, which interrupted the fire of our artillery, to be burned. At the hour last named they opened upon our front and the most terrific and uninterrupted fire came from their artillery. I cannot believe there was less than eighty pieces bearing on us within good range.⁴

¹ James M. Bull, 126th New York.

² General Howard.

³ The Bliss buildings.

⁴ See General MacDougall's letter, this chapter.

"It was continued uninterruptedly until 4:30 o'clock P. M., when a heavy column of the enemy formed in three lines, preceded by a strong line of skirmishers debouched from the wood opposite our lines.

"Their march was as steady as if impelled by machinery, unbroken by our artillery, which played upon them a storm of missiles. When within a hundred yards of our line of infantry the fire of our men could be no longer restrained; our lines arose from behind the stone wall, and before the smoke of our first volley had cleared away the enemy, in dismay and consternation, were risking safety in flight; many attempts to rally them by their officers were in vain. In less time than I can account they were throwing away their arms and appealing most piteously for mercy.

"The angel of death alone can produce such a field as was presented. The division captured and turned into corps headquarters fifteen battle flags¹ or banners. A number of other flags were captured, but have been surreptitiously disposed of in the subsequent excitement of battle before they could be collected.

"I transmit the report of Lieut. W. E. Potter, showing a collection by him of 2,500 stands of arms, besides an estimate of 1,000 left on the field for want of time to collect them. From my own personal examination of the field I am satisfied the number estimated is not too great.

"Of the prisoners which fell into our hands I regret that an accurate account could not be kept, but by estimate they cannot be less than 1,500. Colonel Smyth, commanding the Second Brigade, was severely wounded in the head and face by a shell, which did not, however, prevent him from returning to duty the next day.

"I commend to the notice of the general commanding and the War Department the gallant conduct of my commanders, of brigades and regiments, trusting that they, in turn, will not be forgetful of meritorious subordinates.

"Where all behave exceptionally it is difficult to discriminate. The coolness and determination evinced by our officers and men, which reflect back credit on their former commander.

"I cannot omit the high recommendations of credit which is due Dr. Isaac Scott, medical director of the division, and all his assistants. No case of neglect or evasion of their duties has come to my notice.

"Lieut. John S. Sullivan, in charge of the Ambulance Corps, deserves the highest credit for his courage and the fearless manner he discharged his duties, continually under the fire of the enemy's skirmishers, bringing off the wounded and assisting in keeping up the stragglers.

¹ Original receipts in possession of General Hays' family.

"Lieut. W. E. Potter, ordnance officer, was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties.

"Captain George P. Corts, assistant adjutant general, and my A. D. C., Lieut. David Shields, 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, were constantly by my side, exhibiting, as always heretofore, self-possession and courage of the highest order. Captain Corts lost two horses killed and Lieut. Shields one.

"Division Quartermaster Captain Ludington and Commissary Officer Captain Queen discharged their duties to my entire satisfaction and deserve the notice of their respective departments.

"2nd Lieut. E. J. Huston, 111th New York Volunteers, attracted my attention by his exemplary conduct in charge of posting and encouraging our pickets, and as a present recognition I have appointed him an aid on my staff.

"By accompanying report the entire loss of the division in the two days' action will be seen to be 1,285 men killed, wounded and missing.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"[Signed] Alex Hays,

"Brigadier General of Volunteers."

SUPPLEMENTAL REPORT—THIRD DIVISION.

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,
August 15th, 1863.

"Captain E. P. Brownson,

"A. D. C. & A. A. G.:

"In compliance with orders I have the honor to submit a supplement to my report of the part taken by this division in the operations prior to and following the battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

"On the 28th of June, 1863, broke camp near Barnsville, Md.; marched to vicinity of Frederick City, Md.; 29th marched at 1 o'clock P. M. through Liberty, Johnsville, Union Bridge to Uniontown, Md., distance over thirty miles; camped at 3 o'clock A. M., 30th June; same day changed camp to north side of Uniontown.

"July 1 marched through Taneytown, Md., to within about three miles of Gettysburg, Pa.; July 2nd moved to Gettysburg and to position in line of battle. For operations of July 2nd, 3rd and 4th I respectfully refer you to copy of my official report for those days herewith enclosed.

"July 5th moved from vicinity of Gettysburg, Pa., to Two Taverns, remaining in camp at latter place on the 6th.

"July 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th marched to near Frederick City, Md.; July 11th marched to Jones' Cross Roads and went into line of battle; towards evening received orders from the general commanding corps directing the sending of the First

Brigade [Colonel S. S. Carroll commanding] on reconnoissance towards Funktown, Md. This brigade encountered the enemy's pickets about three miles from Jones' Cross Roads. Some skirmishing ensued, without loss on our side save the slight wounding of one man. The enemy returned to the cover of its earthworks.

"During the night the remainder of the division [Second and Third Brigades] were ordered forward to support the first formed line of battle, and on the following day [12th] changed position twice during the night, threw up earthworks, the line connecting on the right with the Fifth Corps and on the left with the Second Division of the Second Corps. July 13th moved forward about half a mile; again formed line of battle, supported on the flanks by same troops as the previous day; employed during the afternoon and evening entrenching our line; some picket firing without any loss to my command; July 14th advanced towards Williamsport, Md.; July 15th marched from Williamsport via Sharpsburg to Sandy Hook, Md.; July 18th crossed the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, marched to near Hillsboro, Va., and camped; July 19th marched to Wood Grove, Va.; July 20th marched to Bloomfield, Va., and encamped until 22nd, when the march was resumed to Ashby's Gap; July 23rd marched to Markham's Station on the Manassas Gap Railroad; same evening, with the corps, moved to the support of the Third Corps, which was engaged with the enemy on Wapping Heights; took position behind Third Corps; July 24th returned to Markham's Station; July 25th marched to White Plains, Va.; July 26th resumed the march, arriving near Warrenton Junction same day, when we encamped July 27th, 28th and 29th.

"Respectfully submitted,

"[Signed] Alex Hays,

"Brigadier General Volunteers,

"Commander Division.

General Hays is particular to mention each one of his staff and certainly most worthily. Lieut. Sullivan came under the observation of other eyes than the ever-vigilant Alex Hays, as the following extract from a well-known book amply attests:

"And it is not the combatants alone that improve opportunities for displaying courage. You may have seen many incidents narrated of surgeons and of chaplains' coolness and bravery. Be it for me to speak of these qualities in the ambulance corps. Where men are killed and wounded there must go the officers of the ambulance brigade and the stretcher carriers to bring the poor fellows off the field. And many a time did I see the stretcher-bearers fired upon and wounded

while bearing away the wounded; even, in some instances, the wounded rebels. But they did not desist from their humane work; and many a time did I watch anxiously, fearing any moment to see him fall, our ambulance lieutenant, Sullivan, of the 14th Indiana [you see we of the States are mixed up together, brothers in the good cause], as he coolly rode all over the field, sometimes in the thickest of the firing, and away to the front even of our pickets, on his errand of mercy, not satisfied to leave a single suffering man uncared for on the bloody field, and having his black horse at last shot under him, besides many hair-breadth escapes. All honor to such noble fellows wherever they are! I am proud to be the feeble chronicler of such incidents; proud to have opportunity to mingle with them as comrades, to grasp their hands in true fraternal friendship, and ever to count them, in all after life, as those who have been tried and not found wanting in times of need. They are rare and precious flowers growing out of the blood-drenched soil of war."¹

Until the Battle of Gettysburg General Hays and Sullivan had never met, and this is Lieut. Sullivan's story of their first meeting:

"Shortly after the close of the Longstreet repulse [also called Pickett's charge] I was ordered to report to General Hays' headquarters, much to my surprise. Upon presenting myself at the general's tent I was promptly ushered in and, saluting, faced that officer, who said in a kindly way:

"Well, young man, I see you did your duty."

"Yes, general, I try to obey orders."

"You will report to me again tomorrow morning," and the brief interview closed.

"Promptly the next morning I reported, when the general said:

"Lieut. Sullivan, I have appointed you on my staff, your duties to begin forthwith."

"From that day until his death in the Wilderness I was constantly with General Hays, being within arms' length when he was struck and was the last person to speak with him on earth."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Near Woodgrove, Va.,

"July, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I write this morning as best I can. Our paper is damp and I am almost blind. Otherwise my health is good. Corts and 'Dave' are both well. It would amuse you to see us on march, mounted upon government horses. Mine is a big,

¹ "Dunn Browne in the Army," Page 218.

slab-sided racker and falls down every quarter of a mile. The boys enjoy the old horse and I can endure him.

"My staff are numerous but unknown to you, excepting Corts and Shields. I will write whenever I have opportunity. I have received but two letters from you since you left Centreville. Again we are moving. God bless you and our children. Love to all and tell mother her prayers have and will be heard.

"You ask me for trophies, as all other officers send them. I could send you a wagon load, but I have no time to collect them. I have for our children the end of my banner staff,¹ shot off at Gettysburg. Won't that satisfy you?

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Jones' Four Corners, Md.,

"July 13th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I have written a long letter to your father. I had an opportunity to send it forward, but have not time to write to you. Since I have found an opportunity to send one to you, but it will, or rather must, be brief.

"Your father will give you many details of Gettysburg, but one tithe of what you will learn. Everybody wants glory, and to obtain it cheat honest men out of their rights. I send you a clipping from the 'Tribune' of July 6th. I was the only one of the name in the fight of the 3rd, and there is no mistake of who is who.

"We were amused with letters from home to 'Dave.' 'Glad we were not in the fight!'

"I must send this, as Colonel Carroll² must leave. Love to all and God bless, as He has protected me.

"I will write when I can. Only one letter from you since July 6th. Kennedy was captured with two of our men.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Williamsport, Md.,

July 14, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote yesterday and to your father, but have an opportunity again today.

"For several days we have been advancing upon the enemy [as we supposed]. Each night I have entrenched my division and moved next day to an advanced position, entrenching again.

¹ Now in possession of Alden F. Hays, Sewickley, Pa.

² Colonel S. S. Carroll, 8th Ohio, commanding First Brigade.

"To our mortification we this morning hear that Lee has escaped across the Potomac. But I suppose we will follow him and have a long, 'stern chase' to Richmond.

"You know of my fearful loss at Gettysburg—Willard, Sherrill, MacDougall and Hildebrandt;¹ 1,262 men, over one-fourth of my command. A kind Providence spared me, although I never was so hotly shelled and shotted. The only one of my name in the battle was myself, so that any credit to the name is yours alone.

"The enemy have fled and we are ordered to pursue. Yesterday the quartermaster furnished me a middling good horse, and I feel mounted again, although poorly.

"Corts and 'Dave' are well. Love to all, to everybody and Rebecca Shields. I send you two bloody tokens of the battle. Write as usual—Third Division, Second Army Corps.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Still Near Harper's Ferry, Md.,
July 18th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"In haste, while we are striking camp, I thought I would drop you a note. It may be necessary or it may be constitutional, but I always am obliged to see things done. I have the best boys in the world about me, but we old fellows think we can do things so much better.

"After three days of 'inglorious ease' and mortification at the escape of Lee we this morning 'hang our harps on the willow trees' and are off to the war again in Virginia, which ought to have been settled in Pennsylvania. We are tired of scientific leaders and regard strategy as it is called—a humbug. Next thing to cowardice. What we want is a leader who will go ahead.

"My division, 'The Blue Birds,' are in the rear today, as we led the advance on the last march; this gives me this opportunity to write. The other divisions are filing out and I must cease.

"As the newspapers are making use of my patronymic miscellaneously, I wish to inform my friends and the public generally that no other individual of my name was engaged in the battle of Gettysburg. In the army but one is recognized, and by the wise Providence of God I have been spared to see that the credit shall not be wrested from my children. I have not yet been able to make out my official report.²

¹ Colonel MacDougall and Major Hildebrandt were wounded.

² General Hays means on the Union side. There was a Confederate General Hays. Brigadier General William Hays was in command of the Second Corps from July 3rd until September 13th, 1863, but was not in the battle, having been captured at Chancellorsville and held a prisoner until late in June.

"As soon as possible I will furnish you copies. I never in my thoughts dwell upon the thirty minutes of carnage I witnessed. There is no mistake as to whose command decided the Battle of Gettysburg. It was 'The Blue Birds,' whose badge is the 'Shamrock,'¹ worn by my forefathers in primitive days, and my banner is borne by a true son of the Emerald Isle, who don't fear the devil [if I am leading].

"Love to all and regards to friends. Corts and Shields are well. No more, as my column is passing and I must go to Virginia. I have a letter from Annie yesterday.

"Yours, ever,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"July 21, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"We are lying idle today, I suppose to give the 'Rebs' a fair start. I am glad of it on my own account, for I have been quite sick. Yesterday I ate quite a large quantity of blackberries and the consequences were an entire suspension of my digestive machinery, and you know the results of that.

"I am taking medicine, and when I get through I will be as well as ever. I am much relieved already, otherwise I could not write to you.

"Almost daily, and always, when I find an opportunity I write to you. It is long since [or it appears so] that I have had a letter from home. Yours from Philadelphia and Miss Bateman's were very acceptable. Corts thinks so, too. The present occasion is due to the leave of Colonel Crandell, who goes to see his dying wife, leaving but two lieutenant colonels² in my old brigade. I assigned Colonel Coons, of the 14th Indiana, to command the brigade. Its loss has been one-half of all.

"We are disgusted, and I hope no friend of mine will mistake me for the Hays³ who voted against attacking Lee. I really believe I could have whipped him with my own division.

"After a short time I hope to be able to ask for a leave to see you. My heart yearns for home, but who would own a home until we can do so honorably?

"God bless you all. I will write as often as I can. Love all around, I have plenty of that. No more.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

¹ The blue trefoil. Corporal Carroll.

² Colonels Levin Crandell, 125th New York, and John Coons, 14th Indiana.

³ Brigadier General William Hays, who took command of the Second Corps after Hancock was wounded.

The following letter from Meade to Halleck in reference to an attack on Lee at Williamsport is pertinent here:

"Unofficial.

"Headquarters A. P. 140,

July 31, 1863.

"Had I attacked Lee the day I proposed to do so, and in the ignorance that then existed of his position, I have every reason to believe that the attack would have been unsuccessful and would have resulted disastrously. This opinion is founded on the judgment of numerous distinguished officers after inspecting Lee's vacated works and position. Among these officers I could name Generals Sedgwick, Wright, Slocum, Hays, Sykes and others."

The index in General Meade's book¹ in reference to this statement names General Alexander Hays; it should be General William Hays, then in command of the Second Corps. General Alexander Hays was in favor of an attack. He says so in plain enough words.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Warrenton Junction, Va., July 27th, 1863.

"Dear Mother:

"Yesterday, 'the blessed Sabbath,' we completed a most tiresome march and have been today resting and recruiting our men.

"I was so much fatigued myself that my good intentions of writing to you this morning were frustrated by sleep and attention to duties which I could not avoid. I do not write often to you, but, dear mother, you know that 'still water runs deepest.' Besides, that exacting wife of mine expects all letters to be addressed to her—a selfishness which can only be attributed to your neglect of her early education.

"Yesterday was a short march to me, for I received mail at Warrenton. Letters and papers of all dates, but all from home. Today I had another mail of older date, but very acceptable. It will require more time than I can spare to bring up my two mails' correspondence. I will, however, from day to day, give each one notice, and maybe I can finish before 'this cruel war is over.'

"You have heard so much of Gettysburg that, as myself, you desire to hear no more. I would have been most highly gratified if 'Dick' Dale² had joined us there, for, to tell the

¹ "Life and Letters of General George G. Meade," Vol. II., P. 140.

² Richard C. Dale, of Allegheny, afterwards lieutenant colonel of the 116th Pennsylvania, missing in action at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; a most gallant and efficient officer and a friend of General Hays; a son of Mrs. John B. McFadden's sister, Mrs. Josephine Dale, of Allegheny, wife of Dr. Thomas F. Dale.

truth, I am sorely pressed for aids, although the two I have bear themselves most gallantly, performing the work of ten. Only that Providence protected us I cannot account for our escape. Women may lecture on 'The Horrors of War,' but such a scene of carnage I never imagined. Carnage himself [if an artist] could not paint the picture. Dead horses, shattered carriages, dead and dying men, in all the last agonies of death for two full hours, would have paralyzed anyone not trained to the 'butcher trade.' I was fighting for my native state, and before I went in thought of those at home I so dearly love. If Gettysburg was lost all was lost for them, and I only interposed a life that would be otherwise worthless. But if we suffered the poor Rebels suffered terribly tenfold.

"The night following the battle of the 3rd I rode out, and over the battlefield at 2 o'clock A. M. I could scarcely find passage for my horse, for the dead and wounded. In one road it was impassable until I had them removed. The shrieks of anguish and prayers for relief were heartrending.

"I only feel that this is a trial, not a judgment, upon our nation, and that we will come out of it as 'refined gold,' and that my children will be enabled to sing—

" 'Columbia, Columbia, to Glory Arise,
The Queen of the World, and the Child of the Skies.'

"I enclose a correspondence from a 'high private'¹ from my command. The writer I do not know [scarcely] from a 'side of sole leather,' but 'straws show which way the wind blows.'

"I had a letter today from Agnes,² which I will send back for correction, although its contents were very acceptable.

"Alden has made a request for some trophy from the battle for himself. I will send him, as soon as I have opportunity, the end of my banner staff, shot off at Gettysburg. It was cut close beside me and he need not be ashamed of the trefoil which it bore. I will also send to each baby the badge of my division, although they can have it by plucking the clover and developing the leaves. Those are green, but ours are blue; each man wears one upon his hat or cap, and I call them our 'Big Blue Birds.'

"God does bless you, mother. Give my love to Aunts Josephine and Elizabeth³ and to all my kind, dear friends. Your united prayers have been answered, and with them I will live to see my country triumphant over all disaster and able to compete with any foreign enemy.

"Your son,
"Alex."

¹ 108th New York correspondence.

² Agnes and Alden—eldest daughter and son of General Hays.

³ Mrs. Josephine Dale and Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson, sisters of Mrs. John B. McFadden.

An examination of the list of captured Rebel flags shows these flags to have been carried, with one exception, by Heth's and Pender's Division, Heth's in the charge, being under the command of General Pettigrew. These men were of A. P. Hill's Corps and on Pickett's left in the charge. One flag belonging to the 38th Virginia of Armistead's Brigade was captured by Hays' men, which fell into the hands of the 8th Ohio of Carroll's Brigade.

The list of these flags is most interesting. The original receipts are in possession of the Hays family. [See Pages 467, 468 and 469 for list of captured flags].

General Hays could not fail to appreciate so valuable an officer as Colonel Sherrill and a brief sketch seems most appropriate:

Eliakim Sherrill was a native of Greene county, New York, born in 1813. He had therefore passed the half century mark when he fell. He was a man of education and refinement, and Mrs. Sherrill was a daughter of Judge Eldridge, of Madison county, New York. Colonel Sherrill, after residing for some years in Herkimer county, removed to Shandaken, in Ulster county, where he engaged in the tannery business. In 1847 he was elected to Congress and in 1854 to the State Senate. In 1860 he removed to Geneva, N. Y., where he was one of the most prosperous and influential citizens when the flame of civil war burst upon the land. Governor Morgan in 1862 commissioned him to raise a regiment from that senatorial district, and he immediately responded to the call, saying to his family as had many thousands: "My country needs me; it is my duty to go." Colonel Sherrill was an efficient officer and very capable. At Harper's Ferry, with his regiment, he kept Kershaw's Confederate Brigade at bay for hours on Maryland Heights, and in the fearless but necessary exposure on his part Colonel Sherrill fell desperately wounded, a musket ball tearing through his lower jaw, smashing his teeth, cutting his tongue and driving a piece of tooth into that tender organ, from which it was afterwards taken by an incision from the outside and beneath.

As soon as he was able to travel Colonel Sherrill was back with his boys, joining the regiment at Union Mills December 10, 1862, but his condition would not permit him to remain. The regiment turned out under arms to receive him and rousing cheers greeted him.

This was shortly before General Alexander Hays took command of the brigade. Colonel Sherrill could remain but three days. He reported for duty again on January 27th, even then not fully recovered, and resumed command of his regiment, and became one of General Hays' most esteemed

officers. His moral example, his dignified bearing, his equable and courteous intercourse with all, endeared him to all, and his kind treatment of his men made him their idol and pride. He knew how to bring out the nobler qualities of men and develop moral courage, awaken and retain pride of character and could bestow a power of self-command, and throughout their entire service on all occasions, no matter how trying or critical, the 126th New York Volunteers would be depended on.

When Colonel Sherrill fell he was borne to the rear by the stretcher-bearers of the 39th New York and taken to the Eleventh Corps Hospital. He had been shot through the bowels by a musket ball and died on the morning of July 4th at 8 o'clock, a fitting day for a great and loyal heart to be sacrificed upon a bleeding country's altar.

When Colonel Sherrill's body was taken to his elegant home in Geneva ten thousand persons attended his burial, and with the usual military honors all that was mortal of a brave, loving, gentle man was laid away forever.

In the "United States Service Magazine" for September, 1864, there appears the following from the pen of Lieut. Colonel S. Duncan Oliphant, General Hays' companion in the hospital:

"On the third day of the Battle of Gettysburg, General Hays, commanding the Third Division of the Second Army Corps, found himself opposed to General A. P. Hill, with whom was Pickett and others of General Hays' schoolmates at West Point and comrades of the Mexican war. Hill had been cannonading the Union lines for some time without effect, then moved his troops across the field, thinking, no doubt, that his veterans would drive these raw militia like chaff before the wind. But they meet General Hays and his veterans. He had put fight into them. Behind the slight shelter of a low stone fence he restrained himself and his men until the enemy were at close quarters. Then as one man they arose, and with well-directed volleys sent the head of Hill's column reeling back in confusion upon its rear and center. A hurricane, charged with lead and fire and death, consumed them.

"The battle was won. This was the decisive charge. General Hays was a hero among heroes at Gettysburg. His command captured from the enemy that day twenty banners and battle flags, three thousand stand of arms, and captured and killed about twice the number of his command. Out of twenty mounted orderlies he had but six left. He had lost all of his colonels; lieutenant colonels commanded brigades; lieutenants commanded regiments. Three of his horses had been killed under him; his entire staff was unhorsed. Their

steeds lay dead where they fell or were in their last agonies. His men gathered around their chief to congratulate him. Reeking with dust and sweat, and weary with the toil of the battle, they received the commendation they so richly deserved. How proud they were of their commander! How proud he was of his 'boys!' The general took young 'Dave' Shields, his boy lieutenant and aide-de-camp, not then twenty years of age, and who could count as many battles, in his arms, imprinting a kiss upon his cheek while yet his boyish face was aglow with the flush of victory. What youth in the land would not be prouder of that kiss of honor from his general than a hundred from the lips of the fairest maiden in the land?

A correspondent of a Buffalo newspaper, himself a soldier, and who was upon that fatal hill when the battle was at its height, beholding the deeds of valor of this brave leader and his fearlessness when the very air seemed freighted with danger, thus describes him:

"I wish you could have seen the picture, just at the close of last Friday's battle on the left of our center, of which his splendid figure formed such a prominent part. Our little brigade, which had been lying on Cemetery Hill, was ordered over to the position that was so valiantly but unsuccessfully charged by Pickett's Rebel Division. We hurried there through shot and shell, but only arrived in time to see the grand finale, the *tableau vivants*, and alas! *morants*, at the close of the drama. The enemy's batteries were still playing briskly, and their sharpshooters kept up a lively fire, but their infantry, slain, wounded and routed, were pouring, as prisoners, into our lines throughout their whole extent. Then enters Alexander Hays, brigadier general, United States Volunteers, the brave American soldier. Six feet or more in height, erect and smiling, lightly holding in hand his horse—the third within an hour—a noble animal, his flanks bespattered with blood, tied to his streaming tail a Rebel flag that drags ignominiously in the mud, he dashes along our lines, now rushing out into the open field, a mark for a hundred sharpshooters, but never touched, now quietly cantering back to our lines to be welcomed with a storm of cheers. I reckon him the grandest view of my life. I bar not Niagara. It was the arch-spirit of glorious victory triumphing wildly over the fallen foe. It was not my good fortune to be personally acquainted with this General Alexander Hays, but I wish every one, as far as I can effect it, to honor him as the bravest of soldiers and love him as the best hearted of men. A true chevalier he must be, *sans peur et sans reproche*. It seems miraculous that General Hays escaped unharmed. His division stood upon the broad open field, joining Webb's Brigade,

and only shielded from the death storm which swept its ranks by the slight stone wall perched upon the brow of a shelving ledge, but which could be no protection to an officer on horse-back."

In the history of the 126th New York this flag incident is described:¹

"At Gettysburg when Longstreet's memorable charge of the 3rd of July had been repelled, and the twelve regiments of Hays' Division had captured 2,600 prisoners and 21 stands of colors, General Hays took a Rebel flag captured by a captain of the 126th New York Volunteers, on which was inscribed 'Harper's Ferry,' and the names of ten battles, and two of his staff [Captain George P. Corts, assistant adjutant general, and Lieutenant David Shields, aide-de-camp], each with a captured flag, rode down in front of his command, and in the rear, trailing the Rebel colors in the dust, and amid the deafening shouts and cheers of the men who for a moment forgot the terrible battle scenes and thought only of the glory of their victory."

Adjutant Ira Smith Brown, of the 126th New York, tells of the part Willard's Brigade had in a letter home a few days after the battle:

"At 3 A. M. July 2nd, wearied and sore, we took up our line of march. It was rainy and had rained every day of our march. Many of the men were foot-sore. At 8 A. M. we had reached the extreme front and halted near the cemetery, but soon moved farther to the left. On our right lay the village; in front a little valley, bordered on the further side by woods. We were on a crest of ground. Rickett's Battery² was on our right at first and other batteries disposed around. Our position had, as it were, no flanks; front all around, and we could move to any point without marching three miles; to do the same thing the enemy must march ten miles. We had here the advantage the Rebels had heretofore possessed, the ground receding from us on every side. In our front was a low stone wall and an old rail fence, of which we hastily constructed breastworks. As we were on the crest every form was clearly defined against the sky. Bear this in mind.

¹ "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," Pages 186, 341. The officer was Capt. Morris Brown, Jr., 126th New York, killed in front of Petersburg, June 22, 1864.

² Battery I, 1st United States Artillery, formerly commanded by Capt. Jas. B. Ricketts, which distinguished itself at the First Bull Run, afterwards commanded by Lieut. Edmund Kirby, killed at Chancellorsville; at Gettysburg commanded by Lieut. George A. Woodruff, killed there.

"The enemy began a lively cannonading, doing little damage, and we retained our position nearly all day. The battle was progressing around, but in our front was comparative quiet. The Third Corps, under Sickles, was on our left and sustained a repulse. A battery was captured by the Rebels. The Third Corps was driven back. The enemy advanced with triumphant yells. The Third Corps wanted help and the Third Brigade was ordered to 'fall in.' This was half an hour before sundown. The brigade, under Willard, left-faced and marched a mile to the gap formed by the defeat of a portion of Sickles' Corps. * * * Then, upon the evening air, rang out the last word I ever heard Colonel Willard speak, 'Forward!'

"Raising the battle-cry, 'Harper's Ferry!' they threw themselves on the enemy as the floods sweep through a valley. The Rebel line was broken in less time than it takes to write. Backward over the hill fled the host that a moment before was victorious, pursuing; and above all the roar could be heard the shout, 'Boys, remember Harper's Ferry!'

"Passing too far our brigade was suddenly opened upon by a Rebel battery with grape and cannister at very short range. Now the carnage was fearful. Colonel Willard was instantly killed; Colonel MacDougall had two horses shot under him and was wounded. Colonel Sherrill assumed the command, and as the Rebels were gone out of sight withdrew the brigade a few rods to be out of range of that terrible battery. We had beaten the Rebels [at that point] and recaptured our battery. Harper's Ferry was avenged, but at what a fearful loss! That night we slept on our arms."¹

While on the Battle of Gettysburg it will be opportune to call attention to the scant notice Alexander Hays and his division receive in Doubleday's account of the battle. In-stance the following extract from his first edition:

"Gibbon had directed his command to reserve their fire until the enemy were near enough to make it effective. Pickett's advance dashed up to the fence occupied by Hays' Brigade of the Second Corps in front of our main line; then the musketry blazed forth with deadly effect and Pettigrew's men began to waver on the left and fall behind, for the nature of the ground was such that they were more exposed than other portions of the line."²

Had General Doubleday no other means of ascertaining the nature of General Alexander Hays' command at Gettys-

¹ "Struggle, Disaster, Triumph," Page 176.

² "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg," Page 193.

burg he could have informed himself by consulting the official rosters of the Army of the Potomac, which he himself published in his book.

Again, speaking of the deflection of Pickett's troops in consequence of the flanking fire from Stannard's and Rowley's Brigades of Doubleday's Division [Third of the First Corps and on Gibbon's left, and Gibbon on Hays' left], General Doubleday repeats his error and magnifies it:

"Kemper's Confederate Brigade is seen to be crowded towards the center. They were closely followed up by Gates' command [two regiments of Rowley's Brigade], who continued to fire into them at close range. This caused many to surrender, others to retreat outright, and others simply to crowd together. Nevertheless, the next brigade, that of Armistead, united to Garnett's, pressed on, overpowered Hays' Brigade of the Second Corps, drove it from its advanced position at the fence, back through the batteries on the crest, and in spite of the death-dealing bolts on all sides Pickett determined to break Gibbon's line and capture his guns."

Note the black-faced words, which are not in Doubleday's version, and especially note that Doubleday specifically states that this was on Gibbon's line and how Alexander Hays, commanding a division on Gibbon's right, should or could at the same time be in command of a brigade in Gibbon's Division, General Doubleday is not alive to tell and General Webb has but recently passed away. Doubleday proceeds immediately to the descriptions of what happened to Webb, and eventually states that Armistead fell within Webb's lines.¹

This brings up the well-known and oft-published conversation between Alexander Hays and Webb just after Pickett's repulse, or the failure of Longstreet's assault, to be tacitly correct.

"Hays," said Webb, "Armistead and a large number of his men got inside my lines and among some of my guns and many of them were killed there."

"They didn't touch any of my guns," replied Hays, "neither did a Rebel fall within my lines."

The conversation stopped.

¹ "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg," Page 194.

Referring to General Alexander Hays' official report it will be observed that Hays' Division lay partly behind stone walls, and the "brigade" of "Hays" behind the fence that were pursued by the exultant enemy "to the crest," despite the flanking fire from Doubleday's Division and the massed artillery and other supports. This one brigade is most fortunately lost to history through Doubleday's blunder or erroneous designation. Could Doubleday have been thinking of Webb's Brigade?

In the edition of Doubleday's book of 1898 he amends his blunders and tries to do better by Alexander Hays. He says:¹

"Pickett's advance dashed up to the fence occupied by the skirmishers of the Second Corps, near the Emmitsburg Road, and drove them back. Then the musketry blazed forth with deadly effect, and Pettigrew's men began to waver on the left and fall behind, for the nature of the ground was such that they were more exposed than other portions of the line. They were much shaken by the artillery, and that of Hays' Division sent them back in masses."

The exceptions taken to General Doubleday's book are to the first edition only. When the book appeared General Hancock was living, and it is not to be supposed, even for a moment, that the "Superb Hancock" would allow such history to pass without a warm protest, as evinced in the following letter which impelled Doubleday to make the corrections noted.

Doubleday was of the West Point class of 1842, two years before Alexander Hays—that they were acquainted personally is most probable and in the army reputations were well known. Doubleday was in Mexico in Taylor's army, at Monterey and Buena Vista, and should have known something of Hays' early record in that army. It is worthy of note here that Doubleday had no active field service after December, 1863.

That General Hancock resented Doubleday's treatment of the Third Division in his history is fully shown by this letter, to-wit:

¹ "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg," Page 193. See also the footnote mentioned by General Hancock in his letter, same page.

GENERAL HANCOCK TO MRS. ANNIE A. HAYS

"Governor's Island, N. Y.,

April 16, 1883.

"My Dear Madame:

"I duly received your note of the 4th, and have only delayed replying until I could procure a copy of the revised edition of General Doubleday's book on Gettysburg, which has recently been published. I am pleased to observe that in the new issue of his work he has omitted the statement mentioned by you that the enemy 'overpowered Hays' Brigade [Division] of the Second Corps and drove it from its advanced position at the fence, back through the batteries on the crest,' and has added [page 193, new addition] a footnote as follows:

"The front line of Hays' Division, which received this charge, was composed of the 12th New Jersey, 14th Connecticut and 1st Delaware. The second was composed of the 111th, 125th, 126th and 39th New York."

"There are other corrections in General Doubleday's new edition in regard to General Hays' command at Gettysburg, which were made, I believe, in accordance with a letter which I caused to be written to him on the subject shortly after the first publication of his work. Thus, on the map on Page 191, General Hays' name was omitted in connection with the position of his troops. In the new edition his name is inserted on the map. On Page 193 of the first edition General Hays' 'Brigade' is spoken of; in the new issue his command is properly and handsomely referred to as 'Hays' Division,' Page 193.

"A year or two since I concluded to print a few copies of my official reports of important military operations during the war, and by this mail I send you one of the volumes containing them, which I beg you to accept. General Hays would certainly have been one of those to receive a copy had he survived the conflict. You will observe that I have not failed to record his conspicuous services at Gettysburg, the splendid fighting of his troops and their capture of fifteen stand of colors and nearly two thousand prisoners on that field.

"You will also note my mention of him at the Wilderness, where he fell at the head of his command.

"I knew him well and have always considered him, and spoken of him, as one of the bravest and most valuable division commanders in our army. His record and high reputation as a soldier are fixed, and you can rest assured that no 'histories' or 'statements' from any source will disturb or change them.

"I am, dear madame,

"Very truly and respectfully yours,

"Win'd S. Hancock.

"Mrs. Alexander Hays,

"Sewickley, Allegheny County, Pa."

The above is a thoroughly Hancock document, prompt to appear, incisive, quickly effective. In the meantime the first edition had gone broadcast over the world, and thousands read the incomplete story who never saw the amended version. It may be added that the original Doubleday version was as distasteful to the Second Corps veterans as it was to Mrs. Hays and the commander of the corps.

The position of Hays' Division is properly inserted in Doubleday's map on the page of his book mentioned by General Hancock [191], but on Page 160, on the map of the positions of the first and second days, Hays is entirely omitted and Gibbon's Division appears between Doubleday and Howard [the Eleventh Corps line]. Why did Doubleday thus write this history? What could have been his animus? Can one charitably say he blundered? The presumption that he knew better is so strong that it can not be set aside.¹

"Pettigrew, Archer, Scales and Lane, who had advanced on Pickett's left, broke through the first Union line [what line?], and ascending the slopes threw themselves against Hays' line. They could not pierce it, and were driven back in confusion, leaving two thousand prisoners and fifteen stands of colors. Some of their regiments joined Pickett, who was still fighting.

"The entire fire of the Unionists was now concentrated on Pickett's men and the division was simply annihilated—three thousand five hundred men and twelve stands of colors were lost."²

General Clinton D. MacDougall, formerly colonel of the 111th New York Volunteers, writes Mr. Gilbert A. Hays as follows in regard to the part of the Third Division at Gettysburg:

"Auburn, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1909.

"My Dear Mr. Hays:

"Captain Shields informs me you are to publish a life of your distinguished father, and in it I hope to see justice done to the memory of my old and esteemed friend and commander, whose acquaintance I first made when he was as-

¹ Another historian errs with less opportunity of accurate knowledge of the events at Gettysburg.

² "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," Page 236. Thomas W. Knox.

signed to the command of our brigade in the winter of 1862-3.

"Our first battle under his command was at Gettysburg, and here is where history does him and his command great injustice.

"When General Hays was assigned to our brigade, then doing duty in the outer defenses of Washington, with brigade headquarters at Union Mills, our regiment, with the 125th and 39th, were at Centreville, and most of the time was under my command, being the senior officer present.

"On June 25th, 1863, the brigade was ordered to join the Second Corps, then on the march through Centreville and, as it turned out, en route to Gettysburg. General Hays was at once assigned to the command of the Third Division, of which we became the Third Brigade.

"Upon the arrival at Gettysburg on the morning of July 2nd the usual skirmish lines were thrown out. I can never forget the first act of superb gallantry I noticed in General Hays. The line of skirmishers on our right was hard pressed and gave way. In an instant the general rode down at a gallop mounted on his fine bay 'Dan,' with an orderly carrying his division flag, followed by his other orderlies.¹ The line was at once re-established and never broke again. It was the first and last time I ever saw a division commander with his flag and staff on the skirmish line—they were targets for hundreds of sharpshooters.

"It is humiliating for one who was there and participated in the battle to read some of the official reports. The great trouble is that these reports were not published until some thirty years after the war, when most of the participants who made reports had been killed in battle or died of old age.

"Take the incident of the burning of the Bliss barn. As soon as General Hays discovered that it was occupied by the enemies' sharpshooters he came to me and asked if I had a man in my command who would volunteer to go down and fire that barn. The troops were lying down at the time. I stepped in front of my regiment [the 111th New York] and asked, 'Who will volunteer to go down and fire that barn?' Fully half a dozen hands went up. Sergeant Charles A. Hitchcock of Company G, having raised the first hand, I designated him, giving him a box of matches and a lot of newspapers. He started on the double quick. He took a zig-zag course on

¹ Besides Corporal Carroll two orderlies deserve especial mention—Privates Jonas Thornton and William Peterman of the 1st Ohio Cavalry, two companies of this regiment having remained with the Army of the Potomac, the remainder of the regiment going to the West. These two companies had been in service with Stahel's Cavalry Division in the defense of Washington. The orderlies, Thornton and Peterman, were on duty at Third Division headquarters when General Hays took command of the division. General Hays retained them and subsequently obtained commissions for them.

beyond our skirmishers until he reached the barn; and as soon as he passed beyond the skirmishers he was loudly cheered. With his bunch of papers he fired the corner of the barn, under which, he said, he found some dry hay. On his return he was wounded in the arm. Hitchcock was a slender, red-haired, fiery young man of twenty-two years of age, a man of no mean artistic merit, and the father of Raymond Hitchcock, the actor. He was promoted to a lieutenancy on the recommendation of General Hays for this gallant act. He died in Philadelphia about three years ago.

"Today I am informed the 12th New Jersey and 14th Connecticut both placed markers, claiming it as their act, and some time ago I understood some Massachusetts regiment claimed it. I care not what claims are made. I know little slender red-haired Sergeant Hitchcock did it, and it can be sworn to by every survivor of the 111th.

"An extract from my address at Gettysburg at the dedication of our regimental monument, nearly twenty years ago, gives a truthful and, to my mind, accurate account of Longstreet's charge. The main point of attack was Ziegler's Grove, just to our right and rear, near the Bryan house. The crowding of the attacking party was from their right to the left, showing conclusively that Ziegler's Grove was the point aimed at and not the small clump of undergrowth on the much lower ground on our left, which has been so much written and talked about as 'the high-water mark of the Rebellion.'

"The largest number of killed and wounded of the enemy lay in our immediate front.

"The greatest number of prisoners was taken by our division, and the largest capture of colors of the enemy—twenty-one.

"The largest number of casualties was in the Third Division, as the official reports clearly show.

"The Second Brigade, Second Division, commanded by General Alexander S. Webb, who has claimed so much, lost 491. [I give the largest regimental losses]. The 69th Pennsylvania lost 137, the 72nd Pennsylvania 192.

"This officer, whose lines broke before the assault of the enemy, was bountifully decorated with medals of honor and brevets, and has ever since been written up in newspaper and illustrated magazine articles.¹

"The Third Brigade of the Third Division, that was on Webb's right and on high ground, stood fast and never gave an inch of ground to the enemy, but in turn charged the Confederates, lost 714, the 111th New York losing 249, the 126th 231. Figures in battles are as true as in commercial transactions and as clearly tell who bore the brunt of Longstreet's [misnamed Pickett's] charge.

"Some years ago, during my service in Congress, I sat in

¹ Comment by Captain J. S. Sullivan [1911], "Good Reading."

the Committee on Military Affairs with two general officers of the Confederate army who participated in this celebrated charge. Each agreed, and General Longstreet himself in frequent conversations I had with him said it was the grove of larger trees on the higher ground that was their aim and point of direction. On examining the configuration of the ground, I assert, no student of military tactics with a practiced eye can say otherwise.

"General Hays' report of the Battle of Gettysburg is entirely too modest. He was always too generous in all his claims and dealings with others, but he could not help it, it was his nature. He was absolutely unselfish in all things, a splendid characteristic, I regret to say, not possessed by all the regular army officers. He claimed that he and his command did their whole duty, not that the whole victory belonged to them.

"It may be well said of him, 'He walked a highway of his own and kept the company of his self-respect.'

"Just as this charge commenced a sharpshooter of the enemy shot the lower bone of my left arm in two. I had it bound up and remained with my command until the charge was repulsed, when I went to the hospital to have the wound attended to. On my return General Hays was lying under the fly of a tent in the orchard of the Bryan house, just in the rear of my regiment. Seeing me passing with my arm in a sling he called to me as was his wont, 'Oh, Colonel Mac.' I sat on the ground in front of him. He asked about my injury, was enthusiastic about our victory, our captures of prisoners and colors. Beside his quarters lay a large pile of captured flags; he asked me to count them, and I counted twenty-one, large and small. We then engaged in general conversation about the battle and what would probably occur next.

"Soon a staff officer appeared and said General Webb presents his compliments and asks that General Hays send him some battle flags he has, which were captured by him [Webb]. General Hays replied with a good deal of warmth, 'How in h—l did I get them if he captured them?' and calling to his aide, Lieut. Shields, 'Oh, "Dave!" pick out half a dozen flags and send them to General Webb as a present, with my compliments; we have so many here we don't know what to do with them **and Webb needs them.**'¹

"It is far from my disposition or intention to take one laurel from the brow of any gallant soldier, but I am constrained to say that medals of honor and brevets were showered upon others for Gettysburg's victory that justly belonged to General Hays.

¹ Captain J. S. Sullivan has added in his own handwriting the words in black type, "and Webb needs them," which were evidently forgotten by General MacDougall.

"The Third Division served under General Hays at Bristoe and all the other engagements of the division until the reorganization of the army took place in the winter of 1864, and when General Hays was taken from us we all felt we had lost our best friend, a commander beloved by all, one whom we all know we would find where danger was the greatest, where the bullets flew the thickest, where the fighting was the fiercest, there we would always find General Hays, with the blue trefoil behind him and Captain Corts and Lieut. Shields at his side. No one could hang back with such a leader and such an example of bravery before them.

"When Longstreet's charge [wrongly called Pickett's, who only commanded one of the three divisions making the charge] was broken General Hays seized two captured flags by their staffs, and mounted on 'Dan' rode up and down between the lines, trailing them in the dirt, a target for the enemy's artillery and sharpshooters. 'Dan' was killed, but the general was unhurt."

The following fragment of a letter, date unknown, written by General Hays to his eldest daughter, Agnes, after Gettysburg, attests the fact that a sergeant of his command burned the Bliss barn¹ and that General Hays was in touch with him at the time. This sergeant was Charles A. Hitchcock of the 111th New York. Hitchcock evidently got the flower while at the Bliss house. The dried flower,² in good condition, is still in possession of the Hays family. "Grandma" is Mrs. John B. McFadden. The horse, "Leet," died of his wounds, having been left at Gettysburg:

"I forgot to tell you that we have two cows at headquarters. Today [just now] we had dinner with plum pudding and the best cream. I have sent to Gettysburg for 'Leet,' so tell grandfather he will again try the field. The flower I sent

¹ Burning of barn at Gettysburg.

² General MacDougall fully vouches for Charles Hitchcock, but in the book in possession of the Hays family in which are contained the various flowers sent home by General Hays, written around the flower itself, is the following inscription in the handwriting of Agnes Hays: "This flower was picked on the battlefield of Gettysburg by Sergeant Carroll as he returned from setting fire to the barn [mentioned in the reports of the battle] as a token that he had fulfilled the mission on which he had been sent. While returning with the flower he was shot in the arm. He was afterwards promoted to a second lieutenancy in the regiment by recommendation of General Alexander Hays." The above in handwriting of Agnes M. Hays. It is plain Agnes has confused the names. Sergeant Carroll was the division color-bearer.

to grandma¹ came from a garden on the field of Gettysburg, from the home where our pickets fought so wickedly and which I afterwards caused to be burned. It was given to me by the sergeant who volunteered to go forward amidst a shower of balls to burn the house, and he fulfilled his mission and returned severely wounded."

That great war correspondent and historian of the "Army of the Potomac," William Swinton, is also inaccurate in these statements:

"It happened that the division on the left of Pickett, under command of General Pettigrew, was, in considerable part, made up of North Carolina troops comparatively green. To animate them they had been told that they would meet only the Pennsylvania militia. But when approaching the slope, they received the *feu d'enfer* from Hays' line, there ran through their ranks a cry, the effect of which was like to that which thrilled a Greek army when it was said that the god Pan was among them.

"Thus suddenly disillusioned regarding their opponents, Pettigrew's troops broke in disorder, leaving two thousand prisoners and fifteen colors in the hands of Hays' Division. Now, as Wilcox's Brigade had not advanced, Pickett's Division remained alone a solid lance-head of Virginia troops, tempered in the fire of battle. Solitary this division, buffeting the fierce volleys that met it, rushed up the crest of Cemetery Ridge, and such was the momentum of its assault that it fairly thrust itself within Hancock's line."²

This recognition story of the Army of the Potomac has since been worn threadbare. It is usually met in the accounts of the first Confederate attacks on the first day, especially in the recognition of the Iron Brigade.

Six brigades came up in General Hays' immediate front or within rifle range, to-wit: Brockenbrough's, Davis', Pettigrew's [under Colonel Marshall] and Archer's of Heth's Division, Lane's and Scales' of Pender's Division of A. P. Hill's Corps, all veteran troops.

Of twenty-five regiments and two battalions included in these six brigades seventeen regiments and one battalion were in service on the Peninsula in the spring of 1862. Scales'

¹Memo below flower in handwriting of John B. McFadden: "Sergeant Carroll of the 111th Regiment, New York Volunteers, Auburn." "Lieut. H. A. Hall." Carroll was not shot.

²"Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," William Swinton, Page 359.

Brigade was then commanded by General Pender, commanding the division at Gettysburg. The brigade was the same except the 13th North Carolina, which was in Garland's Brigade of D. H. Hill's Division. Lane's Brigade was General Branch's on the Peninsula. Archer's was the same except the 13th Alabama, the brigade then commanded by General Robert Hatton. The 2nd and 11th Mississippi of Davis' Brigade were in the campaign on the Peninsula, and Brockenbrough's Brigade, then commanded by General Charles W. Field, included the 40th and 47th Virginia.

Lane, Scales, Brockenbrough and Archer were engaged at Second Bull Run and Antietam, their brigades substantially as at Gettysburg, and all were of Stonewall Jackson's old corps. Undoubtedly there were conscripts and recruits in some of the regiments, but there were sufficient veterans to make the brigades efficient fighting organizations.

Captain Shields in talking over this incident of the battle remarked that the Confederate officers leading the charge when he saw them were on foot and instanced that General Armistead was not mounted when stricken down, and at no time, except when their horses fell, were any of General Hays' staff not mounted. There is no doubt that the Confederate generals started on their mounts and that their horses were killed. Longstreet tells of General "Dick" Garnett riding by him, "wrapped up in an old blue overcoat, his last ride, brave soul." General Walker refers to the flag incident and the ride along the Third Division lines in his account of General Hays' death and speaks of it with admiration.¹

General Hays' escape from death was and was not marvelous. Captain Shields, years afterwards, while on a visit to the battlefield, fell in with a Confederate officer on the same errand, and in conversation related the above incidents and the officer remembered witnessing them. He told Captain Shields a group of Confederate officers were observing the actions of General Hays and an order was once given to pick the Federal general off. A superior officer immediately countermanded the order, saying, "No, don't shoot him. That's 'Sandy' Hays." Captain Shields in the lapse of years has forgotten his informant's name, but is positive that the officer interceding was Longstreet, but Pickett was also at West

¹ "History of the Second Army Corps," Page 416.

Point with Alexander Hays and Longstreet was in the 4th and 8th Infantry, in the "Old Army," in the days of General Hays' first service.

The story has a distinct Longstreet flavor and is in keeping with his kind heart. It is entirely in the range of possibility that the officer may have been A. P. Hill, for Hill was with "Joe" Lane in Central Mexico, serving as second lieutenant in the First Artillery, and was in action with Alexander Hays at Huamantla and Atlixco, and was a "Plebe" at the academy when Hays was graduated.¹

General E. P. Alexander, commanding a battalion of artillery in Longstreet's Corps at Gettysburg, in his account of Longstreet's assault at its close mentions the meeting of General Lee and Colonel Freemantle of the British army, then observing the battle within the Confederate lines. The colonel published an excellent account of the battle in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and tells of General Lee reproving a young staff officer for spurring a foolish horse. This officer was Lieut. Colston of Alexander's staff who had just been sent by General Lee to ascertain the cause of great cheering they had been hearing in the Federal lines. General Lee feared that it was the forerunner of an advance by the enemy. Lieut. Colston reported that it was only a greeting to some general officer riding along the line. This officer was General Alexander Hays.

General Alexander in his book relates the same incident, giving General Lee's exact words in rebuking Lieut. Colston.²

General Meade took cognizance of this great demonstration on Hancock's line. His biographers say:³

"Immediately after the repulse of Pickett's assault General Meade rode over to Cemetery Hill to see the state of affairs. On his way back at what is called Ziegler's Grove, a point on the line between the Second and Eleventh Corps, the soldiers and officers commenced to cheer him, and made

¹ Capt. J. S. Sullivan comments upon this story to the effect that the first time General Hays rode to the front [on the skirmish line] General Longstreet was not in General Hays' front and Pickett had not yet come up with his division. The second time Pickett had not got back from the "charge." Hill was in Hays' front, however, and the officers undoubtedly used their glasses.

² "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. III, Page 367. Also "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," Alexander, Page 426.

³ "Life and Letters of Major General George G. Meade," Page 110.

such a demonstration that he crossed over the line of battle and, accompanied by his staff and a large crowd of mounted officers, who had gathered about him, rode down in front of the Union line all the way to Round Top. Every man on the Union line mounted the breastworks [?], and it was one continuous ovation the whole way down, and, strange to say, not a shot was fired by the enemy, although the cavalcade was within easy range."

General Meade himself says in a letter to his son, John Sergeant Meade, under date of October 7, 1863:

"I have read an article in Blackwood which is tolerable fair for a 'secesh' Englishman. The general officer referred to as being cheered was your humble servant, and I was at the time riding down the line to the left for the purpose of ordering an attack; but it was so late, and the distance to the enemy's line so great, that by the time the troops were in motion the day was at an end."¹

General Meade was well known to the Fifth Corps, which he had lately commanded, but not to the men of Hays' division, especially the Third Brigade, which General Hays had commanded at Centreville. An unprecedented battle scene, such as a general officer trailing captured standards in the dust and riding his lines in front of the enemy, would be sufficient inspiration for the most stupid soldiers, if such American soldiers can be imagined. Cheers spontaneously arise and cheering is contagious. General Meade may have come along at this time, but the acts of General Hays and his aides inspired the cheering, however long it may have continued or what distance it ran along the lines.

Other testimony of General Hays' services at Gettysburg is available. Lieut. L. E. Bicknell of the First Company, Massachusetts Sharpshooters [Andrews'], after a visit to Gettysburg in 1883, writes as follows:

"I found a monument in Ziegler's Grove to the 88th Pennsylvania Volunteers, which marks the spot where our infantry were being rapidly cut down by the enemy's sharpshooters on the morning of July 3rd. In fact, when, with twenty of the 1st Massachusetts Sharpshooters, I entered the grove our infantry were virtually driven from it. We held the grove to the right and left of the 88th's monument until the heavy cannonading checked sharpshooting. A shattered

¹ "Life and Letters of General George Gordon Meade," Vol. II, Page 153.

remnant of some regiment, perhaps the one that had suffered so in front of and in the grove, lay along the remains of a stone wall in our rear, and during the heavy cannonading which preceded the enemy's assault, with many others, sought the seeming shelter of the grove.

"Just before the grand charge, at the request of General Alexander Hays, who commanded the Third Division of the Second Corps, I gathered up all these men that lay in the grove and General Hays formed them in line to the right of the Bryan house, which is the house to the left of the monument on the line of battle as you go towards Round Top. At the time of the battle the grove extended to this house. I took position with the remainder of my squad of sharpshooters on the right of this line.

"While the enemy were advancing to the Emmittsburg Road, General Hays drilled the line in the manual of arms, allowing them to fire left oblique while the enemy were closing with our line to the left of the Bryan house, then swung them down by a left wheel to the lane which then ran from the house to the Emmittsburg Road; across the lane they then fired. The moment chosen for the left wheel or flanking movement was just as the last division of the enemy's charging column was crossing the Emmittsburg Road, moving directly for Ziegler's Grove. As the entire front of the Second Corps to the left of the Bryan house was already covered and in many places penetrated, this fresh division would probably have forced our line back and gained the shelter of the grove had it not been subjected to our flank fire, which destroyed its formation and sent its shattered and disordered masses along the other side of the lane and in front of the Third Division of the Second Corps.

"I finally drew back our line a little from the fence to prevent our rear being gained by the enemy moving north on the Emmittsburg Road, and also to uncover a gun [or two guns] which had during the melee been got into position at the head of the lane near the Bryan house, and as the enemy crowded forward into the lane the fire of these guns ended the contest.

"I have not yet learned what regiments or fragments of regiments composed the line swung down, but they were strangers to me, and I have just learned the 39th, 111th, 125th and 126th New York Regiments were added to the Third Division on the march to Gettysburg. I left the army soon after the battle and had no opportunity to learn afterwards."

Lieut. Bicknell quotes a letter from General Longstreet of date January 4, 1884, confirming these statements, and proceeds:

"In regard to the blow struck by the 8th Ohio Regiment

the Ohio men say that they were west of the Emmittsburg Road. If so, they must have been north and in front of Ziegler's Grove."¹

Lieut. Bicknell is substantially correct as to positions, for Batchelder's isometrical map so locates all the commands the lieutenant mentions. The 88th Pennsylvania belonged to Baxter's Brigade of Robinson's Second Division of the First Corps and lay in the grove. The battery spoken of was Battery I of the First United States Artillery under Lieut. Woodruff, who was killed, and General F. A. Walker takes pains to give the formation exactly, to-wit:

"This battery holds the right of the Second Corps line. It is supported by the 108th New York; next comes the division of Alexander Hays in two lines, the front line posted behind a low stone wall. Perhaps three hundred and fifty yards from the grove the stone wall runs westward [that is, toward the enemy] to enclose another and more advanced ridge. Here the wall is lower and is surmounted by a county post and rail fence. Hays' left is formed of Smyth's Brigade and Arnold's Rhode Island Battery; Webb's Brigade of Gibbon's Division connects with Hays' Division at the angle; on his line is posted Cushing's Battery A, Fourth United States; Hall's Brigade, also of Gibbon's Division, continues the line southward; with it Brown's Rhode Island Battery. Harrow's Brigade, with which is Rorty's New York Battery, continues Gibbon's lines. On his front and Hall's the stone wall is replaced by an ordinary rail fence, which the men have thrown down to gain some slight cover. Still further to the south, in a clump of trees and bushes, lies Stannard's Vermont Brigade of Doubleday's Division.² These Vermonters were old friends of the 'Defenses of Washington.'"

General Meade's biographers are full in their accounts of Gettysburg. They say:

"This formation brought the right of the Second Corps to the Taneytown Road, connecting with the left of the Eleventh Corps at a clump of woods known as Ziegler's Grove."³

¹ "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. III, Pages 391-392; Vide also Colonel Sawyer's statement of the 8th Ohio's position and part in the action on the third day.

² "History of the Second Corps," Page 291.

³ "Life and Letters of Major General George G. Meade," Page 63. General Hays' position on the 2nd is defined on Page 65, Ibid.

Rev. Jesse Bowman Young in his recent book does full justice to the Second Corps at Gettysburg. Under the caption, "Brigadier General Alexander Hays," he says:

"We cannot summarize here what Hays' Division did on the third day when the final blow, embodied in Pickett's and Pettigrew's charge, fell directly upon their front. When the fight ended that afternoon fifteen colors and over two thousand prisoners fell into their hands. Magnificently were they led by their division commander."

Again:

"The infantry line was made up of an extraordinary body of soldiers, as choice as any that were ever mustered under any flag, marshaled either in the front or the supporting lines by such division leaders as Hays, Gibbon, Caldwell, Doubleday, Birney, Humphreys and Robinson, with such brigade commanders as Webb, Hall, Harrow—types of skill and patriotic devotion worthy of any land or age. On their left were the troops of the Fifth Corps, and near them massed in reserve stood the Sixth Corps, held ready for any critical advance which might later develop near and on Little Round Top.

"Against this solidly massed and magnificently posted body of batteries and this great force of infantry, occupying lines in part defended by stone fences and in part by hastily constructed barricades on a slightly elevated ridge which almost completely overlooked the rolling fields, across which an assaulting force must approach, the charge of the forlorn hope was now to be made."¹

It can well be believed that after Gettysburg the army correspondents had much to write about. Here is some matter from Rochester, N. Y., but it is extracted from a private letter. [Probably the clipping referred to in letter of July 27]:

THE 108th IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The Regiment Takes the Brunt of the Rebel Charges.

[We are permitted to publish the following letter from a member of the 108th Regiment to his father in this city. The writer gives a graphic and interesting account of the terrible fighting in which he shared]:

¹ "The Battle of Gettysburg," Pages 51 and 312. Lieut. Young is speaking of the whole line from Alexander Hays' position west. The Fifth Corps were on Round Top and vicinity and the Sixth Corps mostly massed in the rear of the Fifth.

"Battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa.,
July 4th, 1863.

"Dear Father—Another great battle has been fought and won. Wednesday night we arrived here from Taneytown, and Thursday morning our regiment was ordered to the front to support the First Regular Battery.¹ During the day we were shelled occasionally and a few of our men were wounded. Yesterday forenoon they opened on us again, but were soon silenced by our brass twelve-pounders. The enemy could be seen building breastworks, or abatis work, for protection from our shot and shells. In the forenoon Companies A and C were sent out as skirmishers and had three killed and four wounded. At noon or near that hour they were relieved and came in. About 2 o'clock the enemy opened fire from their batteries, thus getting a partial cross-fire on us. Our guns replied in good time and order. Our regiment was immediately in their rear and laid down, but very many of them suffered severely; indeed, it was the hardest fire the 108th ever experienced—perfectly awful, murderous. Not a second but a shell shot or ball flew over, or by us. Large limbs were torn from the trunks of the oak trees under which we lay and precipitated down upon our heads. One shell came shrieking and tearing through the trees with the velocity of lightning, striking a caisson, causing it to explode, wounding several. Three or four men started to their feet to leave the spot, but Lieut. Card drew his sword and commanded them to go back and lay down in their places, which they did. Small trees were cut down and large ones shattered almost to pieces. Five different cannon-balls struck a large oak three feet in diameter, which stood not five feet from where I lay, and one of them passed entirely through it. A shell struck right at my feet, killing Sergeant Maurice Welch and Private John Fitzner. This destructive and murderous fire continued to pour in upon us for more than an hour—in fact, until they silenced our batteries, or rather until we had exhausted our ammunition. Very many of our cannoniers were killed or wounded and the most of the horses. Some of our regiment had to help them run their pieces back by hand. General French having taken command of the Third Corps, Brigadier General Hays had command of our division, and I must say I think he is the bravest division general I ever saw in the saddle. Most of the time he was riding up and down the line in front of us, exhorting the 'boys' to stand fast and fight like men. Shell, shot, nor the bullets of the Rebel sharpshooters seemed to intimidate him in the least; in fact, he paid not the least attention to them, nor did his staff officers. Once he rode by and said, 'Boys, don't let 'em touch these pieces,' and in a few moments he rode back again, laughing, and sung out, 'Hurrah! boys, we're giving them h—l!' and

¹ Woodruff's.

he dashed up to the brow of the hill and cheered our skirmishers, who were driving the Rebs before them. Soon after our pieces ceased firing, the Rebels slackened theirs also, and then advanced in three lines of infantry from the woods and across the fields. I never saw troops march out with more military precision. Their lines were straight and unbroken and they looked in the distance like statues. On they came, steady, firm, moving like so many automatons. Our brigade now formed in line to receive them, the skirmishers coming in at the same time. The 108th was taken out of the grove, drawn up in line of battle and then told to kneel down until the word to fire. The 12th New Jersey was on our left and the 126th New York on our right. Two pieces of the First Battery were brought up by hand, and when the Rebs had advanced about half way across the field a deadly fire of grape and canister was thrown into them, mowing them down like chaff. But still on they came. When within musket range the infantry rose up and gave them a withering shower and the gray lines melted away."

Brevet Brigadier General Henry H. Bingham, recently deceased, for many years a member of Congress from Philadelphia, orator at Gettysburg in the ceremonies of September 13th, 1889, on the occasion of the dedication of the monuments of the Pennsylvania commands engaged in the battle, his assignment being "The Second and Third Days," referring to the repulse of Longstreet's assault, says:¹

"They are now upon us. We can see their faces, long, colorless, gaunt—their clothing covered with blood and dirt.

"The muskets, bayoneted, carried at a charge, the look upon the firm-set faces, resolute, defiant, fearless. Up, men of Pennsylvania! Up, soldiers of the Second Corps! You or they must win this day; there is no retreat now.

"Harrow's or Hall's men strike them on our left, Stannard's flank fire rolls them on our right, and brave Alexander Hays with soldiers worthy of the gallantry of their leader, with a fire concentrated and fearful in its havoc, wedges them in a solid column, which, driven like a massed weight, falls with a fearful force, impelled upon the front of Webb's Brigade. They now seem irresistible and they mean to kill.

"Webb in the midst of his soldiers fights as they fight, yet he is ever their leader. The fearful thunderbolt has driven back his first line, but it readily re-forms on the second and brave Webb falls wounded.

"The scene passes description—shot and shell and canister and musketry, every implement of warfare and death, play

¹ "Pennsylvania at Gettysburg," Vol. I, Page 52.

havoc and let loose the dogs of war. Battle flags drop, men throw up their hands and fall upon their faces within our lines.

"The fight is over, the victory of victories is won. Well done, sagacious Meade; bravely done, Hancock, master leader in the battle-front of this the battle of the century, your blood has hallowed this ground; and you, heroic Gibbon, and Webb, and Cushing, and Hays, and a long line of living and dead leaders, well done! A nation thanks you and thanks your great army. Soldiers of Pennsylvania, your valor has been seen on many battlefields, but on none has it been greater or grander, nobler or more heroic than on the July days of 1863.

"Again we hear the call and in its tones a wail of anxiety, almost grief. 'Watchman, what of the night?' The answer is heard all over the land, 'All's well! The Army of the Potomac has gained a great victory,' and like an ocean's roar comes back response, 'Thank God and the Army of the Potomac!'"

At Gettysburg General Bingham was major and judge advocate on the staff of General Hancock. It is only while pondering over this most beautiful peroration that by way of contrast the unaffected plainness of Historian Doubleday looms up, and it becomes most apparent that he had written Alexander Hays out of the Battle of Gettysburg. After the battle the story of Hays' Division in part is realistically told in the history of the 126th New York:

"On the night of the 3rd Lee began his retreat actively but silently. It was continued on the 4th, his movements being masked by keeping up constant skirmishing in his front and sharpshooting all day. Besides, their rifle pits, a stone barn, with long, narrow windows, afforded them a safe covert, whence they could pick off our officers and men with unmerciful precision. General Hays ordered the barn to be taken. Colonel Bull, as brigade commander, called on the regiment to do it, but no response came immediately—the risk was too deadly. Lieut. Geddis started up and volunteered, asking Company D of the 126th to follow him. They did so, as did men from most of the other companies. A high post-and-rail fence ran along the Emmitsburg Road which must be crossed. Five of these volunteers were shot while getting over the fence. Nothing daunted, the little Spartan band advanced, keeping along the side of a rail fence which ran toward the barn. But such a deadly and continuous fire met them from the barn and rifle-pits as forced them to abandon the attempt; and now the object was to secure the wounded and get back as fast as they could. Keeping in a furrow turned out by a plow near the rail fence, and taking advantage of any kind of cover they could find, the remnant

of them reached our lines again with their wounded, Lieut. Geddis bringing up the rear as he had led the advance. Our men think that this skirmishing on the 4th of July was the most dangerous service they were ever employed in, as the sharpshooters hit everything that was seen to move. All the while the bands on the hill behind them, jubilant with victory, kept 'Independence Day' by playing national airs. On the following night pickets were stationed on the field, Capt. Munson of the 126th in command of our line. It was raining heavily, but the sharpshooters continued their murderous work. Our pickets were charged to keep silence, for the Rebel wounded would question them, and when they answered the sharpshooters would fire in the direction of their voices."¹

The services of General Hays and the Third Division are noted in histories and other accounts of the battle.² The recently published "Life and Letters of Major General George Gordon Meade" refer to the Third Division and its commander, Brigadier General Alexander Hays, on many pages. The following extracts are in place here:

Of Willard's Brigade, lately commanded by General Alexander Hays, General Meade says:

"Hancock orders up a brigade, Willard's of Hays' Division, and, personally leading it out beyond McGilvery's guns, places it in position. Willard almost immediately comes into action with Barksdale, whom nothing has heretofore seemed

¹ "Struggle, Disaster, Triumph," Pages 193-199.

² "Civil War in America," Count de Paris, Vol. III, Pages 629, 663-665 et seq. "Grand Commanders—General Hancock," F. A. Walker [Appleton's], Pages 126-127, 140-141 et seq. "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. III, Pages 344, 375-377, 391. "Battle of Gettysburg," William Ralston Balch, Page 83. "Battle of Gettysburg," Samuel Adams Drake, Page 140 et seq. "Under the Red Patch," Gilbert A. Hays, Page 196 to end of chapter. "Gettysburg—Where and How the Regiments Fought and the Troops They Encountered," John M. Vanderslice, Pages 68, 87 ["Willard's Fine Brigade," formerly Alexander Hays'], Pages 95, 107, 121, 128, 130, 132, 148, 162 and 219. "New York at Gettysburg," Vol. I, Pages 284-285; Vol. II, Pages 792, 795, 796, 799, 887, 888, 889, 891 and 905 et seq. "History of the Second Army Corps," F. A. Walker, Pages 260, 282. "Heroism of the American Soldier," Mulholland, Page 37. "Rebellion Record," Vol. VII, Documents, Page 99 [and Webb's Brigade all the captured flags and Hays' none]. Three recent works must be added, "The Crisis of the Confederacy, a History of Gettysburg and the Wilderness," by Cecil Battine, captain 15th, The King's Hussars; "The Battle of Gettysburg," by Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, lieutenant 84th Pennsylvania Volunteers, whose book appeared in the spring of 1913; and "Life and Letters of Major General George Gordon Meade," Vol. II, Pages 63, 65, 87, 100, 105, 109, 140. Only such authorities have been consulted as were in the private libraries of the editors and others close at hand. There are many more that could be given here.

able to stop, but who is finally brought to a standstill. A fierce combat at close quarters ensues. Willard and many of his men are killed, but the further advance of the enemy on this part of the field is stayed. Barksdale has also fallen at the head of his brigade."¹

"Hancock, with Hays and Gibbon, continues the original line along Cemetery Ridge."

"After the affair on the right [Culp's Hill] had been settled General Meade returned to his headquarters, and at the urgent solicitation of General Gibbon visited the latter's headquarters in the field just south of his own, where he partook of a hasty breakfast.

"Immediately afterward he visited General Hays' Division and then rode down the line to Round Top, stopping on the way at Generals Newton's and Sedgwick's headquarters just before 'Pickett's charge.'"²

"Just as this attack was commencing, after he had made his arrangements for the disposition of the troops to reinforce the line for the anticipated attack, and while he was on Power's Hill, or just started on his way to the front to assume immediate command, if necessary, General Meade was told by Capt. Dewey, who had been sent by General Hays, that the enemy were advancing in great force. He [Meade] at once dispatched two staff officers to the left to hurry those brigades of the Sixth Corps, which had already been ordered up, and then, going straight to the front, arrived at the crest at the point where the enemy were making their attack, and rode among the batteries and troops, encouraging the men by his voice and presence. He remained on the ridge throughout the attack and until the enemy was repulsed. The reinforcements which had been concentrated were thrown in along the line as they were needed, and after a terrible and contracted struggle, culminating in a hand-to-hand encounter, the enemy repulsed, and driven back with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. During the fight General Hancock, commanding the left center of the line, was severely wounded and taken off the field, as was also General Gibbon, commanding the Second Corps."³

Upon the occasion of the dedication of the various monuments of the New York regiments that were engaged in the battle the orators who spoke most eloquently for the regiments of Willard's Brigade, the third of the Third Division of the Second Corps, had more than one reference to their fallen

¹ Page 87.

² *Ibid*, Pages 104-105.

³ *Ibid*, 109.

commanders. Most beautiful indeed were the addresses of Benjamin B. Snow for the 125th, General MacDougall for the 111th and Chaplain Ezra D. Simons for the 126th Regiment. The latter said most truthfully, among other things remembered:

"Dreadful was the night that followed. The rain now fell in torrents. The densest darkness filled the woods by the creek, and the sad wailings of the wounded peopled the air with images of distress. That night given to the care of hundreds of suffering men—Union and Confederate mingled—remains a dark, dread memory. But over against the darkness of suffering was the brightness of victory, and the price paid in blood was none too great for the fruitage to the nation, and the world. Some things are even more costly, and they are the more prized because their price is paid in blood and death."

In regard to the question raised by General Alexander Hays as to the command of the Second Corps records show, that Hancock, on being wounded, relinquished the command to General Gibbon, who was wounded on the same day [the 3rd], and then the command devolved upon Brigadier General John C. Caldwell of the First Division by right of seniority.¹

General Walker states that General Hancock instructed General Caldwell to assume command. General Meade on the evening of the 3rd thought it best to disturb the natural succession and superseded Caldwell with General William Hays.

The official correspondence is appended:

"Brigadier General S. Williams,

"Assistant Adjutant General:

"General—Numerous inquiries have been made as to the rank of the respective brigadier generals of the Second Corps—Generals Gibbon, William Hays, Caldwell, Alexander Hays, Harrow, Owens and Webb.

"I was yesterday informed by the acting assistant adjutant general of the corps that, during the battles of Gettysburg on the 3rd of July, no less than three different individuals assumed command of the corps of which I was not before aware, as the assumption was not exercised over me.

¹ "History of the Second Army Corps," Page 300.

448 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

"The official announcement will save confusion hereafter.

"Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

"Alex. Hays,

"Brigadier General Volunteers,

"Commanding Third Division.

"H. 507 [A. P.], 1863."

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"July 27, 1863.

"Alexander Hays, Brigadier General:

"Gives names of the brigadier generals Second Corps and reports that no less than three individuals assumed command of the corps during the Battle of Gettysburg."

"Headquarters Army of the Potomac,

"July 28th, 1863.

"Respectfully returned. General [William] Hays has received the order temporarily assigning him to the command of the Second Corps, and it is presumed that the officers of his command have been so notified by him.

"By command of Major General Meade.

"Charles E. Pense,

"Assistant Adjutant General.

"Received headquarters [A. P.], July 29, 1863."

The following letter written soon after the Battle of Gettysburg by Lewis H. Babcock, son-in-law of Colonel Sherrill, attests the esteem the colonel had for General Hays and incidentally the regard of the 126th Regiment, New York Volunteers. The letter is a pleasing tribute to General Hays as an officer and a man:

LEWIS H. BABCOCK TO GENERAL HAYS

"Utica, N. Y., November 28, 1863.

"Brigadier General Alexander Hays:

"Dear Sir—Since the death of Colonel Sherrill, my wife's father, it has been my intention to visit the battlefield of Gettysburg and the Army of the Potomac with a view to accurately ascertain the part Colonel Sherrill performed in that gigantic struggle and the circumstances of his death. My hopes in this regard have not been realized by reason of the activity of the army and my professional engagements at times when 'all was quiet along the lines,' and a visit on my mission would be desirable.

"At the request of many acquaintances and the Bureau of Military Statistics in this state I design to write and publish

[chiefly for private and gratuitous circulation] a biographical sketch of the colonel. His military career will constitute its most interesting feature, and all information I can obtain is sought after for the purpose above stated.

"The personal and official relations that existed between the colonel and yourself were such that the family looks to you for much valuable information and many interesting incidents.

"You can well appreciate the deep interest we feel in everything connected with his military career, and peculiarly so respecting the battle in which he lost his life. May I trouble you to write me fully in regard to this; also to furnish me with such incidents and information as you may deem interesting, both for the purposes above indicated and to the family.

"You are able to speak more accurately and fully with reference to his conduct and career while under your command than any other person; and I trust you will remember the importance that attaches to whatever you may say and to the information you may communicate.

"Could you, also, send me a copy of your official report of the Battle of Gettysburg?

"I hope you will not be induced to abbreviate your letter by any inclination to give this an immediate answer or by the arduous duties devolving upon you, but that it may be your pleasure to take more time and write more fully.

"I am gratified in stating what, I doubt not, you well know, that Colonel Sherrill esteemed you not only as a warm and valued friend, but as an officer whom he and his regiment delighted to serve; and in the family, through an extensive circle of friends and in the section where he lived, you have many friends unknown to you but none the less admiring.

"With sentiments of the highest respect, I am,

"Very respectfully yours,

"Lewis H. Babcock."

CAPT. DAVID SHIELDS' STORY—THE THIRD DAY

On the morning of the third day there was a comparative quiet on the Second Corps' line. There was some activity along the skirmish lines and towards noon some furious artillery firing by the enemy, which soon died out, and then an ominous quiet settled upon the field. The day was very hot and many officers dozed on the ground, their horses hitched to convenient trees. Time dragged slowly and 1 o'clock came and on the very hour two sharp, distinct cannon shots rang out from the enemy's lines square in our front. The lolling, dozing aides and waiting orderlies spring

to their feet. Not a word is spoken. The bursting shells are already overhead and we hear their hissing noise. Every man knew instinctively that these were signal guns that portended something that concerned us, and before the idea fairly found lodgment there was a mighty crash from the hundred or more guns on Seminary Ridge, and their shells were plunging down and exploding in our midst, creating dire confusion and havoc. Riderless horses were galloping madly through the fields, mess wagons were torn asunder, caissons and ammunition piles exploded, and men and horses killed in shocking horror. The mighty din increases as our guns reply, and the greatest artillery duel the world has ever known has burst forth in an instant. Every conceivable projectile from well-served artillery was rained upon us. Solid shot, bolts, slugs and shells spherical, conical and spiral, shrieked, moaned and whistled about us and were working their harvest of death. Our batteries were replying in kind from our twenty and ten-pound Parrott guns, ten-pound rifled ordnance and twelve-pound Napoleons. With the thunder and flashing of over two hundred guns the smoke gradually darkens the sky, and the screaming, hissing, sputtering projectiles continue to fall, increasing into a steady and ceaseless rain. Destruction is all about us. In Ziegler's Grove, where Woodruff's Battery is posted, the great oaks are shattered, and their heavy branches came crashing down upon the troops in support of the battery men. The hail of the deadly missiles is incessant and many of the battery men and horses are literally torn apart.¹

History records that this wonderful artillery duel continued for over an hour. I do not know how long of my own knowledge. I was busy throughout its whole duration and took no note of time, not looking at my watch or even thinking of it. For me time flew.

Between the right of the Third Division in Ziegler's Grove and the left of the Eleventh Corps line, Coster's Brigade of

¹ "Two or three mounted officers are seen in the assailing ranks, but quickly horse and rider disappear. On the Union side two staff officers of Hancock and one of Gibbon [Haskell] ride up and down the line regardless of the missiles that fly; wounded, frenzied horses gallop riderless to and fro; caissons are exploding; a fresh battery is hurried to position and its horses are shot down before the guns can be put in place; Hancock, Gibbon, Hays and staff officers by the dozen are giving messages and encouraging the men."—"The Battle of Gettysburg," Jesse Bowman Young, Page 353.



General Hays' Monument, Gettysburg Battlefield, erected by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Steinwehr's Division, posted along the cemetery wall on the Taneytown Road, there was a gap which later was filled with Robinson's Division of the First Corps. General Hays, aware that the terrific pounding we were getting from the enemy's guns would soon cease, probably within an hour, and was but the prelude to a charge that would endeavor to break our lines somewhere, was apprehensive of this weakness in our line. The Confederate generals with their glasses had surely studied our lines, and the weak places must have been known to them. Reasoning thus General Hays was certain that the attempt to break would be made on the Second Corps' line of the two divisions; his own, the Third, and General Gibbon's, the Second, on his left. The enemy's fire was concentrating upon this line, and it was plain that it was the enemy's intent to demoralize the men and silence our artillery. They succeeded fairly well in the latter, but the infantrymen, crouched behind the low stone walls and lying flat on the ground behind what little protection they could throw up where the walls were down, did not suffer in proportion and came through fairly well. General Hays' right regiment, the 126th New York, was posted in Ziegler's Grove, with the 108th New York in support of Woodruff's Battery, and all were suffering terribly. General Hays was deeply concerned about the unclosed portion of the line to our right and therefore retained these regiments in this position ready to go into this gap.

The right of Gibbon's Division was held by the brigade of General A. S. Webb. Webb's line was plainly weak; enough to warrant General Hays' anxiety. His own lines were weak, too, but he had confidence in his troops and proposed to hold his line come what may, but the gap on his right he knew would be sure to appeal to the enemy when discovered.

"'Dave,'" said the general to me, "go over to Webb and see how he is standing it."

I rode over at once and found General Webb with his men in the little "copse of trees," a thick growth of thin chestnut oaks that rose but little above my horse's head. General Webb and his staff were dismounted. The ground around the "copse" was very rough and rocky and covered with brambles, and I was much concerned lest my horse

should fall and disable me. I delivered the general's compliments and asked General Webb how he was faring. He replied that I could see his men were in line and he was doing all that could be expected. His troops were suffering with the rest under the heavy fire.

I asked him if he could hold the line if attacked in force, and he replied that he could and would. I rode back and reported to General Hays, who made no comment except to say, "We will soon see."

But the general was not satisfied. "Go and find General Hancock," he commanded, "and tell him how things are here. If you can't find General Hancock find General Meade and say we must have the gap on our right filled at once."

I rode off immediately and, not being able to find General Hancock, rode to Meade's headquarters, then somewhat in the rear of the Third Division at a small house on the Taneytown Road. The general and his staff were hurriedly leaving. The headquarters were deserted. Nothing could live there. Tons of metal of various kinds seemed to be falling about me and the ground was strewn with dead men and dead and dying horses; some men and many horses dreadfully mangled; some horses on their haunches in the agonies of their death struggles and in other positions that showed too plainly the terror of the occasion. The scene around these headquarters was one of devastation, and my ride was a ride of horror as well as a futile one.

I rode back and reported to General Hays, and it was clear we would have to hold the line as it was and fight it out if attacked. General Hays and his aides, Capt. Corts and myself, remained mounted in the rear of the line to stop any incipient panic, but there were few attempts by the men to leave the line. They knew a crisis was coming and were nerved for it, and better troops never wore the blue or any other color.

When the cannonade partially ceased there was much to expect. The infantrymen had little to do but await events. The artillerymen were busy getting up ammunition. General H. J. Hunt, chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, was already placing his reserve batteries, some on our left in the rear of Arnold's and Cushing's batteries.

Regarding the disposition of Hays' Division on the third day; in the main it was as the regimental monuments show

along Hancock avenue, except the 8th Ohio on the skirmish line beyond the Emmittsburg Road, two companies of the 4th Ohio, G and I, likewise deployed, and the remainder of the First Brigade under Colonel Carroll, still in front of the cemetery. The 126th New York held the right, with the 108th New York next, in the grove. The Bryan house stands at the edge of the grove on the left and the Bryan barn is in front of the house. A lane ran from the barn down to the Emmittsburg Road. A small one-story shack stood on the Bryan place near this road. It has since disappeared. Its position is indicated on old maps of the battlefield. The Bryan barn remains today. The house is somewhat changed, having been added to. The 111th New York occupied the ground about the Bryan barn and the shack was in front of their position.

When the cannonade opened, by General Hays' orders I brought the 111th from the Bryan orchard in the rear of the house. A large oak still standing marked their right. This was about the head of the lane. The left of the 111th's line lapped for a few yards the right of the 12th New Jersey of Smyth's Brigade. The 12th New Jersey was in line with the 111th and the line was prolonged by the 1st Delaware, the battalion of the 39th New York and the 14th Connecticut, this regiment the left of the division. In the rear of the 14th Connecticut was the 125th New York lapping the 14th's right and covering the 39th New York. The battalion of the 10th New York under Major George F. Hopper was the division provost guard and was in proper position in the rear of the division as their duties demanded. Their monument shows their position also. It is in front of General Meade's equestrian statue. The right regiment of Webb's Brigade was the 71st Pennsylvania, whose line was somewhat in advance of the 14th Connecticut and to the left.

Most of the way along the division lines a low stone wall [about knee-high] ran, in many places tumbled down. The men had relaid the stones and this afforded some protection against musketry and flying fragments of shells if the men lay flat on the ground. The protection of this wall had been greatly exaggerated, especially by Confederate writers. On the Third Division front it did not extend half way, and the right regiments in the grove and about the Bryan buildings had no breastworks whatever.

The beautiful flag of the Third Division, a blue trefoil upon a square white field, waved from its proper point behind the division, where the commanding officer of the division was, and the brigade flags, similar to the division but with a triangular field, were behind the brigades and the national flags of the regiments were in the regimental lines. It needed no courier to carry to the enemy the intelligence that the Second Corps was there.

With the exception of the Third Brigade, Willard's, now under the command of Colonel Sherrill of the 126th New York, the Third Division was composed of seasoned troops and Sherrill's men had been sufficiently seasoned the evening before when Colonel Willard was killed.

There were others than General Hays who knew our lines were weak at the positions of the Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps—in a word, Hancock's lines. Serving on General Gibbon's staff at the time as his personal aide was 1st Lieut. Frank A. Haskell, formerly adjutant of the 6th Wisconsin Volunteers. His position on the staff of General Gibbon was similar in its relations to the division commander with mine on General Hays' staff, and our duties being identical and frequently bringing us together, we became firm friends. Lieut. Haskell was a man then, I should judge, about thirty-five years of age, a graduate of Dartmouth College and a lawyer by profession, a soldier by instinct. In the less harrowing days after Gettysburg, as opportunity offered, he wrote a long letter to his brother which was subsequently published in pamphlet form.

Early in 1864 Lieut. Haskell was commissioned colonel of the 36th Wisconsin Volunteers, and at his own request his regiment was assigned to Gibbon's Division. Colonel Haskell went to a soldier's death in the bloody assault on the enemy's entrenched works at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864. Even at this late day, over fifty years afterwards, his soldierly bearing, his patriotic fervor, his lovable personality, yet appeal to me, and his regard for me, then a youngster of nineteen, is one of the most pleasant reminiscences of my army career. In 1908 the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts, of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, republished this brochure of Haskell's and sent it broadcast over the country, within the lines of military interest. As a literary production it is a pure gem, so good,

indeed, that ex-President Elliott of Harvard has placed it upon his celebrated "five-foot shelf." Its title is "The Battle of Gettysburg," and Haskell does not hesitate to tell things as they were on Hancock's line on the afternoon of the third day. I shall quote his words, for he had been doing some thinking and had the soldierly training to foresee things as they afterwards happened. He says:

"I could not help wishing all the morning that this line of the division of the Second Corps were stronger. It was, so far as numbers constitute strength, the weakest part of our whole line of battle. What if, I thought, the enemy should make an assault here today with two or three heavy lines—a great overwhelming mass—would he not sweep through that thin six thousand? But I was not General Meade, who alone had power to send other troops there, and he was satisfied with that part of the line."¹

General Meade had ridden the lines that morning. It was generally understood that he was satisfied with them. His left was secure. On the extreme right on Culp's Hill a severe action was then going on. Our forces here under General Slocum were admirably posted and entrenched, and had repulsed Johnston's Division of Ewell's Corps. This also gave Meade its full measure of satisfaction. His artillery commanded that, too, fully, and the center could be reinforced quickly. Indeed, Meade spoke of all these matters with Hancock while on the Second Corps' line that morning. When the cannonade slackened it became at once apparent that the enemy meditated an attack. General Hancock was certain it would be on his line and General Hays was of the same opinion.

We did not know then, for the enemy were hidden in the dense woods along Seminary Ridge, that they had been busy all forenoon with their formations for the assault. Any officer who has assisted in such formations can readily understand the magnitude of the work involved and the time consumed. Soon after the cannonade slackened we knew our work was cut out.

From out the woods across the fields to our right oblique and in our front the enemy's infantry were coming, their right column a mile away, their left not so far and their center still less. First a body of troops appeared to our right, on the edge

¹ "Battle of Gettysburg," Haskell, Page 43.

of the town on some high ground. The timber intervening and some houses in the distance, with the smoke of bursting shells, gave us but an indistinct view of this movement. Our batteries in the direction of the cemetery concentrated their fire upon this advance of the enemy, and these troops were driven back and disappeared. Almost immediately the other formations appeared. The largest on our left and farthest from us. This formation was in four lines. The direction of their first movement was fairly concentrated on Hays' Division. Their line of march led over some broken ground, and all the while under the severe artillery fire from the batteries on our left which pounded the moving mass so terrifically that their direction tended more and more to their left, pushed thus by the severity of our fire.

While this movement was in progress another command came out of the woods on our right and in our front in the same formation as the command advancing on our left. The direction of this second formation was rather right oblique. This moving column came under the fire of the same batteries that had driven back the first body of the enemy seen in this direction. Our artillery fire was disconcerting and effective, but was not changing the general course of this advance, as was the case with the movement on our left, which was still being crowded to their left.

These two movements were inexplicable to us until the third body of the enemy came out of the woods in our immediate front, moving right forward. Then the purpose of the movements became apparent, that somewhere about where our division skirmish line was the enemy's formation would come together and their right command make a right half wheel, the center continuing forward, the left making a left half wheel, the three commands thus forming a solid column of assault to come right forward. Such was the movement as we understood it when in progress.

When we of the Second Corps first saw the advancing columns it was a grand sight from other than a military point of view. Our men were quickly alert, and when the news ran along the line that the enemy was advancing every eye could see an oncoming tide that might prove a resistless, overwhelming tide of sixteen thousand sturdy, resolute veterans—a tide that would sweep our frail lines away unless broken

up and disorganized before it reached us. There was bloody work ahead, and when the crash came there would come also the supreme effort of the battle. This was plain to all.

With absorbing interest we watched the enemy's advance. To our soldier eyes it was inspiring. Our skirmish lines were well advanced. The enemy's skirmish lines, before their advance reached them, showed little puffs of smoke along its length, our skirmishers replying, and this faint rattle of musketry was first to break the ominous stillness that succeeded the great cannonade, and awakened our thoughts to sterner things and dispelled the admiration with which we were watching the enemy's movements. Our skirmishers were helpless in the face of the advancing columns and had to come in, and as the men rose up to run they were picked off with surprising swiftness.

The enemy's right column was pushed so much to the left that it became intermingled with the center column and great confusion in the formations ensued, intensified and increased by our severe artillery fire of all forms of missiles in use by field artillery being hurled into their midst in a steady rain of fire. We first saw the advancing columns, a front of more than a half mile of dull, gray masses, "man touching man, rank pressing rank, and line supporting line" in admirable military precision. We saw their flags waving and their bayonets gleaming in the sun from their guns at right shoulder shift. The march was rapid and the columns moved on without impediment of ditch or obstacle. It was a fighting mass of trained soldiery and its movements magnificent—perhaps irresistible.

Soon the confusion in the enemy's ranks "becomes worse confounded." Though their impetus is still forward, their formation is irretrievably broken, but the masses of men kept coming on to the Emmittsburg Road, which was defined on each side by strong post-and-rail fences that could not be pushed over and must be climbed.

So far along the Second Corps' line all was still. We were ready. The ordinary preparations of battle had been made. The men had slid their cartridge boxes in front of the body. Now and then some examined the capped nipples. An occasional click of the trigger told this and the nervous ten-

sion under which the men were laboring. There was nothing to do but await the crash that would soon come.

When the charging columns reached the road our infantry opened with all the vigor that they could use, adding still further to the enemy's confusion, and by the time the second fence and the one nearest to us was crossed, about one hundred and fifty yards away, there was no semblance of formation remaining, only a great mass of desperate men pushing on, the color-bearers keeping well to the front. There was no rebel yell—their usual charging shout was lacking.

Now, the less courageous are seen to be halting and men are going back, and the wounded also. The enemy's advance under the fire of our whole division front and the 8th Ohio on their left was checked. Their volleys, which at first had played deadly havoc with our artillerymen, were no longer effective. Their fire becomes desultory and scattered. Many of the enemy were holding up their empty hands in token of submission. Others lay down on the ground with the dead and the wounded, and as our fire slackened many were coming into our lines with their hands lifted up, some in half-stooping postures, and there were many regimental colors on the ground where they had fallen. Those men who had been towards the rear were drifting back, some facing about when they had loaded and firing at us as long as in range.¹

The men of the Third Division individually ran out when the assault was seen to have failed and were picking up the enemy's colors on the ground, passing the streams of the enemy coming in to surrender, paying no attention to them. The enemy were careful to drop their colors and took no chances of being shot with them in their hands, and our men brought in these colors as spoils of victory justly won, for those who had but a few moments before waved them in our

¹ "The breathless victors, intoxicated with success beyond all expectation, chased them out of position and kept up a random fire on the retreating mass; for Pettigrew's and Trimble's men, mingling with the Virginians, tried to reach the shelter of Seminary Ridge by the shortest path. Some of the bravest of them retreated more slowly, facing about and firing at intervals, but the majority of the survivors had lost all military formation. In groups of blood-stained fugitives they emerged from the dust and smoke, rushing back in a disorderly stream through the Confederate batteries close where Lee had taken up his position to watch the attack."—"The Crisis of the Confederacy," Battine, Page 271.

faces were now a retreating mob or prisoners of war in our midst.

The assault at the time seemed to have culminated in the Third Division front, and from the number of prisoners and flags taken by the Third Division we knew it did. This brings us to the question of direction. We of Hays' Division have always contended that Ziegler's Grove was to be the striking point of the enemy. It was a better point, both of vantage and, from the view of a landmark, more prominent than the copse of trees on Webb's left, then mere saplings and on a low ground. Now, in the growth of half a century naturally prominent, but then inconspicuous in comparison with the heavy timber of Ziegler's Grove. The copse of trees has been taken generally as the guiding point of Pickett's movements, and here the collision occurred between him and Gibbon. Pickett's troops at this point were all his own we have since learned, and it is not contradicted, and these composed the brigades of Garnett, Kemper and Armistead, and these were all the enemy's troops in the Second Corps' front on Gibbon's line. On Hays' front among the twenty or more flags captured by Hays' Division were flags of both Pettigrew's and Pender's Divisions and one of Pickett's. Excluding Wilcox's, of the nine other brigades in the assault six were immediately in Hays' front, viz., the brigades of Brockenbrough, Davis, Pettigrew's own brigade, Archer's of Pettigrew's Division and Lane's and Scale's of Pender's Division. One of the flags taken by the 8th Ohio was from Armistead's Brigade of Pickett's Division. From the fact that these standards were taken in Hays' front the assertion is indisputable that the men were there with their colors, and in greater force than on Hays' left. The contention is that Pickett's Brigades on the right of the moving columns, harassed by the enfilading artillery fire that came from Round Top and our batteries on that flank, and the incessant and deadly musketry fire in front and on his right flank, in desperation rushed forward to break the line and save themselves if they could. They could not go back with any more safety than forward. The other parts of the assaulting columns came on, as they understood the guiding point and massed [in confusion, as has been stated] in front of Hays' line and without getting to it.

Today the stately timber of Ziegler's Grove and its com-

manding position appeal to an observer on Lee's line on what is now known as West Confederate Avenue. On that line one naturally searches for the copse of trees to find it. The grove and its tall oaks, stately and commanding, impress one as he surveys the position from the Confederate position in its front, and only the lower portion of the grove is visible, that part on the slope east of the Bryan house. At the time of the battle the trees here were thick and gave the appearance of a clump. They were sufficiently thick to afford a distinctive landmark and a point of direction that would loom up in more prominence than the thin saplings in the copse.

Brigadier General Clinton D. MacDougall of Auburn, N. Y., at the time of the battle colonel of the 111th New York of Willard's Brigade, the Third of Hays' Division, has always held to this opinion, and in his researches and speeches, and in the story of the battle, has maintained what General Hays' men knew at the time, that our commanding position, which was strongly assaulted, was the point on which the Second Corps' line was to be broken, and not the point on our left, the so-called "High-Water Mark," where history states it was broken. As I did not see the break I cannot, of course, testify to the circumstances of it. We do know we were busy on Hays' line, not only holding the enemy in check, but repulsing him—driving him in disorder, taking his colors, a score or more, and prisoners by the hundreds—and this repulse was by General Alexander Hays' Third Division alone. No reinforcements came to General Hays from the Second Corps or any other corps, and of his division he had here in line but two brigades, or eight regiments, Carroll's Brigade, the First, remaining to help Howard hold his position in front of the cemetery, except the 8th Ohio and two companies of the 4th Ohio, left on the skirmish line.

Accepting the fact that the flags captured by General Hays' men are an index of the organizations that were in his front, there can be no dispute as to the forces that Hays' Division repulsed.

When the Confederate skirmishers came briskly forward, the charging columns in mass following, the skirmishers of the Second Corps who had stood silent and motionless through all the terrible artillery fire began a sputtering fire and to slowly retire upon the main line, fighting as they could.

Not so the two companies of the 4th Ohio and the 8th Ohio, well to the front across the Emmitsburg Road, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Sawyer. The charging lines actually passed Sawyer, leaving him in the rear. He assembled his men and charged front forward upon the left company, which gave him an enfilading fire upon the left of Pettigrew's Division, and he poured his volleys into the enemy, which fell, with telling effect. Colonel Sawyer brought in with him two flags as trophies, both taken by Company G of the 8th Ohio. These were the flags of the 34th North Carolina and the 38th Virginia, the former regiment of Scales' Brigade of Pender's Division, and the latter of Armistead's of Pickett's Division. Armistead fell within General Webb's line on General Hays' left, as the marker now on the field shows. How came Armistead's men so far to their left? This alone shows how inextricably mixed the Confederate columns became under our fire.

Other flags came as trophies to Hays' Division. Two were taken by the 1st Delaware, those of the 7th North Carolina and the 13th Alabama, the former of Lane's Brigade of Pender's Division; the latter of Archer's Brigade of Pettigrew's. The 14th Connecticut, Hays' left regiment, brought in four colors, those of the 1st Tennessee [Provisional], the 14th Tennessee, both of Archer's Brigade; the 52nd North Carolina of Pettigrew's own brigade, and the 16th North Carolina of Scale's Brigade of Pender's Division. The 12th New Jersey took a flag without inscription. The 39th New York took two flags—one without inscription, the other had inscribed on it, "Manassas, Seven Pines [Fair Oaks], Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill." The 126th New York took two flags—one without inscription, the other among other battles, "Harpers' Ferry," indicating that the regiment had been opposed to the 126th New York in that mournful affair.

It is true that General Hays directed me to deliver to Webb's aid six flags from those taken by Hays' troops. I don't remember whether these flags were inscribed or not.

To recapitulate the flags from the known organizations opposed to Hays' Division on the third day there were three from Archer's, one from Lane's, one from Pettigrew's, two from Scales' and one from Armistead's, or flags from six brigades. Brockenbrough's and Davis' Divisions were also in General Hays' direct front, making eight brigades of the

enemy opposed to Hays' two brigades in line and the 8th Ohio and the two companies of the 4th Ohio in the advanced position on the Emmitsburg Road. Pickett's three brigades, all accounts state, were in Gibbon's front. It is fair to assume that some of Armistead's command must have been with the colors captured by Colonel Sawyer's men.

When the Confederates had retreated in groups, squads and singly in their retreat, a few men turned here and there, keeping up a hot though desultory fire upon General Hays' front. General Hays received no reinforcements. The gap to his right was filled with Robinson's Division of the First Corps, Baxter's his left brigade. These troops began firing upon a body of the enemy away to our left, which we subsequently learned were the retreating brigades of Wilcox and Perry.

General Webb told General Hays in my presence that the enemy had broken through his lines. He spoke excitedly. General Hays replied briefly, but with curt emphasis, that they did not get to his, and there was nothing more said about breaks.

During the cannonade preceeding Longstreet's assault and while it was in progress, Zeigler's Grove and the position of the Third Division were in the range of the Whitworth battery away on the Confederate left, and these terrible missiles, with their wierd, unearthly screech continued to drop in the grove and around us, the most disconcerting artillery fire to which we were ever subjected.

When the enemy came up in our front there were no mounted officers and I saw none after they crossed the Emmitsburg Road. I have read it stated by General Longstreet that General Pickett "finding the battle broken while the enemy were still reinforcing, called the troops off." It would be interesting to me to know how Pickett called, from what point and whether he was mounted or afoot. It is plain yet that Pettigrew's men did not hear the call. They knew when to go back and went—those that could. Many of these as stated would about face and fire back, taking deliberate aim, in sullen anger as it were. It was a disordered and disorganized mob that retreated from General Hays' front. If they went back to the ridge from whence they emerged in any assemblance of form, it was after they

were out of our musketry range, and their batteries were again playing upon our position to cover their retreat.

When the enemy were retiring from our division front I rode out to the Emmittsburg Road and noted the effects of our fire, particularly around the small frame house, the shack that stood on the Bryan place near the road. It has long since been removed. Around this house the dead lay in appalling numbers, and within and behind the house were many wounded and the dead who had crawled there for shelter, to die of their wounds. This house was about in the center of the front of Hays' Division, and here was ample evidence of the deadly and continuous fire of the division.

General MacDougall is authority for the statement that twenty-three captured flags lay in front of a tent put up in the rear of the position of the 111th New York after the repulse. General Hays' family have preserved two receipts from captain E. P. Brownson, Assistant Adjutant General of the Second Corps for fifteen flags. General Webb was given six, hence two must have been concealed by the men who took them. It has never been ascertained where these colors went. These "Rebel" flags were mostly home-made affairs like a bed spread, of pieces of muslin sewed together, and even flannel, calico and muslin together. Torn by battle, dirty, and cheap looking, no wonder our boys designated them "rebel rags." The inscriptions were made by sewing on the letters. Some were more pretentious; when new, no doubt more agreeable to view. Some had a regimental designation only. Seven had the names of battles inscribed on them including among them Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Manassas [Second Bull Run], Sharpsburg [Antietam], Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. In most of these battles either General Hays himself or some of his troops had been opposed to the organizations from whom these flags were taken.

One flag accredited to Hays' Division must be noted as not belonging to any of the charging columns as that of the 21st North Carolina, captured by the 14th Indiana the preceding evening in the repulse of Early's assault on East Cemetery Hill, the regiment from which it was taken belonging to Hoke's Brigade of Early's Division of Ewell's Corps. This flag was turned in and receipted for with the rest, which

would make twenty-two from Pender, Pettigrew and Pickett taken by Hays' Third Division.

Among the Confederate generals directly opposed to the Second Corps were many old friends of General Alexander Hays, both in his West Point days, in the old army and in Mexico—Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Pickett, Wilcox and Garnett, especially well known to him. General Hays talked often of his former comrades then in the Confederate armies, and it was as a source of intense satisfaction that he revelled in our victory and in the Third Division of the Second Corps that victory had a thrilling climax—a celebration both impromptu and unique. Webb's aid had taken the six flags turned over to him and rode away without answering General Hays' abrupt question, "If Webb captured them, how in the hell did I get them?" And this question has never been answered. Webb had no shadow of a claim to these flags and his credit for them came from General Hays' generosity.

The incident I am about to relate is also a flag incident, but of another nature and sufficiently striking and unusual to find a place in history and at the time to attract the attention of the commander-in-chief of the Army of Northern Virginia. Flushed with the glory of our victory, in the exuberance of that great joy that comes from such a victory, looking upon the trophies of war, the most valuable trophies that can be taken from an enemy, their standards—while still in the hands of their captors—when the enemy were retreating in disorder and confusion, the general exclaimed, "Boys, give me a flag." The Rebel color was handed him. He then commanded his adjutant general, Capt. George P. Corts, and myself, saying, "Get a flag, Corts; get a flag, 'Dave,' and come on." We each took a flag and the general immediately dropped his flag behind his horse and trailed it in the dust and blood of the battlefield. Capt. Corts and I did likewise, and we started on the grandest ride men ever took. Over the ground which the enemy had so proudly charged but a few moments before there were here and there companies, squads and groups, scarcely any having with them regimental colors, yet keeping up a brisk and not ineffectual fire upon their triumphant adversaries, their artillery also dropping shells upon our position to cover their retreat.

We rode in the rear of our division line to the right flank

of the 111th New York, then down the whole front of the division, turning at the left of the 14th Connecticut and then to the place of beginning, the men of the Third Division throwing their caps high in air as we rode along, cheering lustily in their exuberance, showing their admiration for their glorious division commander, some men dancing in their delirium of their joy, others hugging their comrades in close embrace, wild with the exultation of victory.

There were times when we had to weave in and out in our course to avoid riding over wounded Rebels and even prisoners still coming in and going to our rear.

These men, enemies at that, could but admire so intrepid a commander as General Hays, though at the time feeling most keenly the insult to their colors. All the time of this most exhilarating ride the bullets of the sullen and defiant enemy came sputtering about us and overhead. These were the only moments in action I never felt fear. My horse seemed to be off the ground traveling through the air. I felt though a shot as large as a barrel should hit me in the back it would be with no more effect than shooting into a fog bank.

On return to our starting point the colors thus dishonored were returned to the troops who had captured them. This is a feature of the battle most historians have neglected and Gettysburg guides and pamphlet-makers know nothing of. A Confederate general, E. P. Alexander, makes special mention of it. He distinctly remembers the cheering was loud enough to be heard by him and General Lee, who was near him, and that General Lee directed a young officer, Lieut. Colson of Alexander's staff, to ride to the front and find out the cause of the cheering, and the officer did so, and returned with the information that the "Federals were cheering an officer riding along their line."¹

To General Hays and the men of his division these captured flags were but the emblems of disunion. He and the men under him could conceive of no better fate than to trample them under foot and trail them in the dust as evidence of utter disdain, both for the flags and themselves for the cause they represented. Capt. Corts and myself shared this feeling fully as we followed our general, and entered into the

¹ "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," E. P. Alexander, P. 426.

spirit of the affair with equal zest and equal enthusiasm, joining the plaudits of the gallant men of the Third Division as we rode the line in glorious celebration of our victory and in the moments of victory when the spur of such moments elates and overjoys. Only General Alexander Hays could have inspired such a battle scene. The years have rolled away past half a century, but from out their dimness comes ever the fond remembrance of that wonderful ride at Gettysburg when the beaten enemy had recoiled in broken and disordered ranks sought again the protection of the friendly woods and their masked batteries along Seminary Ridge, our gallant general leading, his aides following at a fast gait, the trailing flags, the resounding cheers of the enthusiastic troops, the spirit of victory that animated us—in all the story of the war there comes to me nothing like it.

The lines of the Third Division were held with firmness. There was no break anywhere and no leaving the line by the troops. They were as steady as the monuments that now mark the positions they so gallantly held. I recall Colonels Willard and Sherrill and Lieut. Woodruff who passed to glory there; I can see Carroll's 8th Ohio, under Lieut. Colonel Sawyer, hanging onto the enemy's flanks; Colonel Carroll with the balance of his brigade driving the enemy from the broken lines of Howard; I can see General Alexander Hays under heavy fire, with his orderlies and the division flag riding the line; I can see the complete repulse of the enemy and their disordered retreating masses; I can see General Hays victoriously trailing the emblems of treason on the now hallowed ground. Shall history fail to keep in bright renown this story of General Alexander Hays and the Third Division of the Second Corps at Gettysburg? There is due them their just measure of honor and for General Hays, their superb commander, that undying fame his talents and his deeds—yes, his heroic death—have won.

In the story of Alexander Hays and the Third Division at Gettysburg there is but one commanding thought, and that is Victory.

INVOICE OF FLAGS CAPTURED AT GETTYSBURG, PA., JULY 3rd, 1863.¹
By Third Division, Second Army Corps, Commanded by Brigadier General Alexander Hays.

No. 1.

| BRIGADE | REGIMENT | CAPTURED BY | TAKEN FROM | No. | INSCRIBED |
|--------------|------------------|--------------------------|----------------------|-----|---|
| 1st Brigade, | 8th Ohio, | Company G, | 34th North Carolina, | 1 | Cedar Run, Manassas, Ox Hill, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppards town, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville. |
| 1st Brigade, | 8th Ohio, | Company G, | 38th Virginia, | 1 | Thirty-eighth Virginia. |
| 2nd Brigade, | 1st Delaware, | John Mayberry, Co. F, | 7th North Carolina, | 1 | Newbern, Hanover, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cedar Run, Manassas Junction, Manassas Plain, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppards town, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, Chancellorsville. |
| 2nd Brigade, | 1st Delaware, | Company C, | 13th Alabama, | 1 | Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville. |
| 2nd Brigade, | 12th New Jersey, | 12th New Jersey, | Not known, | 2 | No inscription. Battle flags. |
| 3rd Brigade, | 39th New York, | 1st Sgt. Maggie, | Not known, | 1 | Manassas, Seven Pines, Gaines Farm, Malvern Hill. |

No. 1 (Continued).

| BRIGADE | REGIMENT | CAPTURED BY | TAKEN FROM | No. | INSCRIBED |
|--------------|-----------------|------------------|------------|-----|---|
| 3rd Brigade, | 39th New York, | Corp. Navordie, | Not known, | 1 | No inscription. Battle Flag. |
| 3rd Brigade, | 126th New York, | Pvt. G. H. Dore, | Not known, | 1 | No inscription. Battle Flag. |
| 3rd Brigade, | 126th New York, | Capt. M. Brown, | Not known, | 1 | Manassas, Cedar Run, Frazier's Farm, Cold Harbor, Mechanicsville, Hanover, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry. |
| Total, | | | | 10 | |

Received this 5th day of July, 1863, of Brigadier General Alexander Hays, commanding Third Division, Second Army Corps, Ten (10) Flags (Rebel), captured by the Third Division at the Battle of Gettysburg, inscribed as above.

Edwin P. Brownson,
Capt., A. D. C., & A. A. A. G.

¹ The rosters of Pettigrew's Division show the 1st, 7th and 14th Tennessee and 13th Alabama to be Archer's Brigade, the 16th and 34th North Carolina Lane's Brigade of Pender's Division; the 52nd North Carolina in Heth's Brigade of Pettigrew's Division, all of Hill's Corps, and in General Alexander Hays' front on July 3rd. The 21st North Carolina was in Hoke's Brigade of Early's Division of Ewell's Corps, and lost its flag in front of the cemetery when Carroll's Brigade of Alexander Hays' Division drove Early out of Howard's broken lines on the evening of the 2nd. The 38th Virginia Regiment was one of Armistead's regiments of Pickett's Division. 8th Ohio—Medals of honor were given Sergeant Daniel Miller and Private James Richmond for capturing Confederate colors July 3.—"Battle of Gettysburg," Young, Page 394. Hays' third day at Gettysburg; here Mr. Henry A. White quotes Colonel N. J. Hall's report in his "Life of Lee," Page 317.

INVOICE OF FLAGS CAPTURED AT GETTYSBURG, PA., JULY 3rd, 1863.
By Third Division, Second Army Corps, Commanded by Brigadier General Alexander Hays.

No. 2.

| BRIGADE | REGIMENT | CAPTURED BY | TAKEN FROM | No. | INSCRIBED |
|--------------|-------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|-----|--|
| 1st Brigade, | 14th Indiana, | Pvt. John Rood, Co. F, | 21st North Carolina, | 1 | No inscription. Battle Flag and Staff. |
| 2nd Brigade, | 14th Connecticut, | 14th Connecticut, | 1st Tennessee, | 1 | Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, Manassas, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville. |
| 2nd Brigade, | 14th Connecticut, | 14th Connecticut, | 52d North Carolina, | 1 | Fifty-second North Carolina. Battle Flag. |
| 2nd Brigade, | 14th Connecticut, | 14th Connecticut, | 16th North Carolina, | 1 | Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, Manassas, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville. |
| 2nd Brigade, | 14th Connecticut, | 14th Connecticut, | 14th Tennessee, | 1 | Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, Manassas, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville. |
| Total, | | | | 5 | |

Received this 8th day of July, 1863, of Brigadier General Alexander Hays, commanding Third Division, Second Army Corps, Five (5) Flags (Rebel), captured by the Third Division at the Battle of Gettysburg, inscribed as above.

Edwin P. Brownson,
Capt., A. D. C., & A. A. G.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER GETTYSBURG—EFFORTS FOR PROMOTION

IN THE rapid movements of the Army of the Potomac in the pursuit of Lee's force there was little opportunity for writing and as little for the forwarding of mail. After August 1st the correspondence of the general becomes regular again and his letters are of absorbing interest. There was some fighting to tell of, and the general is as justly proud of his New York boys as they are of him. He nicknamed them "The Blue Birds," a cheerful sort of a name, from the blue trefoil, their division badge.

The general's influential friends in Pittsburgh and in the state were constant and untiring in their efforts to secure his promotion, and their efforts bore fruit—in a manner—after he had passed to immortality from the battle line.

This chapter is one of the most characteristic of the many groups into which the letters have been divided covering the different epochs of his service. The visit of Mrs. Hays and her sister form a pleasant break in the monotony of the period and the general's furlough another. No less pleasing is the sword presentation.

After Mine Run the winter passed away without much of an exciting nature, with the exception of the action at Morton's Ford in February, where the general lost his faithful aide, Capt. Shields, who had been with him from the first service of the 63rd Regiment, and for a time the captain's life hovered in the balance, so grievous was his wound, but he "pulled through," in the parlance of the army, and for over fifty years has longed for his old general and sorrowed over his death.¹

¹ For an epitome of the service of General Alexander Hays' original brigade from the date he took command, January 9, 1863, to May 5, 1864, date of General Hays' death, see Appendix G.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,
"July 27th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I will write with scarcely a hope that this will reach you.

"Since last Sunday we have had no mails, but we do not expect them until we become more settled. We have been kept on almost daily marches, and, as there has been much rain, it has been fatiguing and uncomfortable. Capt. Thompson is sick and probably will go to Washington. I then hope you will receive this, as also one full pay account, if it can be safely arranged.

"Kennedy has never reported a word to us. Do not therefore know except from irregular report what we have lost. Of one thing I am satisfied, that General [J. E. B.] Stuart of the Rebel cavalry, has my new coat.¹

"Do not be too anxious for us at home. All are well and you have cause to be thankful for the past.

"Corts and Shields are both writing. Love to all and say to friends that we are all well enough provided for with horses not to suffer.

"Corts has 'Kirkwood' and I have taken 'Secesh' out of the team. She makes a noble war steed.

"God bless you all—as soon as possible I will write long letters.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Elkton, Va., August 2, 1863.

"Dear Sir—This location needs development, otherwise you will not know whence it comes. It is four miles from Warrenton Junction,² Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and ten from Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock.

"I reached here with my division from Morrisville yesterday and am picketing and protecting our front towards Fredericksburg. The weather is most intensely hot, but my command is in good health and spirits. As for further operations I am entirely in the dark.

"A new organization, no doubt, will be shortly effected, and General Howard will command this corps. July 27th is the date of the last from you or from home.³

¹ He had.

² The itinerary shows that the division arrived at Warrenton Junction on the 26th and remained three days and marched thence to Elk Run.

³ A typical camp rumor, never verified. About this time Howard's Corps, the Eleventh, and Hooker's, the Twelfth, were sent to Grant at Chattanooga.

"It would give me a great deal of pleasure to take your letters and answer them in regular order, but I find but little time. Yesterday's operations are a specimen of my almost daily labors.

"I arose at 4 o'clock A. M. Saw my column marching at 6. Marched nine miles, posted a picket about ten miles long under the most intense sun I ever experienced, and as a sequence was used up entirely. I have good aides, but see to everything personally.

"The mail must leave very shortly and my time is limited. I will, however, write tomorrow and to Annie. I have forwarded and will send you my official report, which, however, must not be published until announced officially.

"I sent home my Toledo sword, which I hope you will receive. I will also send Alden's flagstaff.

"I would like to have my horse, 'Leet,' back, but know not how to get him. We are all well, Corts and Shields. Give my regards to friends and love to all at home. I will send to each little one a badge of the Third Division, Second Corps. More tomorrow.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp at Elk Run, Va., August 3, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote yesterday, unsatisfactorily, to your father and promised to write again today should we remain in this position. I have written as frequently as I could, but whether my letters have been received is a question. Many written from home have either fallen into the hands of the Rebs or are otherwise left by the wayside. It is over a week since I received a line. Then, as we were marching through Warrenton, I was made glad, with several from you, your father and others.

"It is very probable that the letter I wrote yesterday will not reach its destination, as I fear our mail carrier is a prisoner to 'the guerrillas,' as he has not been heard from since he left. The region in which we are is very 'secesh' and 'guerrillas' abound.

"I do not know that I have anything to communicate which will interest you, except that we are all in good health and have something to eat, with appetites which are omnivorous. Still, I long to sit down once more to a table at home, where all are around.

"Captain Thompson left for Washington yesterday on sick leave. I sent by him one pay account, \$300, which he will send forward to you. I have heard nothing satisfactory

from Kennedy, but suppose if he did not permit my money, as other things, to fall into the hands of the Rebs, that the money is all spent before this time and I can whistle for repayment.

"I will send, as soon as I get a good opportunity, Alden's flagstaff. I now enclose for each baby a badge of the division. If they desire to display the flag, then procure a piece of white bunting, nearly square, bearing in the center the blue trefoil.

"I must write to Powell for another coat, but believe I will wait to see if Mr. Lincoln will not change the style.

"I will write no more in this letter until I hear from the carrier, as I do not care to waste time, and paper on Rebs.

"Regards to friends and love to all at home. I will write frequently if shortly.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"12 O'clock M.

"My carrier has returned, but leaves again, with an escort, for another mail.

"I do not wish you at home to distress yourselves at all about my ills or ailings. I am in excellent health. Will write tomorrow and say that I will send to Gettysburg for my horse 'Leet.' He must 'try it again' and then he may go on the retired list.

"God bless you all.

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Elktown, Va., August 4, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"In the cool of the morning [for it is too infernal hot at midday to do anything except breathe] I have procured an old stump of a pen and am 'going it' on a promised letter to you. I wrote yesterday to Annie [God bless her] and sent the juvenile Hayeses each a division badge; also two extra ones intended for the Murphys.¹

"I have received a few of your letters and written many of scraps, but fear our communications have been so interrupted that they have failed to reach. Yours are always most acceptable. In fact, letters from home are my only luxury. I wrote a long letter to dear mother, but have no notice of its reception, if the letter was lost; the love which I expressed therein was not lost. I hold the original in a still unbroken but battered human casket, and it is hers without demand. And I owe this to her prayers.

"If I could I would answer your letters in detail and have done so as far as possible. It may be we will remain, as we have been for the last three days in a state of semi-inaction, which means playing picket.

¹ Nephews.

"My line extends for ten miles and it is necessary to visit all points frequently, besides keeping a constant supervision over my entire command. You can suppose I have but little time to spare. When I do get leisure I require it to get rest and recuperate. I do not suffer from any of my disabilities, and it would please me if you at home would not distress yourselves about them.

"At Gettysburg the hearing of one ear was entirely paralyzed, but it is now perfectly recovered and gives sound like a silver bell. My eye is very dim, but I get along excellently with the other, which is bright as a [paste] diamond. The old shinbone does much better than the wooden leg, which many of the men suppose I carry.¹

"Has Annie told you my dancing feats at Centreville? In the matter of horses, in which you are so much concerned, we have Kirkwood's; he is a good one, but a devil. I have assigned him to Corts, and we will send to 'Archie'² his value. It was fortunate we got him in time, otherwise I believe he would have been lost or ruined. Shields has good horses from the government. For my own use I have unlimited numbers such as they are. Some time since I took for my own team my captured mare, 'Secessia.' Though as ugly as sin she proves to be a trump. Her tread and bearings are much like 'Dan's' and she has no competitor in speed, although the horse has to know her rider.

"I believe I never related the particulars of good old Daniel's death. About an hour before the melancholy event I was riding him through Kirby's Battery,³ a shell or shot struck his fore shoe, tears off the shoe and a good portion of the hoof. I sent him at once to the farrier to have his foot protected. He had just returned when that 'infernal' cannonading began. As we dashed up the hill to the front a solid shot whistled by us, and as poor 'Dan' turned towards us as if to ask why he, for the first time, was to be left behind, the ball pierced him through the heart and he died without a struggle. The same shot cut the throat of Shields' horse.

"It gives me great pleasure that the folks at home are satisfied with our doings at Gettysburg. The New Yorkers are, apparently, as much interested, in the case of our own people in giving the devil his dues. They must recollect that we were, for the first time, fighting for our own sake on our own soil. I am not very imaginative, but through the roar

¹ The reference is to the general's leg and the bad eye dates from the terrible days on the Peninsula and was the cause of much suffering then.

² Archie, Colonel Kirkwood's brother.

³ Battery I, First U. S. Artillery, then under the command of Lieut. Woodruff, killed at Gettysburg, Lieut. Edmund Kirby having died May 28th of wounds received at Chancellorsville.

and smoke of the 3rd of July I could see 'Kenridge'¹ and its inhabitants and what would be a consequence of our defeat. I felt as ironclad as if protected by railroad iron. If disaster had befallen us there I could never have faced my friends again.

"Regards to friends and love to all our tribe. I will write often.

"Yours,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps.

"Elktown, Va., August 8, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote to Agnes yesterday a long letter and promised to write to you today. I fear, however, that yours will be shorter than I intended, as I and 'Dave' must 'on with the tartan' and ride to headquarters. Then we will be all day occupied in locating our regiments along our line of defense extending ten or twelve miles. 'Dave' is my shadow, while Corts stays at home attending to official business.

"I have written and informed you that I sent my last month's pay account to Washington to be forwarded to you. You will remember that I gave you at Centreville two hundred, and Kennedy was to furnish one hundred more. Your last requisition for five hundred, I am fearful, will fall short; my whole pay for three months falls short of nine hundred dollars. Five and three is eight, and eight from nine leaves one hundred for me. But you did not, I suppose, receive the one hundred from Kennedy. I have had no word from Kennedy and know not whether I have lost all entrusted to him or not. His action is very singular and must be accounted for. I have not had one cent in money about me for more than two months. Shields is purveyor and attends to expenditures.

"I have sent for 'Leet' and suppose he will cost me over fifty dollars before his bill is paid. I thought I was ruined, in horseflesh, with my disasters at Gettysburg, but if 'Leet' returns well I can get through another fight. I have taken 'Secessia' out of the team and she gives great satisfaction—unmatched for courage, breath and speed.

"No letters lately from home, but they will come. It is probable that we will remain here for some time to reorganize and await conscripts.² One detachment of fifty arrived yesterday.

¹ The Hays home, Centre avenue, Pittsburgh.

² Drafted men as distinguished from volunteer recruits.

"I can write no more now, but will write to someone to-morrow.

"Regards to friends and love to all at home.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"P. S.—Say to Miss Johnston¹ that I am indignant at her failure to forward that photograph. In Agnes' last she refers to a former letter which did not arrive, but I understand her reference to a quotation—

"Then tendered with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse;
I little thought when first thy rein,
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland Eagle e'er should feed,
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed."²

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"In Camp, Elktown, Va.,
August 10th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"Wrote yesterday to Annie. No letters from home except one from her, a very small one—three pages of note paper. Omitting the fourth on the plea that she must take the brood to church for Thanksgiving.³ She did not get many thanks from me.

"We are still here, with the thermometer ranging from one to one thousand. My command is in good health, much improved by a rest and a chance to cook rations properly.

"This morning Shields and I took a skeedaddle tramp through the country to the rear and front of the command to look after widows and orphans, as enjoined by the rules of the order,⁴ to which I belong. We found nothing but widows and orphans, 'according to their own account,' and found many almost starving. God help them, for I violate orders when I furnish them aid. But how can a man expect women and children to take the oath of allegiance?

"I would rather fight the men of the Southern Confederacy than be left to feed their women and children.

"After our ride our time was very limited. Pleased you

¹ Sister of ex-Governor William F. Johnston of Pennsylvania.

² "Lady of the Lake," Canto I, 9.

³ Special Thanksgiving Day proclaimed by the President. There were many of these during the war.

⁴ The Masonic order, the general being a consistent member. Allegheny, Pa., January 10, 1905. Gilbert A. Hays, Esq.: Dear Sir and Brother—The records of Allegheny Lodge No. 223, F. & A. M., show Alexander Hays' petition for initiation and membership was approved April 9, 1856. Received First Degree April 16, 1856. Received Second Degree May 28, 1856. Received Third Degree August 16, 1856. Fraternally yours, [Signed] Archy F. Toy, Secretary.

got the 'Toledo Blade,'¹ and I hope you will receive Alden's flagstaff, which I sent some days ago. I have trophies for the little fellows, but no opportunity to send them home. I think I will enclose a breastpin for Martha, as her mother says she is not well. It is the last button off 'Dan's' bridle, which he wore when he died.

"I have sent a special messenger for 'Leet' and expect him daily. It will cost me a hundred dollars to get him back. Then, with 'Secessia' and 'Leet,' I can dare the field. She is the most spirited devil I ever rode, ugly as sin, no one can touch her on the road.

"I cannot account for Kennedy's² conduct. He has, or had, in charge for me over five hundred dollars, but he has never reported. If I have lost this I am poor indeed. But no matter, I 'have never cried for spilt milk' in my life and won't now.

"I think the drafting of James one of the most infamous dodges to extort money ever practiced, and if I live to see Dr. Simpson³ he shall know my opinion of it. I would have appealed and referred the case to somebody except a horse doctor, and I must say a darned poor horse doctor at that. It is infamous. But I am getting indignant and must not swear.

"We will have no fighting for some time [two months, perhaps] to come. We are receiving conscripts, fifty arrived out of one hundred and seventeen started, and today we are required to send for a hundred and sixty more. Now is the day and hour to strike the fatal blow. We have not, at least I have, but little confidence in our commander. The science of war has been played out and we want a man who, under the guidance of common sense, will give us hard knocks, for we can beat them at that if we cannot at strategy.⁴ Love to all.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex.

¹ Celebrated for the amusing letters of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written by David R. Locke, the editor, much appreciated by Lincoln and full of caricature of the Confederacy.

² Kennedy was captured and his captors got all the funds he had with him. The general's new coat was confiscated and given to General J. E. B. Stuart. General Stuart afterwards sent word, with thanks, to General Hays that the coat fit him exactly, and as the commander of the forces that captured the cash regarded it, as well as the coat, "contraband of war," is supposed to have kept the cash also. It, too, fit.

³ Dr. R. B. Simpson was surgeon of the United States Board of Enrollment, of which board Capt. J. Herron Foster, provost marshal of the post of Pittsburgh; W. H. Campbell, commissioner; Charles W. McHenry and George W. Murphy, deputy provost marshals, were members. Dr. Simpson was a man never accused of gentleness, either in manner, speech or action. If he and General Hays had chanced to meet it would have been a case of Greek meeting Greek. James B. McFadden is referred to as being drafted.

⁴ He came in the spring in the person of U. S. Grant.

"Corts has Kirkwood's horse and he is a rousing devil. The money for him will be sent to Archie. All are well.

"Corts has a pair of boots at Perry's.¹ Will you see that they are sent to him at once? We will send the essential at the first opportunity."

KENNEDY TURNS UP

"Washington, D. C., August 13, 1863.

"Dear General:

"As Colonel MacDougall is going out tomorrow I will endeavor to write a few lines to you.

"I am still confined to my room and leave it only when obliged to or crawl down to get a little fresh air, but suffer at times intense pain in consequence. Within the last four days I have taken an immense quantity of opium and tincture of iron. I have had but four hours' sleep during three days. The effects of the opium keeps me awake at first and afterwards to make me so nervous as to render sleep impossible. I cannot as yet eat anything to give me strength. Dr. Allen says I am getting along just as fast as possible under my present physical prostration, but I get so despondent and low spirited at times as to make me feel like cutting my throat.

"August 14th. This morning's paper says that Mr. Cowan² arrived last night. I am going to write him today about a major generalship I know of. I hope [at least in matters political] you have confidence enough in me to believe I will do matters discreetly. General, there is no use of being mealy-mouthed about these matters. Positive merit does not get rewarded in things military more than in any other service, and if political influence has to be used in order to advance talent and reward distinguished and long service it ought to be so exerted.

"Now, what in heaven's name has Warren done of one-half the value to the government in the way of service compared to what you have endured in two wars that he should have received, or, rather jumped, to a major generalship at almost a bound? He is a good engineer, but did not stand as high as many others even younger than himself [Cyrus Comstock, for instance]. He came out with a zouave regiment, which was well disciplined, but neither in the field as commander of a regiment or brigade did he distinguish himself above many others in such manner as to entitle him to this rapid elevation in advance of those who had seen vastly more service, and who, as far as the record goes, have been equally as brave and skillful as he. What has Birney ever done, so far as service is concerned, to entitle him to a major generalship above you? What has Sickles, Negley and a host

¹ A well-known Pittsburgh bootmaker of war days.

² Senator Cowan of Pennsylvania.

of others ever done? Not one of them has seen half so much service or endured one-half so much. No, general, all these, even more or less, appointments and promotions made on political grounds or through political influences. And yet I am not aware that they have made any the worse generals for having received their advancement by means of this influence. If it was an undeniable fact that these men and vastly more men appointed by reason of intrinsic merit, or were it the settled policy and inexorable rule to make appointments for causes of a purely military and meritorious character, your friends do not hesitate to say the two stars would have graced your shoulders long ere this. But such, unfortunately, not being the case, there is not a shadow of impropriety in using influence, of a political character, to accomplish the desired result. More especially when real merit or a personal nature is the subject in behalf of which this kind of power is to be used.

"Again, general, large numbers of these appointments have been made to satisfy local pride or the pride of a people of a city or particular section of country. Cadwallader and Birney are instances of this as respects Philadelphia; Sickles as to New York; Banks and Butler as to Massachusetts; McClernand and Logan as to Illinois; Herron as to Iowa; Schenck as to Ohio; Wallace and Morris as to Indiana; Crittenden as to Kentucky, and so on ad infinitum.

Now, we of extreme Northwestern Pennsylvania have furnished as many, if not more, of the good soldiers, in proportion to our population, as any other part of the state or any state, and we have, or are supposed to have, an equal amount of pride as the people of any other section of the state. And if we have a proper person to offer upon whom honor is to be or ought to be conferred we have equally a right to demand that we shall be gratified.

"I know your strong repugnance to the use of political machinery in these matters. But as matters stand, as I have faintly indicated, I think you have no legitimate right to oppose any action your friends may desire to take in your behalf so long as you are not in the most remote manner in any way compromised. Myers of Clarion,¹ Congressman-elect from our district, will be here the latter part of this week, I understand, and I will have him call and see me. A new Congressman, especially when parties in Congress are nearly balanced, have much influence, especially also when his course towards the administration has not been indicated.

"Uncle Joe² is already enlisted, and I am scribbling a little every two or three hours, when I have strength, to some of my political friends. We will have Governor Curtin

¹ Hon. Amos Myers, who served one term in the Thirty-eighth Congress.

² Hon. Joseph C. G. Kennedy, superintendent of the census.

or that gentleman will lose some votes in the western part of the state, and he is now quaking in his boots regarding his election and he will be controlled by his interests.

"I will write again tomorrow or next day.

"Very respectfully,

"T. R. Kennedy."

Kennedy was a bright man, as will have been seen, but there is not even a trace of ingenuousness in this letter. On the contrary, there is much real sycophancy. Kennedy, who was no soldier at all and who was soon afterward dismissed from the service, was not qualified to pass judgment upon a soldier.

Cyrus B. Comstock of the West Point class of 1845, in which he stood number one, was with the Army of the Potomac in the Engineer Corps until after Chancellorsville, obtain the rank of captain, when he was assigned to General Grant's army at Vicksburg. He returned to the Army of the Potomac with Grant and was his senior aide-de-camp until January, 1865, when he was engaged in the operations at Fort Fisher and subsequently at Mobile. He was brevetted major general of volunteers at the close of the war and made brigadier general, U. S. Army, full rank, in March, 1865.

General Hays' first impressions of Warren will appear in later letters, and are satisfactory evidence that Alexander Hays recognized a soldier by instinct. Efforts were already under way to secure Alexander Hays' promotion, the result of which will also be shown. Of some of the alleged "political generals" enumerated by Kennedy it may be remarked here that history has not been silent. Kennedy knew General Hays from his youth and knew also his modesty and Kennedy's advice in part was not bad. General Hays roomed with Kennedy's parents while attending Allegheny College at Meadville. General Hays, it must be remembered, in the letters herein is expressing himself to his wife or his father-in-law, and his remarks thus are surely privileged.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Elktown, August 14th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"In retaliation of your two last letters written upon note paper, three pages only filled, I now write to you only three pages—such size paper I despise. Why do you send me

envelopes filled with other people's letters and leave your own little, insignificant sheet unfilled? Do you imagine that there is not enough of interest at home to fill four pages of note paper?

"But I am very much obliged. 'Small favors thankfully received—large ones in proportion.'

"We have no news. All 'in statu quo.' The two cows are in splendid condition. I live entirely on bread and milk. 'Dave' Shields has received an addition to our family of two well-bred hound pups. If their howlings do not provoke me to kill them Western Pennsylvania will receive a material addition to its hunting clubs.

"Got up at 4 o'clock this morning, read 'Household Words' and took a ride up to the Third Brigade on 'Secessia,' and she is a trump. Tops me nearly as high as 'Dan' and is most indefatigable in spirit.

"I came home and made an application for leave of absence for twenty days on account of fear of losing my eyesight.¹ One eye gone, the other going. How would you like to have a blind old man? 'He's obliged to fiddle for it; I'm obliged to beg.'

"If I get my leave,² although I doubt it [for work a willing horse to death is the motto of our government], I will report by telegraph from Washington and ask you to join me at Philadelphia, for I suppose I will go there, although I have a sneaking notion that my leave, if granted, would take me among all the dear ones at home.

"Have ridden ten miles this morning. Mail is ready and so is the driver. Besides, the third half of note paper is exhausted.

"All well.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,
"August 15th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I will leave tomorrow morning for Washington 'on leave of absence for twenty days.' I will remain in Washington only long enough to provide a decent citizen's outfit and will telegraph you soon after my arrival, instructing you of future movements. Perhaps, first, to Harrisburg or Philadelphia and you may be ordered to meet me there. So be prepared. I think I will then, after seeing Dr. Hays, pay a slight visit to Pittsburgh to see a crowd of 'little fellows' I know.

"You can write to Kirkwood's Hotel and I will receive

¹ The general had complained of his eye since the Peninsula campaign in the spring of 1862.

² The general got his leave on the 15th instant.

482 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

it while in Washington. You will answer my telegram at once and you come if you can meet me in Harrisburg or Philadelphia, although I suppose you are not anxious and can wait at home.

"I have no news to communicate [except preceding]. All inquiries answered in person for two weeks, fifteen days or thereabouts.

"I must go alone. Corts and Shilds must stay and run 'the machine.'

"Love to all and God bless all at home.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

General Hays carried out his programme and thus obtained a much-needed rest. He does not give the date of leaving home, but there is no doubt that he did not overstay his time. Stirring events took place soon after his return, which will shortly be written of by him, and which tended to further endear him to the Third Division and especially the New York troops.

GENERAL HAYS' REWARD OF MERIT

"The State of Ohio, Executive Department,

"Columbus, Ohio, August 24, 1863.

"Brigadier General Alexander Hays,

"Army of the Potomac,

"[Via Washington, D. C.]:

"Dear Sir:

"It affords me pleasure to comply with the request contained in your favor of the 11th inst. asking for a commission for Jonas Thornton.¹ Herewith you have the commission. Please present it to him in person, with assurances that I fully appreciate the renown his gallant services have won for our state.

"Very respectfully,

"David Tod, Governor."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS ON RETURN FROM LEAVE OF ABSENCE

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"Dear Wife:

"September 10, 1863.

"In failure of connection of cars at Baltimore I did not arrive in Washington until late in the evening of the day after leaving home. Next morning at 10 o'clock I took cars for Warrenton. This left me no opportunity of seeing the war

¹ Jonas Thornton was one of the orderlies who accompanied General Hays on his famous ride along the lines at Gettysburg.

officials or any other person. I arrived safely and escaped a reception by being one day too late. The division, with escorts and band, were paraded, perchance, for a fuss. My welcome here has been most gratifying, although I have omitted to make an explanation of why I did not write heretofore.

"My arm with the boil on it, at the elbow, rendered it totally impossible. 'Dave' Shields wrote by order as proxy. Now, I am writing, unable to bend the arm, at such a distance that I can barely see what I am writing and this with pain. To add to my jobic delights I was stung three times yesterday by yellow jackets.

"My health is excellent and my sight is much improved. I have written to Major Newell and he will send you the missing two hundred, if he is well enough. Otherwise Corts will go to Washington in a few days and procure it from Major Webb. Write me and if you require more means I can procure it in advance.

"All were well and 'Secessia' is in grand spirits, although I am almost fearful to ride her yet. 'Dave's'¹ dogs yelp around in the mornings and are a most beautiful pair.

"I have as yet no scrap or word from you, although nearly a week has passed. No matter, I have hope.

"Today our boys are jubilant over news from Charleston, and from a report circulated among them and believed that I am to lead them to Texas.² I hope so.

"Love to all and I will write whenever I hear from you.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"Culpepper, Va., September 14, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"Yesterday we crossed the famous Rappahannock, making the third experiment of our army to invade this section of the sacred soil. May it be more successful than the two preceding. Our entire line of march was indicated by the work of our cavalry, which preceded us—dead men and horses and the ground strewn with arms. Four pieces of artillery captured from the enemy passed to the rear. When we arrived here in sight of Culpepper the shells were bursting around the devoted town. Never have our cavalry acted so nobly. I almost envy Pleasanton. For ten miles they drove the enemy like sheep.³

¹ "Dave," Lieut. David Shields, A. D. C.

² Mere camp rumors; in newspaper parlance of the day, canards.

³ Officially known as the engagement at Culpepper and the next day's, Raccoon Ford, Rapidan Station, Va.

"The only infantry force is ours. The Second Corps and the Third Division lead the van. We know not what the day may bring forth, but we are very confident and if necessary will be supported by the army.

"I never have been so anxious to meet the enemy. Confident in the ability of our force to whip them, I have never seen men in better spirits or more sanguine. My return to them was a perfect ovation to me. My absence developed the good feeling entertained by them and I do feel very proud of them.

"Our new commander, General Warren, is a perfect gentleman and soldier, though young—such as I like to serve with. Next Friday condemns two of my conscripts to death for desertion. I wish the day was over.

"Now, while writing the artillery opened beyond the town and we will probably have warm work.

"In consequence of our unexpected move I could not send Corts to Washington. You will have to borrow if in want and I will send you double allowance when I can. All are well, very well.

"Your brief epistle of the 9th was very welcome and arrived just at bedtime.

"Love to all, and if you care for me write oftener, as I have had but that one little letter.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

General Warren was appointed to the command of the Second Corps August 12th, 1863, and had evidently not reported and assumed command when General Hays left for home. General Warren had acted as chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac from June 8th. He remained in command of the Second Corps until March 24th, 1864, when he was transferred to the Fifth, relieving General Sykes, and Hancock returned to the Second.

In subsequent letters General Hays voices his sincere admiration for General Warren, and the two had most pleasant and enjoyable relations. They were certainly antitypes: Hays a giant in stature, of such sandy complexion as to give him that sobriquet by which he was well known in the army; Warren, younger and smaller, of dark yet gentle visage, kind and unassuming, one of the best-loved general officers of the whole war; occupying in the Army of the Potomac the same high plane of veneration that Thomas did in the Army of the Cumberland. Warren and Alexander Hays! What precious memories come trooping up when their very

names are pronounced! What would the facile and ever-ready pen of Alexander Hays have written and the great heart of Alexander Hays impelled his tongue to say in deep sympathy and unconcealed indignation if he had lived to hear of Five Forks? Alexander Hays was always loyal to his superiors, though often he expressed a contempt for some, but for the real soldier, never. Gouverneur K. Warren had no stauncher friend in the whole army than Brigadier General Alexander Hays of Pittsburgh, and it is a most precious memory in the General Hays family that General Warren appreciated him.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Cedar or Slaughter Mountain, Va.,

"Dear Wife:

"September 17th, 1863.

"I wrote the day before, but had no opportunity on our march next day. I was ordered forward suddenly and at 4 o'clock A. M. my division was en route for this place. I was sent to occupy and hold this position, a very strong one; the same ground upon which General Banks was defeated.¹ I anticipate better results to his illustrious successor. The whole cavalry force is in front and around us. If attacked the course to be taken will depend upon discretion and judgment. I consider my division complimented by the position assigned us.

"Yesterday until dark we were witnesses of the duel going on between our cavalry and the enemy. Sometimes on the distant ridges three batteries could be distinctly seen and every shot noted by sight as well as sound. I must send this off at once or postpone writing until tomorrow. I will then write at length. Have no uneasiness for me at home. All is right here. Love to and God bless all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Forks of Rapidan and Robinson,

"Three Miles From Last Encampment,

"Cedar Mountain, Va.,

"September 18th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote briefly yesterday morning before we marched and promised to write today. Under difficulties here it is. From Cedar Mountain we advanced to the Rapidan and confronted the enemy's pickets, relieving the cavalry which had been able to keep them at bay before.

¹ The battle of August 9, 1862.

"Yesterday from 7 o'clock A. M. until 7 P. M. I was constantly on horseback and reconnoitered the Rebel lines. Twice we came within range of their fire, but nobody was hurt. We see their videttes at every open space across the Rapidan. General Owen,¹ with his whole brigade, constitutes our picket line. Carroll has returned from New York and the division is again complete, with an addition of two batteries of artillery. Our position is the extreme right, flanked by Colonel Gregg's cavalry.

"The 'Rebs' are evidently afraid of us and are anticipating an attack across the Rapidan. Our friends need have no apprehension of disaster, although a conflict is probable.

"Last night and today my quarters are in a beautifully located cottage. It rained heavily all night, and now, at 8 o'clock A. M., it is still raining. I was too tired to let the events of the coming day disturb my slumbers last night, but now I am reminded that there is an order for coffins for two and between 12 and 4 P. M. two of our deserters will be shot unless reprieved or by other intervention. I wish the sad work was over.

"Writing on the piazza the damp affects the paper and I can scarcely write. If what I have written will be any satisfaction at home I will be willing to repeat it whenever any opportunity occurs. I have had but one very brief note from home from you since I left. We have not even had the newspaper for nearly a week.

"Shields, Corts and all are well. I never enjoyed better health.

"Love to all and kind remembrance to all friends.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Between Rapidan River and Cedar Mountain, Va.,

"September 19th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"I wrote to Annie yesterday with a promise to write again today of our movement. True it is that we know not what a day may bring forth, especially in military life. Our picket lines are thrown forward and confront the enemy's across the Rapidan. In numerous points they are within sight and an interchange of shots is not infrequent. One entire brigade constitutes the picket force; the other two brigades and two batteries lie in the rear, at all times ready for action. Each of the three divisions of the corps acts independently of the other, unless a general attack should be made

¹ Brigadier General Joshua T. Owen, colonel of the 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers. His brigade was the Third, formerly Alexander Hays', the four New York regiments.

upon the line. The Third Division [mine] holds the right, the First [Caldwell's], the center, to my left, and the Second [Harrow's] holds the extreme left.¹

"Yesterday was an eventful day with us. The deserters suffered the extreme penalty of military laws and were shot to death with musketry in the presence of the division. A few minutes before the hour of execution arrived the enemy's guns opened, but beyond our sight. The move could not be explained until after the execution, and then it was discovered that the enemy's pickets had injudiciously and imprudently approached our line. They were charged by our cavalry and driven back pellmell and our men returned with forty or fifty prisoners.

"The Reb's cavalry do not pretend that they can now, as formerly, 'whip five to one' of ours. On the contrary, they have a wholesome dread of meeting them man to man.

"The Cedar Mountain, which is now in our rear, was the scene of a rather disgraceful fight of Banks, McDowell and Pope. We held the mountain without molestation and afterwards advanced to this point.

"So far I have suffered no casualty in my command and feel confident that in any event I will be able to hold my own in the part assigned me. I have confidence in my men and they have confidence in me. The Rebs ought to know them if their memory extends back to Gettysburg, while we are as well prepared to give them again what we gave them then.

"What I have to say in letters appears to me so uninteresting that I hesitate to give it, but we have no other news.

"I have heard but once in a very short letter from home. I can hardly believe that the silence is meant for neglect.

"Warmest love to mother and all others, even to the second and third generations. Kind regards to all inquiring friends.

"Yours sincerely, "Alex.

"P. S.—Corts and Shields are very well and buoyant."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Near the Rapidan,
"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"September 20th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"It was my intention at daylight to have gone forth to drive the Rebel videttes beyond the river, but the morning was more than cool and the certain death dealers had not been selected. I therefore substituted a short reading of 'Shoulder Straps' and postponed my murderous intent until this evening. The reason for my present hostility against any

¹ Formerly Gibbon's.

members of the human race arises from the fact that for two or three days past certain of the Rebel scouts or videttes have been a little too inquisitive and have approached our lines too near. Last night they annoyed us with too much inquisitiveness and tonight it must cease. Besides the military necessity of the step there is a large field of sweet potatoes which we cannot otherwise command. Yesterday evening I evacuated our beautiful and pleasant cottage quarters for the reason that my young men were taking it too easy, with a consequent demoralization. We are now encamped upon the plain in full view of my own command and the more distant line of the enemy. So great has been the dissatisfaction on the staff that I really heard several of them say, 'D—n it,' while the whole of them looked a compound of d—n's. It was cold, surely, but I think it will season them for next winter.

"In the balmy, fragrant garden, where we were lately quartered, is a variety of the most highly and delicately scented rose I have ever seen, white as snow and still in bloom. Will it propagate from seed? though there is scarcely a need of asking the question to be answered, as I have heard but once from home since I left. I suppose something is wrong.

"The Rebs are working like beavers to fortify themselves, which indicates that they are afraid of us. We are not in the least afraid of them. If they will meet us I think I can make some capital.

"In regard to transmitting your funds, I will do so at the earliest opportunity and then liberally. Without the agency of Major Newell I cannot yet draw my pay for May last. If a paymaster comes to us I will forward this month's pay, but I think it doubtful if any one of them will venture in the present state of affairs.

"For days past I have been riding 'Secessia' exclusively, having no other animal, and I find her far exceeding my expectations—in time she will become as noted in the army as her illustrious predecessor Dan.

"I think you ought to be satisfied with my daily correspondence while I have reason to complain of neglect.

"Much love to all—Martha, Rachel and the dear little ones. God bless you all and now I will go forward to the lines.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"This is Sunday, which I did not know until I reached the signal station, and saw below me in the plain my men at worship, and thought it hard that I had not time to participate. After viewing the wondrous scenery through the signal telescope, I descended to the plain and, passing through the different camps, I found the worshipers of the morning en-

gaged around the sutler's wagons bartering for cheese, preserved fruits, etc.; and then I thought I had been nearer heaven than any of them, especially as I met the ministering man going up from whence I had come down. I passed around by my former cottage quarters and plucked a few rosebuds, which I enclose. The white is the magnolia, the red I don't know. I passed on return the grave of the victims of yesterday. One of them was baptized while sitting upon his coffin, and his last solicitude was for his mother. What a medley of life we soldiers have! Who can blame us for our failings when the love for mother is the impulse for a violative oath and the motive of deserting a cause in which mother, wife, sister and all that is dear to man is so much interested.

"I am now going to drive in the enemy's pickets."

The mare "Secessia," a favorite of the general on account of her mettle, was a find—contraband of war, as it were. She had been abandoned in an exhausted condition by Mosby's men near Centreville, and during a ride of General Hays and Lieut. Shields was found lying in a fence corner unable to stand. She was hauled into headquarters on an improvised sled, and, receiving necessary treatment, proved a valuable addition to the Hays stable. She was mouse colored, of blooded stock, and bore the general on many battlefields up to the time of his death.

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"September 26, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"I write today not from any sense of obligation for favors received since I left Pittsburgh, for I have but to acknowledge two very short notes from Annie and one from Agnes only. I merely write in an uncertainty that something may turn up, which would prevent me from assuring you we are all well—Corts, Shields and myself. Thompson arrived in camp two days ago, much improved in health, but no news from home.

"I wrote you some days ago informing you of our position. It is still unchanged, and our pickets still confront the enemy across the Rapidan.

"Night before last I was in the saddle until 4 o'clock the next morning, and since have received notice from the Rebel pickets that I must be cautious in my rides. They evidently don't like me any more than the Pennsylvania cop-

perheads. You can rest assured, however, that they can reach me only through the Third Division.¹

"I send enclosed an anonymous circular, which I wish you to show to Hon. Thomas Williams.² It involves a dirty trick, but, thank God, our boys only laugh at it; too far beneath their contempt to spit upon. I have been personally solicited to embark, but my life and fortunes are with the government, and no political trickery will make me swerve while I have an arm to wield a sword.

"We are concerned for Rosecrans, but I have faith he will work through. Our movements are dark to us, but we have still full faith and confidence all is right.

"The next mail, or soon, you will be informed of movements improper for me to surmise or to state.

"Yesterday I sent Annie a draft on New York. Hope she will receive it duly. If I receive a letter from her today I will write tomorrow.

"You can tell Mr. Speer that in consequence of all others refusing to ride the horse, 'Kirkwood,' I have been obliged to adopt him. His value was assessed by uninterested officers of our artillery and put down at a hundred dollars. I protested, although the animal has been very much abused, and is really almost unmanageable. I am providing appropriate harness, and believe I can bring him under. I have put his price at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and if no one will take him at that I will take him myself.

"'Secessia,' without loss of spirit, has become a model animal and is sought after by ambitious young officers. She carries me nobly, and I have ridden her forty miles without apparent fatigue.

"I am again confidently mounted and want no fancy horse. Any more will be promptly reported to you. Love to all at home, and to all friends kind remembrance.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"On the Rapidan, Va., September 29th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"Yours of the 21st, evidently the result of three successive nights, of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, was yes-

¹ General Hays was evidently becoming too conspicuous and the enemy doubtless thought he would be a good man to remove.

² Member of Congress in the Allegheny [Pa.] district. Some political circular is referred to. The general's father had been prominent in the Democratic party in Pennsylvania, having served a term in Congress, but the general never concerned himself with politics.

terday received. It was very welcome, though not so much so as the Arabian Nights entertainment, which are said to have been delivered orally. I am pleased to hear such good report of all at home, a little surprised at your enormous weight, and I wonder if the scales were true.

"We were stationed as when last I wrote, and will no doubt hold our present position until the army falls back towards Washington. Our corps will cover the rear of the retiring army, and the Third Division will cover the rear of the corps. I believe others, as I, have confidence that 'the Blue Birds' can take care of themselves and others also.

"I have two splendid batteries of artillery,¹ and should 'Johnny Reb' molest us he will get his jacket warmed.

"Other corps have been sent away to 'foreign parts,'² and others are preparing to move. Ours will be the last.

"I have little doubt the army will fall back, and perhaps we, as well as others, will scent the orange blossom before the crabapple blooms. Again, perhaps we may be retained and erect our headquarters either at Centreville or Harper's Ferry. Would you like to spend a winter there?

"There is no change to note from day to day, and rest is becoming irksome. I ride much, and there is plenty of employment, but it has become monotonous. We all desire action and hope soon to have it.

"I go to bed early, rise early and live almost exclusively on bread and milk.

"I have never enjoyed better health, my weight has increased and my muscles are hard as iron. My eye is evidently improving, and I would not be surprised to cut a new set of teeth.

"Corts and Shields are in excellent health, but grumble over 'hard fare.' Kennedy has not yet returned, and I have appointed another aide, Lieut. Sullivan. When Kennedy returns I will make a judge advocate of him.

"My staff consists of eight or ten nice young men, and headquarters are as extensive as a small village.

"Give my regrets to Kate³ that I could not have seen her and the children.

"Love to all at home.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

¹ Arnold's Rhode Island Battery and the other Ricketts' of the First Pennsylvania Artillery. There were six batteries in the corps, two to a division.

² The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps to Tennessee.

³ Mrs. Kate Bushnell, Mrs. Hays' sister.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp on Rapidan, Va., October 3rd, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"My heart was made glad yesterday by receipt of yours of the 27th, and therefore you will receive this. All is quiet and unchanged. The Rebs are evidently afraid of us. Once in a while for fun we run in their pickets. A few days since we witnessed a more laughable scene than in any circus.

"The Rebs had been impudent and advanced across Robinson Run. To attract their attention, and knock their artillery if it should dare to open on us, I threw forward my rifled battery of six pieces, supported by one of my largest regiments of infantry. The poor Johnnies could not understand the move, and while gazing upon it the cavalry made a dash upon their flanks, plainly in our view. Such 'racing and scraping' has not been witnessed since the 'Netherbys' chased 'the young Lochinvar.' I laughed until I was weak, and a thousand others joined with me almost to prostration.

"Since I commenced this writing I have been called upon to stop and sign twenty official papers. One of them is from General Owen, on picket, announcing something new among the Rebs, either of advance or retreat, like the old woman's opinion of the quality of indigo, which, if pulverized and thrown upon water, would 'sink or swim, she did not know which.'

"Would you like to see me become a cavalryman? for I am solicited to become a 'Dashing Dragoon?'

"Day before yesterday I attended a sword presentation to General Warren, and today we attend an execution. Another victim in Caldwell's Division for desertion.

"It is raining now terrifically, and my paper is too damp to write much more.

"All parties laughed most heartily at poor Martha's¹ progress in spelling.

"The sword I will 'bide my time for,' and hope to be near Washington soon to receive it.

"Love to all and may God bless you.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Culpepper Court House, Va.,
October 7th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"I give you a new point of address this morning. Yesterday morning, having been relieved by the Sixth Corps, the

¹ The general's third daughter, subsequently Mrs. Black, now deceased.

Second took up a backward march and are now encamped one mile from Culpepper, looking down upon the town.

"Our location is elevated, and the night is cold. Reveille is now sounding, and I sit by a fire made of some other persons' rails. This I must do to aid stiffened fingers. If you must have a letter this is a necessity, as our mail leaves at 7 o'clock.

"Our march yesterday was very pleasant, and although it was for the distance of fifteen miles, even the men enjoyed it. It would have been a glorious view to a citizen from the summit of Cedar Mountain. The First and Second Divisions marched through the level country east of the mountains; my division through the mountains and hills on the western side.

"It made me feel a little proud when, halting with my staff upon some eminence, we traced the long line of columns with our artillery and train. Each band, striking up and alternating, and the floating of the banners, made it appear more like a gala day procession than one of war.

"What will be our final destination is not known, but no doubt we will soon be put into winter quarters and then, perhaps, I will let you know.

"The last letter from you is of September 27th; your father's the 29th. I will write frequently, nevertheless, but close now.

"We are all in excellent health. Love to all and regards to friends.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Culpepper, Va., October 9th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"Yours of the 4th came last night, and to show you how grateful I am for the favors received I will write a long letter.

"The pictures are excellent, yours particularly so, the best you ever had taken, very natural, only it will not 'kiss me back.' You will have to forward more, as one of yours has already been stolen [not by a young man], but by 'an old codger,' a colonel, who is an admirer of mine, with a large family at home. He says, 'Sis has the general's at home in her album, and, by gosh, it will please her to put his old woman alongside of him.'

"Since beginning to write I have the announcement, 'Hold your command, ready to move, at a moment's notice.' It is not as the children argue, 'The bread is to bake and the beer is to brew,' but companies are to be 'stirred up' and eight days' hardtack, with coffee and sugar, must go forth tonight. Already I hear the rumbling wagons, and at any moment the 'Fall in!' may be expected.

"We know not where we go, but more 'full of hope,' and fully trust, with God on our side,¹ upon our trusty weapons, wielded by men who have sacrificed home for country.

"We look with intense anxiety for the result of the Pennsylvania election. If Curtin is beaten,² which God avert, it is possible that our march may be homewards. I cannot believe it possible that our people, after having disfranchised their soldiers, dare elect one who has on all occasions expressed himself against us. We are no politicians, but we can take care of ourselves if we must.

"I wish I could keep all political or public references out of my letters to you, but they will crawl in, naturally.

"There is no change in our division. I have heard lately of no promotions in our family, and seen no swords, either in reality or in my dreams. Perhaps I have heard of it by mail.

"I read to Henry the portion of your letter relating to him, and suggested the possible damage our visit might entail upon others. The 'nigger' has laughed all day over it, and I have had my clothes brushed more than for a month past.

"I will now suspend until tomorrow and see what a 'night will bring forth.'

"Morning, 10th.

"'Afar from thee, the morning breaks.'³

"And no wonder, for a thousand drum-sticks are rolling over sheepskin, and one hundred or two bugles are competing to produce the most discordant notes. It would break almost anything except a woman's heart. I've tried that and 'it can't be did.'

"I have no doubt the poor little urchins in Culpepper are cowering under the bed clothes, while wrathful mothers are stopping their ears to keep out the hateful Yankee.

"I have not been to Culpepper, excepting passing through twice, with my division. Our arrival here was unexpected, and the ladies had not been able to retire with the Rebel cavalry, which went 'double quick.' The town was full of 'she Rebs,' and each dressed herself up in her best toggery to show us 'Yanks' that they were not entirely destitute of calicos.

"I did my best to entertain them by unfurling every banner, to develop 'the stripes and stars,' and gave them the

¹ The implicit faith in God that the general always had is manifest here.

² Curtin's opponent was the Hon. George W. Woodward, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who had pronounced the draft unconstitutional. Curtin had about 15,000 majority. The Pennsylvania election was then in October.

³ Lines from Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune's long poem, "To My Love," written to his wife.

full benefit of our four splendid bands—one of which even played 'Away Down South in Dixie,' but it was no use; we received in return nothing but sneers and scowls on faces which otherwise might have been pretty. As we returned from Cedar Mountain the dear creatures kept out of sight. I have overrun my license. The mail carrier demands my letters.

"We have fun out of Dr. Marks'¹ 'On the Peninsula.' What a pity he did not insert many things in his book.

"I am awaiting orders and we are ready for any emergency.

"Now, I must stop or forfeit this day's mail.

"Love to all and God bless you.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"In Bivouac, October 10th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"This morning, before we marched, I forwarded a long letter to you in consideration of 'your distinguished consideration' in writing so long a letter [for you] and its remittance.

"This morning we left camp at Culpepper and marched westward five miles, where we are now bivouaced. There was a report we would meet Rebels, but we have found none. As usual, the Third Division was put ahead, but we are willing to accept the honors with the danger. The former we prize, the latter we despise.

"I am blessed with a good command—three brigades ordered by good commanders and a most devoted set of men. The rank and file do not yet understand me, and who on earth could in three months' acquaintance?

"You recollect 'the row' at Centreville; well, it was with the same boys. I believe I could lead them to the confines of Pennsylvania through all opposition. Yet they do not appear to understand what 'manner of man I am.'

"You speak of [for here I recognize the arrival of yours of the 7th of October] that your father complains of neglect of his letters. I believe I have received one, which I answered fully, and this morning, before I marched, I burned that letter, with yours, which is my practice after I have held them three days.

"You will be pleased [by order] to recognize A. H. Mc-

¹ Rev. J. J. Marks, formerly chaplain of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, who had just published a book on the Peninsula campaign.

Millan¹ as one of 'my boys,' and confer upon him a present not exceeding twenty dollars at present until I am a M. G. Tell 'Billy' I recognize the compliment fully.

"I cannot write to my satisfaction, for now comes an order 'come to headquarters.'

"What shall I do? I fear Cupid must cave. God bless me, but I would like to have an opportunity of even quarrelling with you [and to make friends again] than stand this ding dong!

"Give yourself no uneasiness on our account. This move of the Rebs, we [the army] believe, is only a demonstration in favor of their friends in our coming election.

"Henry is calling 'whoa' to 'Secessia' at the door and I must close.

"God bless you all at home, and how much love I cannot express.

"We are all well and exultant. I will write tomorrow, if no action occurs.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Blackburn's Ford, Near Centreville, Va.,
October 16th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"We whipped the Rebels, at Auburn, on the 14th in the morning, killing two colonels.

"In the afternoon at Bristoe we flogged them terribly. It has been march and fight, and fight and march, for three days. 'No rest for the wicked.'

"Our corps, and especially our division, has covered both with glory; captured five pieces of cannon, and done slaughter to the enemy, all to celebrate the glorious civil triumphs in Pennsylvania and Ohio.² All of my staff escaped except the inspector, Capt. Lynch,³ shot twice in the abdomen.

"The repulse of the enemy's cavalry is due to Colonel Bull and the 126th New York. The afternoon affair at Bristoe was one of the prettiest affairs I have ever seen. Our loss was comparatively light.⁴

¹ A newly-born son to Mr. and Mrs. William McMillan of Pittsburgh, named Alexander Hays McMillan. William McMillan was for many years a salesman in McFadden's jewelry store. Alexander Hays McMillan is dead.

² The elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania held a few days previous and favorable to the Union cause.

³ Captain James C. Lynch recovered and lived many years afterwards. He was promoted to be colonel of the 183rd Pennsylvania Volunteers and brevetted brigadier general of volunteers.

⁴ "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," Page 213 et seq.

"Yesterday morning we arrived at this place, and, as usual, the Second Corps is in the rear, the Third Division in rear of all. First in advance, last in retreat. All day yesterday we have been skirmishing in full view of the division. There was heavy skirmishing near Union Mills.

"Last night I enjoyed a good rest, the first for three or four days.

"Our General Warren is much esteemed, a descendant of 'Bunker Hill,' a good chip from the old block. I am losing nothing in late opportunities. 'A No. 1.'

"God bless you and love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"I will write as often as possible."

These operations in detail are gone into by the historians, and the best accounts are by General Walker, historian of the Second Corps.

As General Hays writes much in detail of these engagements, copious extracts are given and noted under the letters of a few days' later dates. These are from the history of the 126th New York Volunteers.¹ It is needless to remark there is much of Alexander Hays and the Third Division.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Bull Run, Near Centreville,
October 18th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"We have orders to march—I suppose in pursuit of the Rebels. I did not think that time would be allowed me to write you today, but here it is.

"Life has been a whirl for the last week, and I cannot settle my mind to write as I wish. I wish I could tell you for a week what we have been doing. I am too modest to repeat the compliments I have received for my command, and our friends will wait for the truth before believing the trashy lies published by hired correspondents, robbing us of our deserts. We have no correspondents.

"Our old neighbors of Centreville appear pleased to see me back. Mrs. Linn sent me butter and sweet milk, and Mrs. Stewart sent me a can of honey. Almost starving when we arrived, we have lived like princes since we came. Bill of fare: Chicken, stewed; fried and boiled ham, baked pork

¹ "History of the Second Army Corps," Chapter X; "Bristoe Station," with maps; "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," also with maps and illustrations.

and beans, partridges broiled [two for me], but I have lost my cows, and feel deprived of my greatest comfort.

"All is now quiet in our vicinity. Yesterday the cavalry crossed the run and were scared back. I was ordered to 'clear the track' and threw across two regiments. My 'bully boys' waded the stream, with water to their shoulders, without a murmur, and found no enemy to contend with, whereupon the cavalry dashed over most valiantly.

"You can say to my friends that the men have no fear of my becoming a 'horse marine.'¹ My contempt for that arm of our service has been aggravated lately, and no inducement could be sufficient to connect me with it. I am now delaying the mail and must close.

"I do not receive all your letters, but keep writing regularly. If I had time I would relate some funny scenes, but more, anon.

"Love to all.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Bull Run, Near Centreville, Va.,
October 17th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"I wrote yesterday to Annie with pencil, using all dispatch to give you news at home.

"The last week has been almost as eventful as 'The Seven Days' before Richmond. I have no doubt you received glowing accounts concerning the Second Corps, as we were reported 'cut off' by the enemy and cut to pieces.

"I cannot now write a detailed account of our operations. The corps marched as a rear guard to the army, one of my brigades being the last of all. On the morning of the 14th we took the road at daybreak, and after an hour's march came upon the enemy at Auburn. They opened upon us in all directions, evincing an intention of giving a general engagement. As we had no particular desire to fight them there, I was ordered by General Warren to break through the enemy with my division. Our first attempt did not succeed for the chicken-heartedness of a major commanding my skirmishers. I then selected one of my old Harper's Ferry regiments¹ and threw them forward. In a short time the enemy's cavalry charged them in heavy force, but the boys received them with a withering volley, and instantly the plain was covered with riderless horses. It was a noble sight and a gallant action.

¹ A cavalryman. At the same time, even though expressing contempt for the cavalry branch, had Alexander Hays been assigned to that branch his loyal obedience would have found him there, and one can imagine what kind he would have been. He subsequently modified his opinion of the cavalry.

² The 126th New York under Lieut. Colonel Bull.

"We advanced over the field and found it covered with dead and wounded. Among the dying we found Colonel Ruffin of the 1st North Carolina, a famous man; also another colonel severely wounded.

"We reached Bristoe [where we fought a year ago] without interruption, but here the enemy charged upon us with its whole force. The contested point to be gained by either side was a position on the railroad lying between us. We reached it first, although with considerable loss, and then sent into the forces of the advancing, yelling Rebels a perfect hurricane of shot. They wavered, rallied and charged again, but in a short time broke in dismay and sought shelter in the woods.

"We captured two stands of their colors and five pieces of artillery.

"Again they rallied and came on, double quick, to the charge, but our artillery had now got in good position and mowed them down to another inglorious retreat. We held our ground until after dark, and then withdrew to this point without attack. They came up with our skirmishers on Bull Run on the morning of the 15th, and the day passed in skirmishing.

"The scene of battle at Bristoe was fearful. The slope of the plain over which the enemy charged was covered with killed and wounded, and the cries and groans of the latter were distressing.

"Although our victory was complete, it was not without cost. The loss in my division will amount to about two hundred.

"We all hurrah for little Warren,¹ 'Young Bunker Hill,' and I believe he will turn up 'the man for the times.'

"Last night we received a highly complimentary letter from General Meade.

"The news from Pennsylvania and Ohio is most glorious and cheering. I will write to mother when we get settled. Love to all of ours and regards to friends.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. McFADDEN

"Camp on Bull Run, Near Centreville, Va.,
October 19th, 1863, 3 O'clock A. M.

"Mother Dear:

"'Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

"I have just now received an order to put myself again upon 'the warpath,' and as I write the bugles are perhaps

¹ General Hays' admiration for Warren is increasing.

sounding the last reveille for some of us. The movement is simply for reconnaissance, but if we come up with the Rebs I intend to push them hard.

"Yesterday I received a letter from Annie, which was most acceptable, informing me of the good health of all at home.

"Some time since I wrote to Mr. McFadden, and you certainly have misconstrued my letters, at least a portion of them. I never intended to place any of my chances at the hazard of a 'raffle.' Though most unworthy, I have an abiding trust in a good Providence, which has so long shielded me, and I am satisfied that I am preserved for a good purpose in the end.

"We have everything to cheer us now, and the 'cruel war' will soon be over. I have never in my military life had circumstances so much in my favor. My command, I believe, is devoted to me, with an affection between love and fear, and I can rely upon it in every emergency.

"I am not totally insensible to the voice of praise, but cherish it more for the sake of those I love than myself. In the last action at 'Bristoe' I have been very highly commended for the manner in which my division came into action and routed the enemy. It was most magnificent, but if the newspaper accounts, which we have received, gain credence we will be robbed of our blood-purchased reputation. I lost nearly two hundred men in the day's action, and gained in both complete success. In the early morning we beat their cavalry, which they believed invincible, with our skirmishers, and in the afternoon defeated their infantry almost breast to breast.

"It may be accidental, but in retreat the Third Division is always in the rear, and now again this morning we lead the advance.

"In an hour I shall be passing over our pontoons, and day will break upon us on the plains of Manassas.

"We are all well—'Dave,' Corts, Sullivan and myself. God bless you, dear mother, and love to all.

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Battlefield of Bristoe,
October 20th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"Yesterday we returned to this point with one brigade of the Third Division and encamped on the edge of the battlefield. Many traces of the fight are already obliterated, but dead horses cover the ground, an evidence of the fearful and effective fire of our artillery. Within the space of one acre lie twenty-one dead animals. As for the dead Rebels they are buried, but—

“‘Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mowers’ work at the close of day.’¹

“Day has broken, and I hear the cheers of the First Division crossing Broad Run, so I must close and advance. Love to all. I will write as often as possible.

“Yours,
“Alex.”

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

“Auburn, Fauquier County, Va.,
October 21st, 1863.

“Dear Annie:

“I do not know that it is right to allow my sense of duty to overcome the feelings of neglect which I have experienced from home. For a week past I have written daily to some one, and regularly; at the risk of losing my carrier and mule I have sent away a daily letter. The response from him is invariably the same, ‘No letter for you, sir.’ Yet I receive unimportant letters from Pittsburghers, proving that there is communication. Today I received one, an application for recommendation to the invalid corps. And why do yours not come?

“We are back at ‘Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain;’ only the poet made a mistake, as there is nothing lovely about this Auburn.

“We have rested here today while other corps of the army are retracing their steps towards ‘the land of milk and honey,’ which lieth southward toward the city of the Father of Our Country, surname George, who was the first of the name of Washington.

“Just over the hill lies the scene of the charge of the North Carolina Cavalry against my gallant 126th. It was daringly made and most nobly repulsed with severe loss, on both sides. It appeared to be that Sherrill’s spirit animated his ‘boys,’ and that Colonel Ruffin expiated his life in retaliation for that of their old leader.

“We encamped night before last on our battlefield of ‘Bristoe,’ and saw the work we performed on the 13th. It was fearful, while our loss was comparatively light. Long lines of pits marked the last resting places of those who were no longer our enemies, and further up the slope the ground is literally covered with the carcasses of dead horses, indicating the terrible effectiveness of our artillery fire.

“The repulse of the enemy was much more decisive than our leaders supposed.

“General Warren and I rode over the ground together. Two of their generals [Confederate] were severely wounded,

¹ Quotation not found.

and others of their wounded had all been removed. I have become a good deal hardened, but the sight, nevertheless, was affecting. Some of them surely had homes, if not so many affections, as I have, and I thought

" 'No more for them the pleasing hearth shall burn,
Nor busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to greet their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.'¹

"We have Colonel Ruffin's fine gold watch, which I will see is returned to his family in time.

"Tomorrow we will take up the line of march again. I know not where, and we never inquire. I see, at last, that the newspapers are giving us some credit, but isn't it too bad they should call me by such epithets as 'Old Alick?' and then they mistake when they say that 'the Rebs' peppered my boys more, or half as much, as we paid out to them.

"I have as trophies from the field of battle an old padlock[who wants it?] and a nigger trader's manuscript.

"We are perfectly satisfied with ourselves, and hope these few lines will find our friends in the same state of health.

"I sincerely hope George² will be successful in his mission to Washington. All are well—Corts, Shields, Sullivan and Thompson, including Henry, Edward and the horses.

"Love to all.

"Yours,

"Alex.

"I enclose a list of 'Tythables' in A. D. 1740, taken from the field of Bristoe. If it has any interest I have more of them."

From the authorities close at hand the story of the actions at Auburn and Bristoe, distinctively Second Corps affairs, can be told as follows:

"To understand the importance of this 'short but very decisive action,' as General Hays calls it, we must notice the critical situation of General Warren at this juncture. His was the rear corps of the army. All the other corps had crossed the run and were going on toward Centreville. On the morning of the 14th he suddenly found himself attacked in front and rear by the enemy. Caldwell, with the rear division of the Second Corps, was attacked on the south side of the run by Stuart's Cavalry, and at the same moment Hays' Division, which led the corps, encountered Ewell's force, as has been related. Warren, in his report, speaks of it as a moment of great peril; being, as he says, 'attacked on every

¹ The sixth stanza of "Gray's Elegy."

² George W. Murphy, who applied for and secured a position as deputy United States marshal at Pittsburgh.

side, my command separated by a considerable stream, encumbered with a wagon train, and in the vicinity of the whole force of the enemy.' But the gallant action of the 126th New York and 12th New Jersey Volunteers cleared the route on which the corps was to advance; and the deployment of skirmishers, and the skillful use of artillery, kept the enemy in check while Caldwell's Division, which brought up the rear, effectually covered the retreat until the threatened danger was over.¹

"On arriving at Catlett's Station the 126th remained on picket for an hour, and then took its place in the column, the 111th acting as skirmishers. The regiment had to 'double-quick' to assume its place in the rear of the brigade, which still led the division.

"Centreville was the point where Meade had resolved to concentrate his forces and give battle to the enemy. Toward this point all the corps of our army were hastening, while the enemy was trying to intercept us.

"When, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Second Corps reached Bristoe, where the railroad crosses Broad Run, the rear of the Fifth Corps, Sykes commanding, had just crossed the stream. The Second Corps followed, the batteries fording the stream, the men picking their way across, some on the railway ties, some on stepping-stones, the whole line a good deal stretched out and somewhat straggling. After crossing, the brigade moved to the right of the railroad, through woods and low pines, until it emerged in an open plain which extended on both sides of the railroad for some distance, and then rose into a gentle hill, the railway itself being in a somewhat deep cut. Suddenly heavy firing was heard. It was the enemy preparing to attack the rear of Sykes' column. The sudden apparition of the Second Corps changed their programme, and they turned furiously on the new intruder. Warren, seeing what seemed the whole force of the enemy coming upon him, sent to Sykes for assistance. He replied that his orders were to report at Centreville. Warren uttered some pretty strong Saxon words and added: 'I will whip them alone, then.' As the enemy came out of the woods on the left they encountered our flankers and sharp skirmishing ensued.

"General Hays, who was riding in front, saw the position of things, turned his horse and galloped down past the regiments, calling to each, 'By the left flank; double-quick; march!' adding, 'Get that cut, boys, before the enemy gets it!' Each regiment, as it got the order, rushed to the railroad cut; first the 125th, then the 39th, and then the 126th. It was now a race on both sides for this cut, the shot and

¹ "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," Page 213 et seq. "History Second Army Corps," Page 327 et seq. This and the following extracts are from the first named.

shell of the enemy from a battery on the hillside whizzing and buzzing among our men as they ran, but doing little damage, while our skirmishers did their utmost to impede their advance. With shouts of exultation our men gained the position, which was a most advantageous one, the railway forming a nice breastwork. From this they poured a murderous fire into the advancing enemy, while they themselves were under cover. There was a small hut on the other side of the road, and the enemy massed on the left of that. Seeing this, Arnold's Rhode Island Battery was placed on the gentle slope back of our forces and literally blew the enemy to pieces as they stood. The Second Brigade, which had gained a point in some bushes on the enemy's right, swept down on the flank of the already disorganized and shattered columns and completed their rout. Many were killed or wounded, six or seven hundred surrendered as prisoners, and the rest fled in utter confusion, leaving their battery on the hillside. Observing this, one company from each regiment in the brigade [Company C, commanded by Capt. Scott from the 126th] was detailed to go and bring off the guns, which was done amid the most vociferous cheering. Five guns and two battle flags, besides the prisoners, were the trophies of the Third Brigade, which was the one principally engaged on this occasion, because it happened to be in a position to receive the enemy's attack. The Second Corps was complimented in a general order, and was allowed to have 'Bristoe' inscribed on its banners. The fight closed up at dark with a sharp artillery duel."

The footnote appended to the foregoing is as follows:

"The fine, soldierly enthusiasm of General Hays, and his appreciation of the services of his men, which endeared him to all their hearts, were shown on this occasion when, after the 126th had driven the enemy and repulsed the cavalry attack, he rode to the front of the regiment, bared his head, and with tears of grateful emotion, thanked the regiment for its gallantry, and said: 'You have this day raised your old commander [Sherrill] up another round of the ladder of fame.'"¹

GENERAL HAYS' REPORT OF AUBURN AND BRISTOE

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,
"Auburn, Fauquier County Va.

"Lieut. Colonel F. A. Walker, October 22nd, 1863.

"Sir: "Assistant Adjutant General:

"I have the honor, according to instructions, to forward the report of the operations of the Third Division, Second Corps, during the day of the 14th inst.

¹"Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," Page 215.

"The division, excepting the First Brigade, which has been retained as guard to train, marched from bivouac at daybreak.

"Crossing the stream at Auburn it was directed to take the road to Catlett's Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. Here the march was opposed by the Rebels in such force as to render precautions necessary.

"A light skirmish line was thrown forward, but was soon repelled by the Rebels' cavalry. The entire regiment of the 126th New York Volunteers, commanded by Lieut. Colonel J. M. Bull, was then moved forward, supported by the 12th New Jersey Volunteers. In a short time our force came in conflict with the Rebels.

"It was short but very decisive. The Rebel cavalry [1st North Carolina], led by Colonel Thomas Ruffin, charged furiously upon the deployed 126th, and were most gallantly repulsed, with the loss of their leader, who was mortally wounded.

"Our march from this point, past Catlett's Station and along the railroad, was not interrupted until we arrived at Bristoe Station. It was there announced that the Rebels were advancing in line of battle to attack our flank. As soon as possible the successive brigades of the division were put in rapid motion and flanked to meet the Rebel line. The contest was for possession of the line of railroad, which offered a strong defense. We gained it, and met the Rebels with a withering fire of musketry, while our artillery played upon them from the rear.

"The results of our victory are marked by two stands of colors and the possession of five pieces of artillery, which the Rebels left behind. General Webb's [the Second] Division occupied our right, while General Caldwell's First Division held the position on our left. Colonel Carroll, commanding the First Brigade of the Third Division, also arrived from the rear, and took position on the extreme left of the line of battle.

"After the first repulse of the Rebels, the Second Brigade of the Third Division, commanded by Colonel Smyth, advanced through the dense grove of pines in advance of the left of the division, and approached the point of attack. In the meantime, a line of skirmishers, detailed from regiments, brigades and division without distinction, advanced to the woods and withdrew the artillery captured.

"A second attack was attempted, but was repulsed by our artillery without the aid of infantry.

"I respectfully refer to the accompanying reports of my brigade commanders for full particulars—Brigadier General J. T. Owen, commander Third Brigade; Colonel S. S. Carroll, commanding First Brigade, and Colonel T. A. Smyth, commanding Second Brigade. To them, and to their sub-

ordinate officers and men, is due the credit of our almost perfect success.

"To my personal staff—Adjutant General G. P. Corts, aides, Lieut. David Shields and J. S. Sullivan; Lieut. W. E. Potter, ordnance officer, and Capt. J. C. Lynch, division inspector—I feel deeply indebted for their effective assistance in the attack and on all other occasions.

"Respectfully submitted,

"[Signed] Alexander Hays,
"Brigadier General Commanding."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Near Warrenton, Va.,
October 23rd, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"Yours of the date 18th, mailed 19th, just arrived; anticipated by one from Annie, dated 18th, mailed 20th; anticipating yours one day.

"It is, however, very welcome, with its enclosed Chronicle scrap; exceedingly flattering. I do not know, but I am too careless personally, of public opinion, but when it pleases my friends at home I am not insensible to it.

"I will enclose my official report of the operations of my command on the 14th inst. [I have here consulted Webster's Unabridged, and find he does not define the day before, or the day after. I mean the day that has passed].

"The understanding must be that this report is only for the satisfaction of my personal friends, and not to be published in anticipation of official publication.

"I send you, once in a while, some old thing which I pick up, not exactly knowing your taste for antiques. The last I sent was a bill for 'nigger lodging,' made out in 1740, and picked up on the battlefield of Bristoe. I have also a padlock, made probably by a Yankee, subject to your order.

"But I must go back to your letter.

"We have the bullyest little general in the army and his name is Warren. I will venture a prophecy on him—that he will in time command us all, although he is my junior by ten years.¹

"As for your friend, 'Billy' Hays,² he has properly been retired from active service, and is now detailed as a president of a court-martial in Washington. There is no doubt of identity now, at least in the army.

¹ Warren was born in 1830, Hays in 1819.

² About this time General William Hays was assigned as provost marshal of the Southern District of New York, with headquarters in the city, where he remained until February, 1865, when he rejoined the Army of the Potomac, serving until Appomattox part of the time in command of the Second Division of the Second Corps.

"He belongs properly to the Second Brigade of my division.

"I have told you often, but you appear to have no faith in my preaching, 'Save me from my friends, and I can take care of my enemies myself.' I am not beloved in 'The Regular Army,' but I can fight it out with 'The Volunteers.'

"I am pleased with my present command, and could relate incidents which would show their interests with me, but I have neither time nor space. I am perhaps a little severe, but they know it is from no whim, but for their own benefit.

"I have also advised you to have no faith in newspaper correspondents' reports. If I had power I would suppress them all. In our retiring from the Rapid Ann [that is the way to spell it] there was nothing to characterize it as a retreat. The whole march was as orderly as a holiday parade. We lost nothing, and when we found the Rebels near us turned and whipped them handsomely. I think it no compliment to us to say it was a retreat.

"We are again near the Rappahannock and can whip them again. One thing is certain, while our men are gaining confidence in themselves, and their leaders, the case is reversed with the 'Rebs.'

"All is gloom on their side, while ours, though always confident, has been raised to the maximum by our late encounters and recent news from Pennsylvania and Ohio. Tomorrow we will fight better than ever before. God bless the boys—how it pains me to punish or curb their natural desire to steal Rebel produce.

"I saw young Harper¹ near the Rapid Ann, and was very much pleased with him. He is a boy any 'daddy' ought to be pleased with [proud, I mean], and I would be very much pleased, independent of the many obligations I owe his father, to be able to tender him a place on my staff. I have now in Kennedy's place a most gallant young 'Hoosier'² and cannot displace him.

"I regret George did not succeed in his mission to Washington, but hope it will all be right. I know it will. Is old Butler dead at last?

"If dear mother was not so conscientious I would send her my especial blessing.

"October 26th, Morning.

"I feel so much relieved from what I have suffered that I announce it. I am still very sore, but happy, with a large fire in front of my tent and an oven full of coals at my feet.

¹ Albert Metcalfe Harper, adjutant of the 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers, son of John Harper, president of the Bank of Pittsburgh. Lieut. Harper served with the regiment until September 4, 1864, having been wounded in the Wilderness, and later on staff duty, attaining the rank of brevet major.

² Lieut. John S. Sullivan, 14th Indiana Regiment.

"I think my ailings have their origin in a severe wrench which the lamented 'Dan' gave me at Centreville shortly preceding his honorable death. It will at least serve as a memento of him.

"I may stop abruptly in my writing, as I have taken the mail into my own hands, and will neither delay it myself or allow others to delay it.

"I am anxious to see that sword¹ and have the ceremony over, as I suppose I must go through a 'marriage ceremony' with it, and I hate all other ceremonies, except that which bound me to you or you to me, as you please.

"I hear Fowler calling mail, and you must be satisfied with this brief scribble.

"Will you believe me, but I actually do, that I have found my grandmother's family in this region? Their name is Milligan and mighty decent people, and if they do not much resemble the 'Broadfoots' I am not my mother's son. Besides, they came from Galloway. Time is up, and dispatches must close. Again, love to all.

"Yours,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Near Warrenton, Va.,
October 28th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"I write with effort, but suppose I must write. Although I have received no letter from you for several days, other letters I receive daily. Since I wrote I have suffered intensely with rheumatism. I have had several days of torture, and my nerves are yet so unstrung that I can scarcely hold my pen.

"I think it originated in an injury received at Centreville riding 'Dan' and a ducking, which I got a few days before our arrival. 'Secessia' and I fell together into a deep stream on the march, and I was forced to spend the night in wet garments.

"I think it is past for the present, as I again feel easy, except that I have not regained the strength lost.

"We have no news of any immediate change. We read the news from 'The Army of the Potomac' and laugh over their absurdity.

"Warren called and spent several hours with me this morning. I must confess a great liking for him and increasing. He has our confidence fully.

"You will excuse me now for closing, excepting that in a day or two, the first opportunity, I will remit to you two hundred dollars.

"Love to all.

"Alex.

¹ A costly and magnificent sword presented to General Hays by the citizens of Pittsburgh.

"Morning, 29th.

"The mail man has not yet called and I can add something. I feel better after a night's good rest, and have finished a breakfast on dry toast and a cup of coffee. I have eaten nothing for several days. I have a comfortable tent, with fireplace, and would not be better situated in a house.

"Last night, after I had written, I was waited upon by Colonel Smyth, commanding, and the officers of the Second Brigade. The band of the 14th Connecticut attended and played most sweetly. I enjoyed it very much. I am much flattered by the attention of my officers.

"I would like very much you could enjoy our music. We have four excellent bands in the division, and the country resounds with competing performances. The other divisions have but one band.

Henry requests me to say that he is well and doing well. I do not know how I could get along without him. All the others of the family are in good health and spirits.

"Tomorrow I hope to be able to again take the saddle.

"Love to all and God bless you, but write oftener.

"Yours,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Near Warrenton, Va.,
October 29th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"You will receive two letters by the mail which carries this. Last night I wrote one, which is still on hand, as the carrier imagined I was not well enough to write and left without reporting to me, as his orders and custom are. I am glad of it, for last night I felt miserable, and this will relieve any anxiety you otherwise might have felt.

"I feel tonight like 'the ace of clubs,' which is trump in our corps; not only for restored health, but on account of your letter of the 25th inst., just received.

"Perhaps the new flag which we received, which has flaunted so defiantly all day before my quarters, had some effect, or maybe the satisfactory drilling of my command in full view, with the exhilarating music of four fine bands, or perhaps the reception of three 'counterfeit presentments' of 'the gal I love,' have all conduced to make me happy.

"The weather is delightful for the season, but the nights are cold. I am, however, comfortable in a good tent, with a good fire radiated from 'a California stove.' The boys see me, as they pass, engaged, and I will not be interrupted.

"I believe I owe none at home, for correspondence, except Rachel, for several letters, which she has never written.

"Now, for your letters. You mistake that I ever complain—that is inconsistent with the character I sustain in the army. Sometimes I explode, and scatter smaller projectiles [?], like a scrapnel shell, but I never complain, merely report facts.

"I am certain you are innocent, therefore the blame is imposed upon 'Little Jim.'¹ He can bear it.

"I don't know 'at once' where that slip came from, but believe from the New York Herald on or about the 17th of October. I enclose the list of 'Tythables,' which you observe is dated A. D. 1740.

Your photographs are excellent, and there is a demand for them, as there is a desire to show 'the old couple' together, so you see you are not without a share in our glory. Send more.

"I do not wonder so little interest is felt now for operations in the Army of the Potomac. We want faith, and yet when the brunt comes we are always here.

"As to the proposed visit, it will be acceptable to me, as you have never known your presence otherwise than desirable to me, and it never will be, but you must await our settling down for the winter, and then I will file orders.

"I wrote yesterday concerning your allowance, and am embarrassing myself, for the present, in affording it. I have not yet heard of Major Newell's, and until I can forward him vouchers cannot expect him to pay the account. It will be attended to as soon as possible. I am also sending in my claims for horses, without a doubt of their being granted, in which case I can afford to be liberal on Christmas.

"I hope the present remittance will arrive in time to suit your wants next week.

"I will send you all the photographs I can procure.

"Love to all and kind regards.

"Yours,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,
November 1st, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"Received yours of the 28th this night, and from an apprehension that we move between this 11 o'clock P. M. and tomorrow morning I have arisen from my bed to write.

"I feel perfectly well again, excepting somewhat weak, but I will feel better after a little exercise.

"If time is permitted I will continue this with daylight; if not, good-night. Some love to all, and all love to some.

"Yours,
"Alex."

¹ The general's little son.

"Morning, November 2nd.

"Reveille is sounding, and no orders have been received. It is, I believe, only intended to move a few miles out to protect the repairing of the railroad, and it may be possible that we shall not change our position just at present.

"I regret that you have not received my letters promptly and punctually, as I have written at least every other day—once at least, two by the same mail.

"I feel exceedingly well this morning, although quite weak. If we move I will miss my very comfortable fireplace, but I can soon have another constructed.

"To make amends for the delay of writing, a charge of writing 'poor, little, sickly letters,' I will say the one received last night was anything else, most excellent.

"We have not seen the charge against Negley,¹ but it is evident he cannot be in arrest, as we hear he is in Washington.

"If we find a few days' settlement I will be compelled to go to Washington to purchase some clothes, as I am rowdy, if not naked. I can dress as I please at home here, but I have nothing for any state occasion. Do you know I left my old general's coat at home, which I did not intend. Send it and boots, by Adams express, to Washington.

"You see I have spun out a respectable letter [for length].

"Be patient, and your remittance will come as early as possible.

"Again, God bless you all, with an abundance of love. Corts, Shields and all other friends are well.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

[Received November 6th, supposed to have been written on the
2nd inst.]

"Headquarters Right Grand Division, Army of the Potomac,
"Near Warrenton, Va., November 2, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"The first twang of the bugle says it is morning, and now it is rolling across the plain from corps to corps, calling Uncle Sam's boys up for another day's work.

"Miles away I hear the scream of a locomotive [so conducive of homesickness among us] bringing up our daily bread—without a prayer, but with many a curse if it fails on time.

"In the beautiful German dialect we are 'shust where we used to was' the last day I wrote. The weather has been,

¹ Major General James S. Negley of Pittsburgh, who had his trouble about this time, but was exonerated.

and is, delightful for the season. Each day of ours, so monotonous to us, would be a gala day in any city. Our daily drills, enlivened by bands of music, would appear to a novice more like the preparations for a wedding than a fight.

"It is probable we break camp today to take a new position, perhaps for the winter. As for the prospects for a fight the indications are small, although it is understood among us that Meade has ordered we must fight. I believe our general's proclivities tend more toward the cowl than the lance.

"I am very thankful for your last letter, received two days ago. I have searched for it now, but find it mislaid among a bushel of court-martial papers which I have been reviewing. I therefore cannot answer it in detail. These court-martial papers are a great bore. For two days I have been at them and reviewed three pecks. So far found no one worthy to be hung. If I should find a mortal case you can tell mother I will call upon her name as an agent of mercy, and if the scoundrel does not deserve he shall not be shot.

"Your friend, 'Billy' Hays, has been again assigned to New York City. The administration knows itself when it sends such men to the rear. He is most unpopular in this command. I think there will be a general settling¹ of McClellan men this winter.

"I have no news, and now my mail bag is calling for letters. It is very probable that we will winter in the old city of Fredericksburg, in which case you will provide a superintendent for the Hays family, as the present incumbent will be ordered on forthwith.

"I would fill this sheet if time permitted, but it must go.

"By the way, I am afraid I will lose the Kirkwood horse. He has what is very prevalent among the animals in the army—rotten hoof. I don't know that it will make much difference; he is a very hard case.

"Corts, Shields and all are well. I myself never felt better, except that I am weak.

"Love to all and regards to friends generally.

"The letter of young Harper¹ is excellent, and his judgment is better. I have intended, as soon as possible, to offer him a place on my staff. More, anon.

"Yours,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"Near Warrenton, Va., November 6th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"Just received yours, dated 1st, mailed 3rd November, but it is very welcome. Don't know that there is anything

¹ The "settling" came in the spring and included more than McClellan men.

¹ Lieut. Albert M. Harper, 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

to communicate, except that I am regaining health and strength. I need it, for I have suffered much. It is ten days since I have been confined to my tent; once I ventured to call for 'Secessia,' and rode over to Warren's and spent several hours with him, but I suffered a reaction and paid for my enjoyment. I feel perfectly well and at ease, but my weakness makes me miserable. I have not at any time relinquished my official duties, but I feel as if I was a fit subject for woman's domination [and sympathy].

Last night Dr. Marks¹ announced himself, and we were well pleased to see him. Until 12 o'clock last night we fought our battles over again, and the time passed very agreeably. Today the doctor is out on reconnaissance and promises to return tonight. I don't know what he is driving after. He is much pleased with the sale of his book.²

"Now comes in the newspaper boy, with nothing interesting in his papers except the capture of General Geary³ and his staff. This is one of our daily episodes, but we lament the dearth of news.

"Much obliged for your picture. It is in demand. As I can obtain those of my officers I will forward them.

"By Dr. Marks I will send down your pay account, and you will soon receive your portion.

"At this time I write, not from inclination, but from the fact that our mail hour is changed, and the mail closes in the evening, which is now at hand. I write and will continue to write often as I have opportunity. For some days past I have been engaged reviewing court-martial proceedings, a most tedious duty. But there are cases of life or death in some, and I must perform the duty of a righteous judge.

"No intimation of a settlement for winter. The first you shall hear.

"Tell Rose⁴ to crack ahead with her correspondence [or anybody else], and it shall receive prompt attention. [Photographs not solicited].

"Love to all, and I await that letter from mother, whenever her dear health permits, impatiently.

"Yours,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Brandywine Station, Near Culpepper, Va.,

"November 10th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"You would not wonder at the scribble of this note if you knew how cold it is tonight, and, besides, I have had a relapse of my illness and am very nervous.

¹ Doctor Marks, chaplain, 63rd Regiment.

² "The Pennsylvania Campaign."

³ A canard.

⁴ Miss Rose Irwin, of a prominent Pittsburgh family.

"In my efforts to keep up I have been necessarily exposed and now feel the consequences. I have never, however, left the head of my column; my boys expect me there, and as long as possible I will not be wanting. I was detached yesterday from the corps and sent to reinforce General French¹ in anticipation of a battle. Tomorrow at 7 o'clock I move to rejoin Warren near Culpepper. The enemy have fled, and we do not anticipate a fight soon.

"Dr. Marks has been with me several days, and will return to Washington in a day or two. If I can obtain blanks I will send by him a month's pay. I regret that you have not had it already, but it was impossible to send it safely. If you should still be disappointed do the best you can, and the delay will be no fault of mine.

"I think likely we will retrograde again in a few days and go into winter quarters. Then I will make up for all deficiencies.

"Mails are very uncertain with us, although 'Dave' got a letter from his charmer today. I got none from mine. Now, this is only intended to set your mind at ease. I will write again tomorrow and daily when possible. I am writing upon a rough board, with an old worn-out pen, and think I have done well under the circumstances.

"All the boys are well and are enjoying our good camp-fire, and so I will join them and warm for bed.

"God bless you and love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"P. S.—Of course you will have received the announcement of Capt. Maynard's² death, as I wrote of it."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Headquarters, Third Division, Second Corps,
"Milton Mills, on Mountain Run,
Three Miles From Culpepper, Va.,
November 11th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"I have received yours of Saturday, the 7th, and am under obligations, as I feel completely restored to health. You need have no apprehensions concerning me on that score. I have suffered considerably within the last ten days. It is probable the original causes—rheumatism, exposure and a severe

¹ Commanding Third Corps. De Trobriand's Brigade of Ward's Division had a stiff fight on the 7th at Kelly's Ford, and the Fifth and Sixth Corps at Rappahannock Station the same day.

² Capt. Timothy L. Maynard of Company B, 63rd Pennsylvania, killed on the 7th at Kelly's Ford, at the time acting commissary of subsistence, First Brigade, First Division, Third Corps.

bilious attack—were aggravated by my persistence in keeping ahead of my column through thick and thin.

"Since our arrival at this point yesterday morning I have occupied a very comfortable room, and last night slept on a real feather bed. I feel like a new being, and will be fully competent to go it again when we march.

"Why should I not be in my place when everybody expects me there? The men, I know, would miss me. I have been complimented on the improved discipline of the command since it fell to me, and certain I am there is no more reliable set in the army. The affair of Auburn and Bristoe has given more confidence, and I have never known the men more confident.

"The papers have carried you all the news [and a great deal more] of our late operations, and certain ones have been highly complimented, which the army believe is undeserved. We still want faith.

"It is probable we will remain in our present position some days. As far as I am concerned, I am satisfied, as we have plenty of wood and water.

"I will endeavor to comply with your request for copies of reports—in fact, I would like to see them myself.

* * * * *

"I must answer you that I have had many intimations of promotion, but not one realization. All in good time, I hope. It is nothing unusual, such situations as mine, and I suppose no action will be had in the case until Congress meets.

"Another trouble in your mind I will endeavor to efface. The Kirkwood horse is mine, as I understand per agreement, dead or alive. I am at present not able to draw my dues from the government, but as soon as possible will do so and transmit the amount to you.

"I wish you could witness the scene of our army camp tonight. The entire country is illuminated with fires, and in one locality the woods are on fire. Who will say 'Old Virginny?'

"I have written almost daily, often when totally unfitted for such a task. I will continue to write as often as possible. I have another letter to write before bedtime, and delinquent as I usually am, I feel in the case of your last, with this as Fehl expressed himself when he gave his due bill, 'Well, that debt's paid.'

"There is nothing of interest to communicate. When so, you shall hear. Love to all at home and regards to friends.

"Yours,

"Alex.

"P. S.—The evacuation of Richmond has not been officially announced to this army up to 11 o'clock P. M., and I do not think it will be for some time to come. I write to Annie."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Milton Mills, Va., November 12th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"I wrote a note yesterday morning and discovered that I dated it one day in advance. Last night I wrote to your father, and alas! for good intentions, designed to get up early in the morning and write you a long and loving letter. I was called to consciousness by Henry announcing 9 o'clock, so no long letter can go in this day's mail.

"I feel as well as ever this morning, but will nurse myself as long as I can. Dr. Marks left yesterday for Washington and carried two hundred and fifty dollars for you. It was all I could borrow, and we have no chance to draw pay. Let me know of its receipt, otherwise write to Dr. M. at Washington.

"My headquarters are at the Fitzhugh House, a noted locality in old times, and a grand old place it is. I am as comfortable as if at home, with a good fire, and fancy furniture and a comfortable feather bed, big enough for two.

"My troops are encamped below in full view. Last night the Connecticut band gave us a serenade, to the great delight of the Fitzhughs. The family consists of one old man and two old women. They are the most sensible people I have met in Virginia, and do not talk 'secesh,' although they are full of it. I get from them fresh milk, cream and butter; in consequence, I live high.

"Love to all, and a heap to yourself. I thought of you all long before I could sleep.

"Yours,

"Alex.

"No mail carrier yet, so here goes for more. I have had breakfast—excellent coffee, with thick, sweet cream; pitcher of fresh milk, hash with toast, and butter that makes me homesick.

"On my dressing stand are rosebuds, one of which I enclose.

"Taking all things into consideration, I am not the most miserable creature in this world.

"I would write you some love, but someone else might open this letter. You can, however, write safely to me, and you must explain circumstances, as I am anxious.

"We will soon see where our winter quarters are to be, and then perhaps we will more than see.

"Alex.

"All are well and send love."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Mountain Run, Va., November 12th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I wrote you yesterday, and again today, that you may be assured of my good health. I have headquarters in a big, comfortable house, much to my satisfaction. I feel quite restored, excepting a little weakness.

"Dr. Marks¹ left early this morning and has taken two hundred and fifty dollars for you, which I hope you will receive promptly. I had no time to spare so that this may go by mail.

"A letter from your father last night. Will write at length tomorrow.

"All well. Love to all.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"Milton Mills, Va., November 15th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"I write merely for the satisfaction it will give to know that we are all well. Last night it stormed terribly, but this morning it cleared away, and we received orders to hold ourselves ready to march—no one knows where, but we will see. I am loath to leave my snug country quarters.

"You will receive the earliest information whatever turns up. I am exceedingly busy, and you will excuse a dearth of news and the omission of expressions of love, etc., in this. No letter from home for two days.

"Love to all.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Corps,

"Milton Mills, Va., November 18th, 1863.

"Dear Sir:

"The express mule train, U. S. mail, brought yours of the 14th last evening; also a remittance from my dear guardian angel of a pair of warm, comfortable gloves, which I suppose instinct told her I needed very much. All was very acceptable, and I am much envied for my possessions.

"We are in 'statuo quo,' and have been annihilating Lee's forces by 'masterly inactivity.' Ten days we have 'eaten,

¹ Dr. Marks, former chaplain of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers.

drunk and been merry,' probably under the continuation that next spring we must die.¹

"I have no doubt [?] it is all right, but it is galling to our army. We have orders to move today, and should the Rebels oppose our march, on the banks of the Rapid-Ann, you will hear of the most fearful conflict of the war, as we are bound to get through. Our army has never been in better condition. Such men as we have are really veterans, and fully conscious of their superiority over any enemy, are anxious to close upon them and, if possible, give them the cold steel.

"Our corps is probably the smallest, numerically, in the army, but it stands pre-eminent in prestige, equal to any. We have no dissensions, and what Frenchmen call 'entente cordials' pervade the mass.

"Intending to write much more at length, I am admonished by the conductor of my U. S. mule mail train that the hour of departure has arrived, and as I allow no one to violate the mail law, which I have established, I do not wish to violate it myself. I will write again today, if we do not move.

"All are well, and I have never felt better, but I did suffer terribly for a time. I never felt more sanguine or better able to endure the exposures of a winter campaign. I will accept your suggestion to take better care of myself, but I always fear to set example.

"I have heard nothing of the sword. What of it? I have had an intimation that a horse is in New York and only awaits transportation to me.

"Regards to all friends and love to all at home. Is dear mother offended that she will not write to me?

"Yours,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Milton Mills, Va., November 20th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"Seventeenth just came, and in the midst of bustle to provide clothes and rations for my men I can scarcely afford to write. If I do not write it may be impossible to do so tomorrow. I have never felt so indignant with my officers and would not, if I could postpone, write one word. But I will make them pay for it before I rest, and will try to curb my temper to write decently.

"I have acknowledged the receipt of your gloves, and can only assure you again that they were most acceptable and much needed.

"The boots of Corts were received, and if I called for

¹ Most prophetic.

another pair it was unintentional. He does not want them. Keep mine until further orders.

"I am really delighted to have such good reports from the children. Hoping it will always be so. I send some new currency as rewards of merit, to be distributed accordingly.

"I regret exceedingly to hear of dear mother's continued illness, but hope it will pass away. I know what it is to suffer, but mine has all passed away. As evidence of restored health, I yesterday rode 'Thunder' through all the camps, to the great admiration of the men. Ditches and fences are no obstacle, and I love the horse for his human spirit. 'Secessia' is as spirited and as gay as ever. Sometimes my love to those at home induces me to sell her for two hundred dollars, which I am freely offered. But, like an Arab, I look once at the gold and again at my mare, and space soon separates us from the tempter.

"We are now provided with rations for twenty days, which will take us to Richmond as the crow flies. But you must wait for further developments. I know that you will all have that abiding faith and trust which I have, that all will be right.

"I will write you a love letter next time.

"Enclosed is a rosebud for whoever deserves it.

"Love to all and regards to friends.

"Yours,

"Alex.

"P. S.—'Peggy'¹ is well."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Milton Mills, Culpepper, Va.,
November 16th, 1863.

"Dear Annie:

"If this is not an evidence of devotion, to be writing at 2 o'clock A. M., I am no judge of weaknesses. I have been to bed, but could not sleep. Thought may have kept me awake, but, judging from the sonorous snores which Thompson is now endeavoring to make musical, you must attribute this favor to him. I was half asleep and dreamed I was aboard a high-pressure steamboat, which was blowing mud out of its boilers, and burst. But it was only Thompson snoring. I did not intend, or rather, did not expect, to have another opportunity to write after my short note of yesterday morning. Then we have orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, and the boom of heavy guns in our front towards Slaughter Mountain appeared to confirm the probability. The morning was dark and gloomy after a night of heavy rainfall. The streams came leaping down from the mountains in torrents, and the prospect was most dismal. We were not,

¹ "Peggy," the cow.

however, required to move, and about 10 o'clock we had an exhibition of a magnificent rainbow. The clouds broke away. 'The sun resumed his silver cast and shone adown the west.'

"We are still, however, prepared to depart at any moment, which will explain my writing at this untimely hour.

"Yours of the 12th inst. came yesterday; also the 10th inst., with Agnes' picture, received. The dewdrops glistened in my eyes when I received it, but I soon dispelled them by going out on the porch and lecturing every nigger in sight. The picture is very good, not flattering, and I find I am not the only admirer. If she is as good as she looks, I am satisfied. I want the others. Send them to me, for I have little to look upon in the way of faces divine, except those of my soldiers, bronzed and rough though they be, and although they light up with pleasure when I appear among them, it reminds me of the next death feast we may be called to partake of. I have not seen them much of late except to lead at the head of the column, but they realize that I feel the deepest interest in them, and I think they return the feeling with interest.

"They are very much like school boys, and tonight stole my landlady's old sow, but I cannot detect the culprit, and, per consequence, am obliged to attach no criminality thereto. I warned her to keep up the pig.

"The Second Army Corps, excepting the Third Division, was not near a fight in the last crossing of the Rappahannock. We were sent to support the Third Corps, which had some fighting, and as we went marching along buried several dead that others had killed. But we did not kill even a child. If the Third Corps, supported by the Third Division, had been let alone, Lee would not now be on the banks of the Rapid-Ann.¹

"Since I have lodged with the Fitzhughs I have fared finely. With the usual supply of army stores, I have had cream, sweet milk, buttermilk and fresh butter, with corn cakes, ad libitum. Everybody wants to board with me, but since I turned off my staff I have become extremely exclusive. In my housekeeping arrangements for the future I have purchased a fine cow, and intend to board alone. I believe I could churn, if settled down.

"No one knows where we will winter, but as early as possible you will have an answer to your behests, as I am quite as anxious as anybody else.

"If Dr. M. has not forwarded remittance, write to him.

"I am confidentially informed that J. B. McF., Jr.,² has gone to Philadelphia upon a special call. We shall see.

"The same old love to all.

¹ The old name.

² James B. McFadden, Jr.

"All are well here and send regards. Want Rachel to write to Chi-ca-go.

"Yours,
"Alex.

"P. S.—I will be uneasy until I hear from you. Life is not life without you.

"I have a bushel of flowers, but have no one to assort them.

"My health was never better. My leg is growing stronger, and the dimming of my eye does not prevent me from enjoying nature as she so lavishly develops herself here.

"Your husband,
"Alex.

"Send more of your photographs, and some of Agnes'. I want Jim."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Milton Mills, Va., November 22nd, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"It is rare that any communication from home puts me in a fluster, but taken in connection with one from Kennedy, which I received today, I am all in a fizz. He requests me to endorse his defection of last July, which I will not do. I have requested to have him relieved from my staff, and have placed the boy, Sullivan,¹ in his place.

"I have ten on the staff, and they are all loyal, good and true, but I live a secluded life and see them rarely.

"Thompson² 'rings in' at bedtime. I suppose because he is fond of a feather bed and at breakfast he is some on corn cakes.

"Peggy continues to improve on milk, as she is now getting chopped slops, and we are happy in anticipation of a forward movement. We have not got the Hohenlinden fever, although tomorrow it may be 'On, ye brave, who rush to glory or the grave.'

"All are now asleep and I am left uninterrupted. I will therefore take up your letter of the 19th and answer.

"You speak of Gettysburg while our hearts are sick that history should be so prostituted, in the words of Mr. Everett, and that our fair fame should be taken from us by such grossly misrepresentations as have been made. Can men, having conscience, standing upon the graves of our lost comrades, utter and pervert the truth so foully as has been

¹ Lieut. John S. Sullivan, 14th Indiana, who married the general's daughter, Rachel, after the war.

² William Thompson, a staff officer, of West Newton, Pa., mentioned in the general's letter of April, 1863, as the general's new corresponding secretary.

done to us? Our ground, consecrated by the blood of three thousand of our best men, is ignored by the political tricksters, and we have no thanks for hurling back the legions who assailed us on the 3rd of July? Meade's report was enough to crush our enthusiasm, but Everett's polished speech makes us hesitate and doubt our own identity. Perhaps we were not at Gettysburg! Oh, foul, most foul!

"The political dodges at Gettysburg will recoil upon somebody's head unless the coming melee of the Rapid-Ann, by wiping out the projections, shall hereafter blot it out from the page of history.

* * * * *

"I will retire to my peaceful couch, where T——,¹ with a 'p,' is now innocently snoring. Tomorrow we may be 'en route' for Richmond. If not, I will write again. So far as health and wealth is concerned, I have every reason to be satisfied. I have abundance of the former and ten cents of the latter.

"All are well. Love to dear ones at home, and kind regards to friends. We are all well.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Milton Mills, Va., November 23, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"The fiat has come, and tomorrow morning at daylight the Third Division will be en route for Germania Ford, on the Rapid-Ann. It is no less strange than true, but of which we are very proud, that our corps is always ordered in advance when we move forward. When we recede the corps, with the Third Division, closes the column. You will consequently hear no more from me for several days, but you will feel assured that your soldier is at his post.

"Caldwell² leads us tomorrow, which will bring us to the Fording, and the next day, if the 'Rebs' oppose us, the Third will go forward as the 'forlorn hope' [misnamed forlorn].

"We are sanguine, and I am sure of my command.

"It is now late and I must sleep for tomorrow. God bless you all and pass my love around.

"All are well—Corts, Shields and Sullivan.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

¹ Capt. Thompson.

² General John C. Caldwell, with the First Division.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Fitzhugh House, Milton Mills, Va.,
December 3rd, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I know you will be surprised at the above address, when you are looking for the announcement of our arrival at Richmond. We returned to our old quarters last night, and I again occupied the little room and feather bed. I never was more fatigued, having been almost constantly in the saddle for twenty-four hours, and completed a march of over thirty miles.

"Such a sleep as mine last night no man ever enjoyed. I took exclusive possession of the entire feather bed, and did not awaken until 9 o'clock this morning.

"You are aware from my letters that 'we crossed the borders' after breaking camp on the 26th. That day we pushed forward across the Rapid-Ann and camped on Flat Run for the night. Next morning early we took the 'Orange and Alexandria Turnpike,' and after a few hours' march, the Third Division in advance [as usual], our advance discovered that of the enemy. Pressing rapidly forward the division gained a crest of ridge at 'Locust Grove,' or 'Robertson's old tavern,' and skirmishing began in earnest. It was very interesting, as both lines were in full view.

"Towards evening we became tired of such child's play and concluded to close on the 'Rebs.' It was done most gallantly after a determined resistance, and the poor Johnnies were driven pellmell from their position with great loss. Our own loss was considerable—about one hundred.

"Next day we were again ordered to advance, and drove the enemy before us for three miles, until we reached Mine Run, where the skirmishing again became hot and heavy and was continued all day.

"Directly in front and view the enemy had constructed strong earthworks in a position which it would have been worse than folly to attack them.

"Next day [29th] we were relieved by the Fifth Corps and marched ten or twelve miles to our left, of which our corps formed the extreme. Here again we found the enemy, after considerable skirmishing, to be also entrenching himself. That night [Sunday], while you were all probably at your prayers, we waited the order to attack. It came, but was countermanded. If we had fought then there would have been no doubt of our success, as we had undoubtedly surprised the enemy.

"The position of the Third Division was on the extreme left of the army, and gave us a good opportunity of observation. At 2 o'clock next morning it was aroused by General Warren, and received an order to attack at 8 o'clock follow-

ing. At 6 o'clock the division moved silently through the darkness, and advanced about a mile to our picket line, confronting the enemy's works. Daylight came and revealed something unexpected. Across the marshy meadow over which we were to charge loomed up as formidable a line of works as those we had left the preceding day. It appeared, however, as if the die was cast for us. The order to charge was peremptory. As the hour of 8:00 approached anxious groups were to be seen discussing the probabilities of the day. Wills were made and promises received of 'love tokens' to be restored if in event of death—. Not a man, however, blanched or quailed, but determined to carry on the work if they died, and they would have dared it. The hour of 8:00 approached, and the bugler stood ready to sound the charge, and then came a suspension of the order. All day long, however, each man stood to his gun until after nightfall, and under its cover we withdrew to our strong position in the rear.

"Imagine ten thousand men in such a position for twelve hours in succession, expecting almost every minute a 'death warrant,' and yet no casual observer would have discovered any of the effects of such a probability.

"It was 'facing death' with a vengeance. Still, they cooked their dinners, and talked almost as gaily as in camp.

"Next day we held our position, and the next, at 9 o'clock P. M., silently withdrew without the knowledge or permission of the Rebels, and arrived, after a march of thirty miles, at this place.

"I have written you a history of the campaign into 'The Wilderness,' and so mote it be.

"Today, the first for a week, we received papers, and it is amazing to read them. 'The greatest battle of the war' was imminent, but did not come off—I suppose to the great disappointment of 'blood suckers.' Well, I am satisfied that it is so. The carnage would have been fearful, while those who suffered would have been exposed to all the horrors of exposure and want. Scarcely a house remains throughout the country, and no transportation was at hand.

"Even from the events I have related I have realized great satisfaction, in the increased confidence, both from officers and men, exhibited in action and expressions, to me.

"Now, I am awaiting the arrival of our mail, not received for a week, and it will be welcome. I may, however, here say that, notwithstanding the exposures of our trip, I have never felt better than tonight. My disabilities have disappeared and a good condition followed. I have an appetite like a shark. For breakfast I took Boston crackers, broiled mackerel, coffee and cream, and cream without coffee. 'Peggy' is a trump and accompanied me on our last campaign.

"Well, the mail has arrived, with two letters from you

of the 26th and 29th. You were at one concert on Thanksgiving Day, and I was performing in another at the precise same time. Is that not a coincidence?

"I am now about to come to a close, having nothing more to say, but I think an old woman like you ought to be satisfied with six pages.

"I met young Harper¹ yesterday evening. He is in excellent health and spirits, and is a most excellent young man.

"Corts, Shields and Sullivan, as well as all others of the staff, are well.

"What has become of that sword? I have fought three times since Gettysburg, and ought to receive several others.

"By the way, as a joke, on the 27th I whipped my namesake from Louisiana.²

"Love to all and God bless you all.

"Say to George³ that I will write to him in a day or two, and say to Katie⁴ that I still love her very much.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"December 4th, 12 O'clock M. Night.

"It is reported that Lee is again advancing. If so, he is mad.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

[Date not on letter—is between December 4th and 11th, 1863.]

"Near Stevensburg, Va.

"Dear Wife:

"Since I wrote two of yours have come to hand, and the only reason why I have not written as often, and promptly since, was by reason of total inability. The day of our last march was very disagreeable, and while waiting for the preparation of my quarters I contracted a very heavy cold. It pervaded my entire system, and settled into a rheumatism. With the consequences of a free application of mustard to my body, I am again relieved, excepting the parboiling to which I have subjected myself.

"It is extremely uncertain if our present location is to be for 'winter quarters.' It is, however, very doubtful. Notwithstanding this, we have constructed good, comfortable habitations. Lumber was found in abundance in the vicinity, and I have a very cozy single room. It is still believed that we will fall back to a point nearer Washington.

¹ Lieut. Albert M. Harper, 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

² General Harry T. Hays, commanding the brigade of Early's Division of Ewell's Corps, generally known as the "Louisiana Tigers."

³ George W. Murphy.

⁴ George W. Murphy's daughter.

526 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

"The fact is we are too near the enemy to rely upon a winter's quiet, but I will keep you posted, and as soon as safe you will receive a winter's ticket. I only write now to relieve any anxiety you may feel, and wish you to be assured that we are comfortable.

"If I should find myself subject to a recurrence of the rheumatism I shall be permitted to go on home.

"Love to all, and I will write you tomorrow, etc., etc.

"All the boys are well.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Milton Mills, Fitzhugh House, Va.,
December 4th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"I did not intend to write tonight, as I wrote so extensively last, but another order has come to move.

"We move tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock to Stevensburg, three miles distant, and are of the opinion that will be our winter quarters. What my position will be I cannot imagine until I occupy it, and then I will inform you. It is said that houses and pretty girls abound there.

"Nothing has transpired since I wrote, except that last night we were 'scared to death' by an announcement that the 'bugbear,' Lee, was coming; but he did not come.

"I enclose two remittances, one from Mr. H. Stafford,¹ of my staff, as is, say twenty dollars, in Confederate scrip, which he says he owes you. Very good! The other is a clip from the Washington Evening Chronicle, which gives the best, though far from good, account of our 'sojourn in the Wilderness.'

"We are looking for a 'good time coming,' and I will write again tomorrow night. Love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va., December 11th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"While Edwin is preparing supper I will inform you, as perhaps the most deeply interested individual, that I expect to leave 'on sick leave' for Washington tomorrow. My rheumatics has proved more obstinate than was anticipated, and it is advised that I try a change. Until I arrive in Washington I cannot lay down my program of proceedings. I will

¹ The general's colored servant.

be required to stay there some days on business, and then I may go on to Pittsburgh. I will at all events telegraph as soon as I arrive and advise you. No more tonight, as the above is sufficient news.

"There is no prospect of the army taking action soon.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"P. S.—Suppose I spend the holidays at home?

"My leave has not returned, and I may be delayed a day or two."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va., December 12th, 1863.

"Dear Wife:

"No leave has yet been returned to me, but 'Dave' has just returned from headquarters with the information that it will be sent tonight.

"I could not have gone today at all events, as it has been raining continuously. 'Dave' accompanies me, but is not impatient, as he thinks 'his gal' is not at home.

"I feel much better this evening, and think a little rest, with good company [?], will soon fix me up.

"Our quarters are fitted up very comfortably, and if we are to remain all winter 'the boys will have a jolly time.' If Mr. Lee should show no indications of disturbing us I would not be surprised if numbers of the 'fair sex' flocked to our standards. But we will settle that when I see you.

"Nothing new is transpiring, our men are working like beavers to render themselves comfortable, and will be so.

"You are under no circumstances to give yourself any uneasiness on my account.

"I will telegraph from Washington on my arrival there, or should anything prevent my going will write to you daily. My general health never was better, and my present disabilities will soon pass away, while my spirits are buoyant as usual.

"We are wondering what Congress will do with us, and who will command us next. There are numerous reports afloat, but none reliable.

"Tell Rachel I would like to have a copy of her official report of her last campaign and will exchange.

"Have no time to write love, except love to all.

"I have not been able to write George that promised letter, but will not fail.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

MRS. HAYS TO MRS. JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Washington, Kirkwood House,
December 17th, 1863, Thursday.

"Dear Mother:

"When I arrived here I was so completely worn out with headache I was not able to sit up.

"Alex was much better yesterday than he has been for a week past, but today the pain has returned in his chest and limbs, and he feels wretched. I wish he was this moment with you at home. I know you could cure him. Surgeon Gestner came home with Alex and told me it was the effects of repeated cold. The general was careful of every one in his division but himself; that I must insist upon his taking his medicine regularly. Alex looks very well, but has not much appetite, and when he sleeps the sweat rolls in great drops off him, for all night long he was directing his division.

"We will remain here only a few days, and if nothing prevents we will go to the camp on Monday. Alex sent word down this morning to have everything comfortable for me.

"We did think of going over to Philadelphia, but our stay would be short, and I think Alex had better keep quiet. I will write each day so that you may know exactly how we get along.

"We have visitors by the dozen. Alex gets very tired, but I am determined he shall be agreeable and have the other star.

"I send Aggie General Hancock's card. I did not see him, as he called before I arrived. I have not been to see the Stantons yet. The day is so unpleasant, and Alex will not let me go.

"'Dave' Shields has gone home by the way of Philadelphia. Dr. Phillips also. He can tell how Alex is affected.

"I will write tomorrow. Direct to Washington as usual.

"Love to all.

"Your daughter,

"Annie.

"Alex sends love to all."

MRS. HAYS TO HER FATHER

"Washington, D. C., Kirkwood's,
December 18th, 1863.

"Dear Father:

"I arrived here without any detention, but suffering with one of my severe headaches. I found the general better, but still suffering very much. The rheumatism has settled in his chest and right lung, obstructing his breathing, and making him feel very miserable. This morning he is much better, has a good appetite, and is now going up to call upon Stanton, Cowan and Williams.¹

¹ Secretary Stanton, Senator Cowan and Hon. Thomas Williams, Member Congress.

"I was at Mrs. Stanton's yesterday and received a most flattering welcome from all. After dinner Mr. S. told me to come into his library and tell him the Pittsburgh news. He asked of the general's health, how he liked his command, if he would be willing to go with it to Grant, as he intended sending part of the Army of the Potomac to General Grant. Mr. S. regretted he could not make a major general of Hays now, but there were no vacancies, and it was determined to keep the number to seventy, though that ought to be reduced to twenty. 'General Hays stands high in my estimation and with the department, and will yet have his reward.'

"Mr. S. spoke of that person Negley, and thought he had got himself in an ugly place. I asked him if the army was to go into winter quarters. 'Well, I suppose so. As Meade did not fight in the fall, I suppose he will not now.' He told me he had received letters from Major Gazzam¹ asking to go in the Invalid Corps, and laughed most heartily at the grand rally the major made at Fair Oaks. 'Why, if it had not been for him the Rebels would have had possession of Washington.'

"So you see how such gallant men are appreciated.

"In fact, dear father, I had a very pleasant chat with the secretary. Came home and amused Alex all evening by a description of it. I am to go and spend the day with Ellen.²

"The general has bought a very handsome suit of clothes. He could not wait to send to Mr. Powell, though much obliged to you for your kindness.

"It is our intention now to leave here Monday for camp, but we heard last night the army was falling back to some place nearer this city. I will write again on Sunday.

"I am sorry to tell you Lieut. Kennedy was dismissed from the service yesterday for absence without leave.

"Excuse the many mistakes, for I write with constant interruptions.

"The general sends kindest regards.

"Your daughter,
"Annie."

JOSEPH R. HUNTER TO GENERAL HAYS

"Pittsburgh, December 30, 1863.

"General Alexander Hays,

"Washington City, D. C.:

"Dear Aleck:

"I can't say General in this letter. Please write a reply to the enclosed and give it, with a copy of ours, to Colonel

¹ Audley W. Gazzam, of Pittsburgh, major of the 103rd Pennsylvania Volunteers.

² Mrs. Stanton.

J. W. Forney for publication in the Washington Chronicle. I have taken the liberty of writing to Colonel F. requesting him to call on you, or to send one of his reporters, for this purpose, it being the general desire of the committee that it should appear in that paper first. I will send you a list of the contributors tomorrow, and will only add that I could have raised three thousand dollars as easily as I did five hundred dollars. Democrats, Republicans and all 'went in' with pleasure.

"Yours truly,
"Joe R. H."¹

The above letter appertains to the sword presentation by the citizens of Pittsburgh, which the general received at Washington while returning from his last furlough on January 1, 1864, with an appropriate note under date of December 30th, and is the sword that is mentioned in the letters, especially those to Mr. McFadden. This was indeed a most beautiful tribute as well as a most valuable one. The hilt was of solid silver cast in the form of two zouave soldiers with muskets at a shoulder. This was surmounted by an American eagle in solid gold, the guard of the hilt being also gold, and beautifully embossed with wreaths and crests, and terminated in a broad, blunt end like that of a Roman sword. It bore the following inscription, "Presented to General Hays by the Citizens of Pittsburgh, 1863." Beneath was "Mexico, 1846-1847; Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, The Orchard, Nelson's Farm, Malvern Hill, Bristoe, Groveton, Gettysburg, Auburn and Locust Grove."

The accompanying belt was of a magnificence to correspond and of rare beauty.

The letter of acknowledgment from the general is truly characteristic:

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS' SWORD

The "Evening Chronicle" described the sword completely in its issue of January 7th, 1864, also printing the correspondence in full.

The belt is of Russian leather embroidered with solid gold, with representations of the eagle, the stars and the flag.

¹ Joseph R. Hunter, the first name on the list.

There are also gold buttons, hooks and snaps to match. The band uniting the belt to the body is of silver, surrounded with wreaths.

There are fifty-four signatures to the letter accompanying the gift, representing about sixty persons—townsmen and friends of the general—who honored him for his virtues and his valor.

The press of Pittsburgh gave full accounts of the sword presentation; the "Commercial" as follows: "It will not be uninteresting to state that some four months ago a number of our citizens had manufactured a magnificent sword expressly for General Hays. The sword was of the most costly description, and bore an appropriate inscription. The following correspondence on the subject will explain who were the donors, what they thought of the general, and how the brave soldier felt on the present crisis:

"Pittsburgh, December 30, 1863.

"General:

"A few of the companions of your youth, some friends who have learned to love you in later years, and many others who only know you by the name of your gallant achievements, have united to present you with the sword which this note accompanies, and which is most cordially tendered for your acceptance.

"We are no flatterers, and we have mistaken your character if long-drawn praises of your valorous deeds, set forth in nicely picked words and neatly framed sentences, would greatly delight you. But we may say that the brave and impetuous youth who, at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, 'flashed his maiden sword' on the foreign invaders of his country; and again, in maturer years, forgetting the ungrateful treatment of 'scurvy politicians,' refused adequate reward for his great services, generously rushed to the rescue of the Union from the desperate assaults of confident Rebels, richly merits the signal and substantial regard of his fellow-citizens.

"If surpassing talent and skill in the honorable profession for which you were educated—if dashing courage and prudent conduct that challenges alike the admiration of all beholders and the confidences of your superiors and command—if loyal, unswerving devotion to family, friends and country may entitle a man to testimonials far more precious than our small tribute to your merits, then this weapon is more than deserved, and will be most worthily worn.

"With our best wishes for your future and increased happiness and success, we are,

Very truly, your friends,

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| J. R. HUNTER | NIMICK & CO. |
| GRAFF, BENNETT & Co. | D. F. McKEE |
| DAVID RICHEY | A. S. HAGAN |
| WILLIAM BAGALEY | A. S. BELL |
| JAMES A. HUTCHINSON | SIMPSON HORNER |
| C. IHMSEN & SONS | C. HANSON LOVE |
| J. K. MOORHEAD | JAMES SCHOONMAKER |
| C. W. RICKETSON | JOHN H. STEWART |
| JOHN HARPER | JOHN WILSON |
| J. W. BAXTER | JAMES O'CONNER |
| J. M. PENNOCK | WILLIAM McCREERY |
| D. E. PARKE | WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS |
| JOSEPH DILWORTH | J. G. COFFIN |
| THOMAS MOORE | J. O. WILSON |
| ISAAC JONES | S. J. KAY |
| F. H. EATON | MARSHALL & BRO. |
| ALEXANDER SPEAR | W. S. HAVEN |
| SPANG, CHALFANT & CO. | ED. GREGG |
| THOMAS S. CLARK | J. HERON FOSTER |
| WHITE, ORR & CO. | DAVID McCANDLESS |
| H. CHILDS & CO. | J. D. SCULLY |
| JOHN GRAHAM | S. HARBAUGH |
| THOMAS L. SHIELDS | S. F. VON BONNHORST |
| DANIEL L. SHIELDS | WILLIAM PHILLIPS |
| C. McHENRY | J. H. JONES |
| GEORGE S. BRYAN | C. ZUG |
| ZUG & PAINTER | ALEXANDER McBANE |

"Gentlemen:

"Washington, D. C., January 1, 1864.

"I have this morning received your magnificent sword. It is impossible to express my sense of the high honor which you have conferred upon me. The exquisite richness of the testimonial enhances its interest to others, but the motives of the donors endear its value to me.

"When the rebellion broke upon us like a tornado, in the desecration of our flag at Sumter, I took an oath never to sheath a sword until honorable peace should restore to us our glorious Union.

"I am no politician of any political clique or party, but will support the existing government with my whole soul, heart and body. It gives me great satisfaction that by transferring the war to the soil of the Rebels our own loved homes have been spared the desolation which I have witnessed. Increased prosperity has been ours, and Western Pennsylvania may well be proud of the reputation her soldiers have earned. They have always been first in fight and last out of it.

"I return to you, gentlemen, my sincere thanks for your warm expression of approbation, and assure my friends that if my past conduct meets their approval no act of mine hereafter shall forfeit it.

"In acknowledgement of the distinguished honor which you have conferred upon me, I must request a recognition of those who most contributed to my success. The blood of some of 'our dear old commonwealth' has flown freely, but it is mingled with that of Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Connecticut, Virginia, Rhode Island and Delaware. God bless the defenders of our dear old flag!

"Yours sincerely, "Alexander Hays,
"Brigadier General of Volunteers."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Dear Sir: "Near Stevensburg, Va., January 6th, 1864.

"I received your last on the 4th inst., and was gratified to hear of your safe return to and of the good health of all at home.

"Upon the expiration of my leave I concluded to insist upon Annie's accompanying me to the front, as I know comfortable quarters have been prepared for us, and many other ladies were going forward to rejoin their husbands.

"Although my health is much improved, with entire relief from the rheumatism, still I do not feel completely restored. A few days will, however, make all right, and you need feel no apprehension on my account. Annie's health is excellent; our quarters consist of two rooms, with a fireplace, sufficiently large to roast a sheep, and we are very comfortable.

"I suppose you have seen the sword correspondence. It is [I mean the sword] universally admired, and I myself think it is one of the most magnificent specimens I ever saw. I am certainly very proud of it.

"I regret that I can do nothing in the case of young Little,¹ as he is not in my command. I sent Shields to see him and invited him over. Shields found him comfortably situated and now a clerk at his own brigade headquarters. We expect him and Bushnell² to visit us tomorrow.

"There is nothing new in the Army of the Potomac, and I believe I have written over every foot of ground between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan.

"You will receive the only interesting news concerning us through the papers.

"Give our love to all at home. We were disappointed in receiving no letters from you today. Our mail is daily.

"Yours sincerely, "Alex. Hays.

"P. S.—Annie will write tomorrow."

¹ George W. Little, of Pittsburgh, son of ex-Mayor William Little, a private in Hampton's Battery of Pittsburgh [Battery F, Independent Pennsylvania Light Artillery].

² Joseph Bushnell, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Hays.

MRS. HAYS TO HER SISTER, RACHEL McFADDEN

"Camp Near Stevensburg, Va.,
"January 7, 1864, Thursday.

"Dear Rachel:

"I will commence my letter where I left off the last one. We left Washington at 9 o'clock in the morning, and when we arrived at the train we found an extra car provided for Major General Ingalls.¹ He at once invited us to come in, so we had a pleasant trip, though it snowed all day. Alexander and the general talked war, while Shields showed me places of interest on the road. We saw Union Mills, Manassas, Bealstown, Bristoe and Warrenton Junction, and landed at Brandy Station at 3 o'clock, a distance of sixty miles. We found a wagon and ambulance waiting for us, and after a ride of an hour we arrived at this headquarters, where a warm welcome awaited us.

"We have two tents. In one is a large fireplace and, as wood is provided by the government, we keep roaring fires. We mess alone and I think it is a good plan.

"The sword occupies a conspicuous place in our tent and has been admired by all, and all agree that it was most worthily bestowed.

"Yesterday morning Mr. Hays received a very handsome banner; it is made of thick white silk, bound on one side with blue and the other with red ribbons, and in letters of gilt is this motto, 'My God and My Country. General Hays.' Also a black cloth smoking cap. On the velvet band is 'General Hays' in gold braid. Above that a gold star and a gold tassel on the top. There came with it a note asking the general's acceptance, but no postmark or signature. Do you know anything about it?²

"Mr. Hays has gone to see General Hancock, whose headquarters are one mile from here. It is the first time he has been out, and I hope he will not feel worse for the trip.

"I have been much troubled at the news from 'Kenridge,' and feel too sorry they had to change. I know you will not care to stay out there; perhaps Eliza Austin³ will come. Will you see her? I will leave here as soon as Alexander is willing, as I am afraid the children will become troublesome.

¹ Rufus Ingalls, of the West Point class of 1843, three years at the academy with Alexander Hays. General Ingalls was then serving as superintendent of supply depots on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, later chief quartermaster for the armies operating against Richmond.

² Evidence of sincere appreciation.

³ A colored maid, who spent a large part of her life with the McFadden and Hays families.

"I will write on Saturday to 'Mag,' and hope she is much better. Has Kate gone home?"¹

"Give my love to all. Alexander sends love to all.

"Yours,
"Annie."

Capt. Corts contributed a communication, which Mrs. Hays brought home with her, and it has been preserved, to-wit:²

"January 12, 1864.

"NAMES OF OFFICERS COMMANDING BRIGADES AND REGIMENTS IN THE THIRD DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Commanded by Brigadier General Alexander Hays,
United States Volunteers.

| Brigade | Regiment | Commanded by | Rank |
|---------|-------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|
| First, | 4th Ohio, | S. S. Carroll, | Colonel. |
| | 8th Ohio, | G. A. Stewart, | Lieut. Colonel. |
| | 14th Indiana, | Franklin Sawyer, | Lieut. Colonel. |
| | 7th West. Va. | John Coons, | Colonel. |
| Second, | | J. H. Lockwood, | Lieut. Colonel. |
| | | T. A. Smyth, | Colonel. |
| | 108th New York, | C. J. Powers, | Colonel. |
| | 10th New York, | G. F. Tait, | Captain. |
| | 14th Connecticut, | T. G. Ellis, | Colonel. |
| | 12th New Jersey, | T. H. Davis, | Lieut. Colonel. |
| Third, | 1st Delaware, | E. P. Harris, | Lieut. Colonel. |
| | | J. T. Owen, | Brig. General. |
| | 39th New York, | Hugo Hilderbrandt, | Major. |
| | 111th New York, | Clinton D. MacDougall | Colonel. |
| | 125th New York, | L. Crandell, | Lieut. Colonel. |
| | 126th New York, | J. M. Bull, | Lieut. Colonel. |

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"George P. Corts,
"Captain A. A. G."

¹ "Mag" and Kate, Mrs. Hays' sisters. Woman-like, Mrs. Hays worries about home affairs.

² This roster remained unchanged until the 28th of March, 1864, the date of reorganization of the Army of the Potomac.

MRS. HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"In Camp, January 12th, 1864.
Tuesday Night.

"Dear Father:

"Last night yours of the 8th arrived, and this morning another of the 2nd, the first received for one week. Many thanks, for I was very anxious to hear from the 'Kenridge'¹ folks. The weather has been intensely cold until yesterday, when the sun shone out so warm we determined to visit the hospitals; after breakfast we started, I in an ambulance and the general on 'Secessia.' We found the men comfortable in large tents, with only a few dangerous cases. We then rode to the new 'Division Hospitals,' now being made in a thick grove of pine trees near Brandy Station. The location is excellent and near enough to the railroad to get their supplies readily.

"Mr. Hays then proposed we should visit the Fitzhughs, where he was so long stationed. After a long ride we came to Milton Mills, a very romantic spot, but also bearing the marks of war's desolation. All the windows, doors and flooring had been taken by the 'Yankees.' Driving up a long hill we arrived at the house, a large one-and-one-half story, with innumerable outbuildings. At the door we were met by two ladies and their brother, Mr. Fitzhugh, who welcomed us with all the state and grandeur possible. We entered the sitting room, but found it bed-room, kitchen and dining-room, for of the sixty negroes owned by them before the war not one remains. These ladies do all the work of the household, milk, wash and cook. They own eleven hundred acres of the most beautiful land I ever saw, but not a rail of fence is left; their timber is cut down; every horse, pig, sheep—in fact, every live animal—is gone, and the family depend upon the charity of the officers. It is hard to think of, but they make no complaints, for their pride prevents them.²

"For one hundred and fifty years their family has owned Milton, and they do not forget it. Indeed, I was pleased with my visit, and promised to repeat it.

"If you know, dear father, how hard it is for me to find time to write you would excuse my letters. I have been several hours at this, and it is now long after taps. Our tent has been filled with callers, so that I could not write one line.

"Corts has just left the tent. He wishes to be remembered, and is obliged to you for troubles you have had with his boots.

"Alex sends love to all.

"Your daughter,
"Annie."

¹ "Kenridge," the Hays home on Center avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

² A sample case of the straits to which the secession brought many Virginia families of former affluence.

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Near Stevensburg, Va.,
January 30th, 1864.

"Dear Sir:

"We received yours of the 27th. Rachel¹ arrived the same day. Since then we have been exploring Rebeldom. Have visited the ancient and venerable town of Culpepper and every place of interest within reach. Rachel visited our hospitals today, and returns delighted to realize that the work of the Sanitary Society is not in vain. Rachel rides horseback on 'Solomon' like a trooper, and appears as happy as a bird.

"Annie subsides into the graceful ease of an invalid. Her injuries were purely accidental, and she is perfectly comfortable.

"I have endeavored to persuade Rachel to stay, as such is the desire of all parties, but she declares she must leave on Monday morning [1st February]. As Rachel will take charge of 'our little ones,' I think I will retain Annie, at least to perfect restoration of her wounds [received in service].

"In all respects, except the fractured arm,² she is in perfect health, and I never saw her look better.

"On the whole, inasmuch as I may not soon again have an opportunity of 'entertaining an angel,' I will keep her, at least for a time.

"Rachel will give you all the news. The weather has been, for some time past, extraordinarily mild and beautiful, but today it sets in again for a rain.

"We have no more fear of Rebel operations than if we were located in Pittsburgh. We are four miles in the rear of our advance, and will have full notice, in any event, to provide for 'the non-combatants.' Our camps are lively with female equestrians, and I must say I never saw a more pleased and joyous set of females.

"Yesterday we rode out to Culpepper, saw its old grandeur, but missed the review we expected.

"I will therefore permit Rachel to return home, I hope pleased, but I will retain Annie, expecting that among so many friends you will look out for our home.

"That famous sword attracts universal admiration, and the reputation of Pittsburgh's liberality does not suffer, commented upon by representatives of all our northern states.

¹ Miss Rachel McFadden, who was visiting the general with Mrs. Hays.

² Note the interim between the letters from the 12th to the 30th of January. Mrs. Hays had her arm broken, having been thrown from a horse.

"Our kindest, warmest love to dear mother and Margaret and Kate, as well as to all the little branches of our tree.

"God bless you all.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex. Hays,

"Brigadier General.

"P. S.—Rachel leaves on Monday with Corts."

It was most natural for the New York boys to write home about their general. Letters went from all the regiments, especially the 126th, Colonel Bull's. An interesting letter from the latter records these incidents:

"Last night our band, the finest I almost ever heard play, serenaded a lady of the Sanitary Commission,¹ who is here. They played for nearly two hours, and such sweet music! * * * Well do I remember the day we left Gettysburg. After being three days under fire and all worn out with fatigue, our division halted to rest near our corps hospital. This same band was playing. When finally they struck up 'When This Cruel War Is Over' every heart seemed touched, every mind wandered to something absent. No one felt like saying a word. There was the hospital filled with men who a few days ago were as active as the best. Just then General Hays, our idol, came riding along, and instantly every hat went up and cheer upon cheer greeted him. With his hat in hand, as he rode along, he seemed possessed by the same feeling as the rest of us. The scene made a deep impression."²

IN EVIDENCE OF THE SOCIAL PHASE

"Headquarters Third Brigade, Third Division,
Second Army Corps,

"February 5th, 1864.

"General J. T. Owen

"Requests the pleasure of General and Mrs. Hays' company
this evening at 8 o'clock."

GENERAL HANCOCK TO GENERAL HAYS

"Albany, N. Y., February 8, 1864.

"My Dear Hays:

"Please send your photograph and your autograph. Address to Philadelphia.

"Truly yours,

"Winfield S. Hancock.

"To Brigadier General Alexander Hays,

"Second Corps, Army Potomac."

¹ Miss Rachel W. McFadden, Mrs. Hays' sister.

² Letter from Lieut. Lincoln, 126th New York, "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," Page 208.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Morton's Ford, on the Rapid Ann, Va.,
"February 7th, 1864.

"Dear Woman:

"Yesterday and all day long we fought the Rebels—as usual, whipped them—as usual, because the Third Division was in advance.

"Our success is most gratifying, although we have lost many [200 I am told]. Potter² goes in, and will either take 'Dave' Shields or ask you to come to him. He is severely wounded.³ Sullivan's horse 'Ruffian' is severely wounded in two places. 'Solomon' is shot all over, with a bullet, which I will give you, remaining in the saddle. Lynch had the top of his head knocked off [in the hat]. 'Solomon' and 'Ruffian' go in today. Please love them. I think 'Dave's' wound very serious, but no apprehensions of its being mortal.

"Now, at 8 o'clock A. M. the guns are opening, and we may have 'fun alive' today.

"I regret to report that the Rebels have ruined my new pants by a shot through them near the groin.

"Carroll⁴ is well and doing finely. Take Mrs. C. with you and order the ambulance.

"Thine,
"A. Hays."

MRS. HAYS TO MRS. JOHN B. McFADDEN

"In Camp, February 7th, 1864.
Tuesday, 2 O'clock.

"Dear Mother:

"I started for the hospital this morning in an ambulance with blankets and a bed to bring David Shields in. When about a mile from here I met one of our orderlies, who told me that Lieut. Shields was dead and General Hays wounded. Mother, I thought my very heart would break when I listened to his account of our killed and wounded. We drove on about a mile, when we met Potter, Shields and an orderly. I came back with them, and have David in my Sibley tent. Dr. Cooper has dressed his wound, and, though a most serious one, there is no immediate danger; the ball entered the left breast, under the nipple, and came out of his back, near the side. During the night he coughed and raised a quantity of

¹ This letter was written by General Hays, on the battlefield of Morton's Ford, to Mrs. Hays at headquarters.

² Lieut. Potter of the General's staff. Lynch also.

³ Lieut. Shields, desperately wounded, never returned to active service.

⁴ Colonel S. S. Carroll, commanding the First Brigade.

blood, besides having great difficulty in breathing. Since he came here he has not coughed at all, and is now sleeping as quietly as a babe. David was also shot in the right foot, the top of his middle toe is cut away, but the wound is very slight. He is as patient as possible and so thankful to have me here. A few minutes ago I was turning him; he looked up and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Hays, what would I have done if Aunt Rachel had taken you home?' The doctor insists upon quiet, so I have a sentinel at the door, who cautions all who come in. I spoke of taking him home, but the doctor says the journey might prove fatal.

"I will telegraph tomorrow and write every day; his mother may feel comfortable about him. I will do all in my power.

"General Hays is so far uninjured, although his escape is miraculous. His horse 'Solomon' is shot in eight places; he is doing well.

"The hardest fighting was after dark. It was then David was shot; he was taken to the hospital and his wound dressed, but he could not sleep, so he is now making up for lost time.

"There is no fighting in the Second Corps today; the First or Sixth had some skirmishing this morning. It is thought we will not have more fighting at present, and that our men will be back tomorrow.

"Ambulances are coming in all the time with the wounded. I have just been sent for to see Colonel Lockwood, 7th West Virginia, who is shot in the shoulder, but it would not do for me to leave David, as he will require the most careful nursing. I got Mrs. Carroll to go to Lockwood.¹

"Sunday Night, 11 O'clock.

"The Third Division has just returned to camp; they lost ten killed, one hundred and eighty-one wounded.

"David is doing nicely; ate milk toast for supper and thought it very good.

"Young Stanton² goes to Washington in the morning. Mr. Hays has written a dispatch to send to you by him.

"I will write tomorrow.

"Yours,
"Annie.

"Love to all."

Pittsburgh friends of the general and the 63rd Regiment were kept posted on occurrences at the front by able correspondents, one of whom writes *The Pittsburgh Post* as below after the affair at Morton's Ford:

¹ Colonel Lockwood recovered and was mustered out at the end of his term of service—three years.

² The secretary's son.

FROM THE POTOMAC

General Alexander Hays of Pittsburgh

At 3 o'clock on the morning of February 6th, 1864, orders to move at 7 o'clock A. M. were very unexpectedly received at these headquarters to proceed to Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan. This was all that was known of the movement, and at the appointed time, everything being in readiness, the command moved out and proceeded to the Ford, which is about five miles from Major General Warren's headquarters, who was in command of the corps, as well as the Second Division of the Third Corps, General Prince, who was ordered to report with his command to General Warren at Morton's Ford. The Third Division, commanded by the gallant Brigadier General Alexander Hays of Pennsylvania, having the advance, arrived first at the Ford, and after a short resistance by the Rebels, who were then as thick as blackberries in summer, the Rapidan was crossed a second time by the Army of the Potomac. Our brave veterans did not wait for the pontoons, but jumped into the river, and, in the face of a terrific storm of bullets from the enemy, who were strongly posted in rifle pits, rushed across and stormed the works, and took about forty-five prisoners. All this was not accomplished, of course, without loss. The 125th New York, which stormed the works, lost pretty heavily in wounded, but not in killed. The whole loss in the Second Corps will not exceed two hundred in killed and wounded. I do not think the Rebels took any prisoners. The conduct of General Hays in this last affair on the Rapidan cannot be too highly praised. He was right in the hottest part of the fight. Indeed it was feared that he was killed at one time, as he could not be found for some time, and his horse came in without a rider. Major General Humphreys, the accomplished chief of staff to General Meade, was present when the news was brought in. As all brave men admire bravery in others, he was greatly distressed until he heard that General Hays was safe. The veteran general had a volley poured right into the midst of his staff, but, fortunately, he escaped, though his horse fell under him, and one of his aides, Lieut. Shields, was badly wounded in the lungs. Brigadier General Alexander S. Webb, who commands the Second Division, Second Corps, was also conspicuous for his bravery. General Webb is one of the youngest division commanders in the Army of the Potomac. He is also one of the most popular, for the reason that he is one of the most fearless. He is just the kind of a leader for brave men to follow. For the first time since its organization General Prince's Division, Second Division, Third Corps, has really been held in reserve, but it may not be for any length of time. We are still at the Ford and waiting. Sickles' boys are here. In haste, yours, Bohemian.

It is not now remembered by any of the 63rd boys who "Bohemian" was. It was the custom often to write from the front under a nom de plume—one could say things then that he could not otherwise.

Lieut. Lincoln¹ of the 126th New York describes the splendid affair at Morton's Ford in a letter home a few days after. He says:

"We left camp at 7 A. M., our brigade leading the corps. At 9 A. M. we reached the river, and so sudden was our appearance that before they could gather up their things and leave we captured two lieutenants and nearly thirty men. The pontoons had been ordered up for us to cross on, but failed to get here in time, so in we plunged without regard to rank or station. General Hays, with the rest, with an ax assisted in clearing away the brush that obstructed the passage. The banks of the river were about eight feet high and of a soft red clay. The current of the river was very swift and the bottom very rough. On towards the enemy's works, with boots full of water and clothing wet, we rushed. When about three-fourths of a mile from the ford we halted, deployed our skirmishers, and soon found and engaged the enemy. For several hours ours was the only brigade over, and here, with a few hundred men, we were in the face of strong breastworks, lined with batteries, and well filled with men; but on went the line, up the hill toward the enemy's guns, till it rested near them, and there, under shot and shell and musketry, we held the position till nearly dark, when the Rebels made a grand charge along nearly the whole line with a force at least five to one; but our men stood their ground manfully, contending for every inch of ground, till a fresh brigade came to their aid, when the enemy were checked and ourselves saved from annihilation. The river, with its steep banks, swift current and difficult crossing, was on two sides of us, and the enemy, confident in numbers and position, on the other two. To retreat was destruction; to hold our position our only salvation; and all understood it and met the charge of the enemy and repulsed it handsomely. We had no batteries over the river, no earthworks of any kind, nothing but our strong arms and willing hearts to protect us. About dark, while the charge was in progress, the remnant of our regiment was ordered to reinforce the left of the line. The rest of the regiment, as soon as relieved by the Second Brigade, recrossed the river about 7 P. M."

¹Lieut. Spencer F. Lincoln, a young lawyer of Naples, N. Y., died of wounds received at Petersburg, June 16, 1864, then adjutant of the 126th New York Volunteers.—"Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," Page 215.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF OPERATIONS ABOUT MORTON'S FORD

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,
"Lieut. Colonel F. A. Walker, February 13th, 1864.

"Assistant Adjutant General:

"Colonel:

"In compliance with instructions I have the honor to report the operations of the division which I have the honor to command.

"On the 6th and 7th inst., in obedience to circular, headquarters, Second Army Corps, my division moved from cantonment, and proceeded to Morton's Ford, on the Rapid-Ann.

"Arriving in view of the river, and the enemy giving no evidence of opposition, it was deemed advisable to test his position and strength.

"Under instructions from the general commanding the corps, I directed Brigadier General J. T. Owen, commanding the Third Brigade, to select and throw forward as skirmishers three hundred of the best veteran troops of his command.

"A rapid dash brought them across the Rapid-Ann, although the river was cold and deep.

"The ford was defended by rifle pits and unfinished abatis. It was, however, carried without the loss of a man and a capture of thirty of the Rebels.

"Advancing to the ridge beyond everything was carried for three-quarters of a mile to a position giving us a full view of the enemy's camps and entrenchments.

"Deeming it necessary to support my advance, I applied for and was reinforced with the remaining force of my division.

"The position was held during the remainder of the day's light, but as night closed upon us we were spiritedly attacked by the Rebels on the right and left flanks.

"Their attacks were gallantly and successfully repulsed, and at 6 o'clock P. M. quiet was restored, with our occupation of our entire position.

"I regret to forward such a long list of casualties, but it is solely attributable to the faltering of two regiments of conscripts, or substitutes, now mainly comprising the 14th Connecticut and 39th New York Volunteers.

"If supported by our whole corps I have not the least doubt that we would have been enabled to capture the whole force of the Rebels, including camps and artillery, with less loss than we have suffered.

"I would respectfully refer you to the accompanying reports of subordinate commanders, and can only commend them to the notice of the general commanding the army and the war department, awaiting an opportunity to set forth their particular claims.

"I enclose a list of killed, wounded and missing; none of our dead or wounded were left upon the field.

"From reliable information received, I am satisfied a large Rebel force concentrated at Morton's Ford to oppose us on the succeeding day.

"We recrossed the Rapid-Ann on the 6th, and returned to our present camps on the 7th inst.

"I have neglectfully failed to call especial attention and notice to the conduct of the 7th West Virginia Volunteers, commanded by Lieut. Colonel J. H. Lockwood of the First Brigade. Distinguished always amongst the first and foremost in battle, they, with their gallant leader, have enlisted for three years. The order for their return to their homes had been received and published. With a resolve to assist their old comrades in another day's trial, they marched with us, and returned, bearing with them to their homes one commissioned officer and ten enlisted men wounded.

"I ask recognition of my staff 1st Lieut. J. S. Sullivan, 14th Indiana Volunteers, A., A., D. C., and acting assistant adjutant general, whose horse was severely wounded; 2nd Lieut. David Shields,¹ 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, A. D. C., severely wounded twice; Capt. J. C. Lynch,² 106th Pennsylvania Volunteers, whose hat was blown from his head by a shell. Lieut. W. E. Potter, acting judge advocate, and Lieut. John M. Fogg, acting ordnance officer, rendered efficient aid.

"I am, colonel, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"[Signed] Alexander Hays,
"Brigadier General Volunteers,
"Commanding Third Division."

In an account of the action at Morton's Ford, published just after, is taken the extract referring to General Hays:³

"General Alexander Hays, commander of the Third Division of the Second Corps, whose reckless daring on many a battlefield has excited the astonishment and admiration of his troops, met with a narrow escape while on the other side of the river. A Rebel bullet pierced his trousers, burying itself in his saddle without inflicting a wound. Above his division

¹ Lieut. Shields was later promoted to captain and was tenderly nursed by Mrs. General Hays and Mrs. Colonel Carroll, who took turns at his bedside until all danger was passed. He modestly admits that he owes his life to the devotion and fidelity of these noble women.

² Lynch was later colonel of the 183rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. Lieut. Potter and Lieut. Fogg were detached from the 12th New Jersey Volunteers.

³ Official Reports, Army of the Potomac, Rebellion Record, Vol. VIII, Documents, Page 448.

flag is a silk streamer bearing the words, 'God and My Country,' an inscription heartily endorsed by the 'boys,' with whom he is a great favorite."

MRS. HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"In Camp, February 20th, 1864.
Saturday Evening.

"My Dear Father:

"Your letter of the 17th, with Rachel's enclosure, is just received, and if it was possible I would leave in the morning, but if I do so I leave Lieut. Shields in danger. I had a long talk with the surgeon this morning, and it is by his desire I remain. He thinks Shields is doing well, much better than anyone expected, but a very little thing would cause him his life; the surgeon told me that Shields owes his life to my care, and complimented me on my nursing. I have had a serious time of it, but if I get him safely home I shall feel repaid.

"Of my affairs at home I know not what to say or do. Poor Rachel! What a time she has had with girls, and now to suffer with her foot; it is too bad.

"Ellen O'Regan was very anxious to come and live with me, and had a sister who was represented as a good girl. Suppose Rachel tries her. She lives on Washington street, between Wylie and Fourth street road, in Curling's court. I have forgotten her married name. She had cousins by the name of O'Regan, who lived near them, but I think my Rachie knows all about them.¹

"Mr. Hays is quite well. He has been among his brigades today and came home in good spirits, as he found all doing well, but Mr. Shields can tell you all you wish to know about the Third Division, Second Army Corps.

"I have written to Alden several times since I came here, and posted him in all the news. Dear boy, I can scarcely wait to see him. Indeed, dear father, I am homesick for my children, but I hope by this time next week we shall be on our way home. I will not remain longer, unless Shields should be much worse. I am afraid dear mother will be annoyed with having the children so long with her, but Agnes must try and relieve her grandma as much as possible.

"Corts, Shields and the general send the kindest regards.

"Yours,
"Annie."

¹ Thus kept away, deeply solicitous for the wounded lieutenant, it is most natural that Mrs. Hays should worry about things at home and have a share of the inevitable servant girl problem. Old Pittsburghers will smile of her mention of the Fourth street road, which is now Fifth avenue beyond the court house; and Curling's court likewise, which was near the Fort Pitt Glass Works, a chimney factory on Washington street.

"Senator Buckalew sent General Hays a copy of McClellan's reports. I will get you a copy as I pass through Washington. General Negley needs the support of all the newspapers, for he is very weak in the opinion of military men."¹

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va., March 7th, 1864.

"Dear Annie:

"I am pleased to hear of your safe arrival at home through a letter received from your father. I can imagine the delight of the youngsters at seeing you again.

"I think you might, however, have written me a short letter, but no doubt you were too much fatigued. I will expect a letter tomorrow, and will wait patiently for it.

"Our log cabin appears very lonesome at night. During the day I hold court-martial for the trial of the unfortunate deserters from the Third Brigade. The poor Dutchman who was condemned 'to be shot to death with musketry' on the 11th inst. has been reprieved at my request until further orders. I am glad it is so.

"The army gayety is abating, and the ladies are leaving. Although 'Dad' Caldwell keeps it up and gives a concert, I am not one of the festive throng, and ain't I a disinterested lover writing to you?

"I have forwarded the sword and picture by express. As you did not like the picture, let mother have it [?]. How are the rings² received in Western Pennsylvania fashionable circles?

"Corts is gaily whistling off his bereavement, and Sullivan is discussing the live stock, lumber and fruit business. Unless he remains with me after his regiment leaves,³ which he will not do, I can have him retained by the War Department.

"Queen has returned from the concert, and says they have changed it into a demonstration of 'the light fantastic, etc.' It is now near 12 o'clock, and hearing that the Garibaldi Guards are also having a boisterous, if not a musical 'Swarry,'⁴

¹ Hearsay on Mrs. Hays' part. Negley was undoubtedly much talked of in army circles at this time. Whoever may care to verify Mrs. Hays' remarks here can consult "Campaigns of the Civil War," Vol. VII; "The Army of the Cumberland," by Brigadier General Henry M. Cist.

² These rings were pretty and unique. They were made of black bone, with the corps badge inlaid in silver, and are most valued souvenirs.

³ The 14th Indiana was mustered out at Indianapolis, June 20, 1864. The veterans and recruits were transferred to the 20th Indiana. Lieut. Sullivan remained.

⁴ "Swarry," soiree.

I have dispatched Capt. Mattison, with the Provost Guards, to squelch the rebellion.

"If I must be wide awake all day tomorrow you will not expect more on this occasion.

"God bless you all and love to all. I will write often, if you will.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Dear Sir: "Near Stevensburg, Va., March 7th, 1864.

"Yours of the 4th reached me this evening. I write to Annie also by this mail. I am really pleased to hear that she and 'Dave' arrived safely at home, although sorry to hear 'Dave' is in such condition. It may yet be serious, if he is not careful.

"The McClellan report I procured for you from Williams.¹ He professes, and I think is, a warm friend of mine, and we agree on the McC. question as two brothers. I saw Cowan, as well as several other honorable Senators, and was treated with the 'highest consideration.'

"Meade is now in the hands of the flint grinders, and Grant is on the road to Washington. I fear not for the best. His old army needs him. Of the next program we are as innocent as babes, but we abide by the moves upon the board most patiently, with full faith in Providence and the administration.

"Changes will be made in a new organization of the army, and my present position may be required for some major general, who has 'skulked under hatches' for the last nine months.

"The old division, which at Gettysburg numbered nearly ten thousand, now only constitutes a 'corporal's guard' of less than three thousand. If left with me it is still willing to try its iron prow, as on the 6th of February last, against the rotten hulk of rebellion. We shall see.

"Before leaving Washington I forwarded my sword by Adams Express; as also a large picture, and hope they will come safely. I think the picture goes to mother, if she wishes to retain it. My very warmest love to her.

"I believe Annie appropriated my shotted coat. If so, she can distribute it among friends for luck.

"Love to all of ours and kind remembrance to friends.

"Yours sincerely,
"Alex."

"P. S.—Tom's² papers were forwarded by mail, certified by an infamous old copperhead."

¹ Hon. Thomas Williams, M. C., of Pittsburgh.

² Thomas McFadden.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va., March 14th, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"I love that title because the law allows but one, while there are a thousand Annies.

"Yesterday I received your father's letter of the 11th, and was pleased to hear from you thusly, but regret to learn of your troubles in the family. God only knows how much I love you and our 'little ones.' Your three letters have arrived and are most satisfactory.

"I am now writing by candle light, while reveille is sounding on 'Dumpling' Mountain.

"I am sorry to say that a disagreement had arisen once again between myself and Corts, which has drawn from me a request that he be relieved from my staff. His language and bearing towards the men of the command have become unbearable, and there is a universal indignation against him. All this is attributable to that young lady [?].¹

"Sullivan takes his place as adjutant general, and makes an excellent one. Caesar died, but Rome still lives.

"We have nothing new, but are resting in the most inglorious state of inactivity.

"Warmest love to all at home. I will send the rings, as you request.

"I will write to your father tonight.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

The letter below is a sample of "field correspondence" of the war period. It is from the Pittsburgh "Commercial:"

SIGNAL STATION OF SECOND ARMY CORPS — GENERAL
ALEXANDER HAYS—FIGHTING DIVISION GENERALS
NOT ON SERVICE—COLONELS AND BRIGADIERS
PERFORMING THEIR DUTIES

Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,

March 14, 1864.

Instead of going to Culpepper today I went to the signal station of the Third Division of the Second Army Corps, where I had, with the aid of a field glass, a view of Culpepper, Morton's Ford, and the enemy's lines away to the left, with the Blue Ridge [and the Rappahannock] plainly delineated, like the ramparts of the world, looming up to the west and southwest, with the Fredericksburg road winding up the hills, in the distance.

¹ Corts and the general made up. The general seems to have had a more than an ordinary regard for Corts or he certainly would not have tolerated the actions complained of.

Morton's Ford is famous for the crossing of the Third Division, under General Hays, when he leaped into the water and led his command across the stream at a point where the enemy had not fortified, and where they did not look for an attack. The history of the battle which then ensued, and of the final triumph of his command, is patent to the world.

I am no eulogist of General Hays. His record needs nothing to bolster it. To Western Pennsylvanians, and to his friends, it is sufficient to know that he was the leader of the charge at Palo Alto when General Arista was captured. We all know him. Outside his camp, which I have only visited for two hours, he is known as the fighting general—an honorable reputation, to say the least. At the battle across the Rappahannock his trefoil blue was carried successfully against fifteen hundred of Georgia's best troops—with but five or six hundred of his own—till 2 o'clock in the morning, when, unsupported by sufficient reinforcements, he recrossed with the balance of the command who had not left their bodies on the battlefield.

Here springs the thought that there are many generals, both brigadier and major, who are drawing pay for the last six and twelve months, while colonels and brigadiers have performed their duties—even in some of the heaviest battles fought both in the armies of the Mississippi and Potomac. It would be supererogation to note instances, but General Alexander Hays is not less prominent as one, nor Colonel Isaac Pugh as another.

Since the visit of Lieut. General Grant there is a world of speculation as to what changes will take place in command; whether there will be any or not; and if there should be, who will be the one who will lead them? They feel confident, as soon as the roads permit, they will have work to do, and they seem willing to do it so soon as their supplies are ready and their depleted ranks are filled. There have been so many changes in the Army of the Potomac that it is not surprising they should evince curiosity upon this subject. My own impression is there will be no immediate change in this department.

You might copy the following order of General Alexander Hays. I think it important and well timed:

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,
"March 13, 1864.

"General Order No. 22:

"Hereafter in all engagements with the enemy, or on special service, the commanding officers of each regiment or detail is required to forward to these headquarters the name of at least one enlisted man more distinguished for good conduct than his fellow-soldiers.

"This recognition must be supported by evidence, and

upon its meritorious services will be recommended for promotion in the individual.

"By order of

"[Signed] Brigadier General Alex. Hays,
"Commanding Division.

"J. S. Sullivan, Lieutenant and A. A. G."

Tomorrow I shall visit the headquarters of General Meade, army postmaster, Culpepper, and Mitchell's Station, unless something new turns up.

Nothing worth telegraphing. "All quiet on the Potomac."

Eastern reporters are well known here as giving reports to suit the stock market in the East. Hence it is nothing strange to hear of Richmond having been captured, with twelve thousand prisoners, etc., only to be contradicted next day.
B.¹

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va., March 18th, 1864.

"Dear Annie:

"I received yours of the 14th only yesterday and too late to answer it, as something had delayed the train. I am sorry to hear of your troubles and the suffering of poor little Pearson. I am glad, however, that you have received 'help.' I fear it would have been impossible for me to have gone home if sent for at this time.

"In a late letter, of what date I do not now recollect, I informed you of another difficulty with Corts. I am pleased now to say that he is now restored to my own, as well as his, great satisfaction, and I hope we will have no more jars. I fear his communications with a young lady may have soured his temper, and as usual he was disposed to visit his indignation on the men, while I wished the officers to feel it if anything was wrong.

"I am tonight sending to Washington another set of 'horse claims,' with the assurance that the amount will be promptly paid. When so you shall receive your dues.

"I am pleased that you admire my picture at home. I knew you would whenever you got over your pet.

"I have engaged the little rings, but the maker complains of a rush of business and I must wait.

"If I possibly can procure them you shall also have the frames, as well as some pictures for your fair.²

"Now, I will close for this occasion and fill up dead horse accounts. I believe I told you we cut one ball out of Solomon and he is doing well.³

¹ The correspondent's name is not known.

² The great Sanitary Fair at Pittsburgh about to open.

³ For "Dan" and "Leet," killed at Gettysburg, the government paid four hundred dollars to Mrs. Hays after the general's death.

"Love to and God bless you all. I wish 'this cruel war was over,' for I, too, am homesick.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"Dr. Maull writes tonight, otherwise I enclose his picture.

"I have been to see the doctor; he will not write perhaps until next mail, and appears anxious to send his own picture.

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Near Stevensburg, Va.,

11 O'clock P. M. March, 1864.

[Supposed to have been written on the 18th of March.

Postmarked at Washington on the 20th.]

"Dear Sir:

"This morning the tocsin was sounded from our advance. 'The Rebels are crossing the Rapidan in force,' and the boys, tired of their long inactivity, fell in with a rush. After waiting a few hours they recrossed, and we are snug in our tents and cabins. It may only be a ruse, but we are on the alert and ready to meet them again whenever they extend an invitation.

"You will expect a long letter at another time, for I am very weary, and, besides, I must confess a want of glasses, as I can scarcely distinguish the lines or words I am writing. I may be called again before morning, and only give you 'the results of the day: None killed, none wounded and none missing.'

"If all remains quiet tomorrow I will write to someone by daylight and more at length. Love to all at home, with best regards to friends.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO HIS FATHER, HON. SAMUEL HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va., March 22nd, 1864.

"Dear Father:

"You need not make an effort to believe that I have forgotten you. On the contrary, there is not a day passes that I do not think of you and mother with dutiful affection. I often wish I was able to exchange a few days of my life of turmoil for the quiet and rest I would find in a visit to you.

"There is, however, no use wishing, as my pathway leads to Richmond or the grave. I have one consolation, at least, wherever I go I have good company. It is not denied that I command one of the best divisions in the army, and I believe that their attachment to me is unequalled.

"As in former days I ride with a curb and spur; nevertheless, they will follow where I lead or go where I direct.

When I first took command of them they numbered nearly ten thousand; now there remains but one-third of that number. Gettysburg, Mine Run, Locust Grove, Auburn, Bristoe and Morton's Ford each claimed a share of them, but in each and every one of these they swept the Rebels before them like chaff.

"For my own part I have been most fortunate under God's providence.

"I have had so many shots in my horses since the war began that I am unable to enumerate them.

"‘Dan,’ after having received five balls in previous actions, lost a portion of one hoof by a shell, and fifteen minutes afterwards was killed by a cannon-ball through his heart. This was at Gettysburg.

"‘Leet’ had received two balls in previous engagements, and at Gettysburg was completely riddled. I did not attempt to count his wounds; perhaps I could not have done so, for he was covered with blood. He died in Gettysburg.

"In our last action at Morton's Ford Solomon was shot twice, one ball passing entirely through his body; one ball lodged in the saddle; my clothes were cut thirteen times; three holes in my drawers, and yet not a scratch on my body. Is that not Providence?

"I believe I am preserved for some good end yet. Ask mother.

"In this last action one of my aides was twice wounded, once in the breast and through the body, but he will recover.

"You will think this is a horse letter perhaps, but when you were forty-four you loved horses. I have one more still to introduce—my mare ‘Secessia.’ She has been in the thickest fight, but has never been touched. She is as beautiful, brave, swift and docile as ever Arab owned.

"Like her master, she appears to have a charmed life.

"We are now receiving some reinforcements, although we expect this, the Second Corps, is soon to be raised to about fifty thousand men. This will swell my division [Third] to ten or twelve thousand.

"The Senate is now driving back to its duty the horde of major generals who have so long evaded it, and it may be that I will be required to give up my division, which I have commanded for nearly a year, and go back to my own brigade. So be it if the cause prospers.

"I do not anticipate that this letter will prove very interesting, but I will do better next time.

"God bless you and mother. Give her my warmest love, and say that ‘still water runs deepest.’

"Your son,

"Alex.

"P. S.—I do not use spiritous liquors in any form."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va., March 22nd.

"Dear Annie:

"You see I am complying with your wishes, and hope in the next to fill the contract for 'twelve pages.' I have no letters today, and it is storming out of doors furiously. The snow comes in whirlwinds, but I do not feel a draught, as I sit here in my stockade. I have built a new chimney, which draws like a mule team. A rousing fire has driven me towards the door. It is too comfortable, and now the storm comes with redoubled fury, and roars around the tent, as if designing to descend through the vent hole, but is afraid of the big fire.

"Under such distressing circumstances I am induced to write all the news of the neighborhood.

"I spent the evening at Carroll's, and Mrs. Carroll and I beat Carroll and Sullivan two rubs at euchre. She is well, but was terribly frightened when the enemy's advance was reported. I think I never saw her look better. She is growing fat and plump.

"I don't know whether I told you of my new spring wagon. It is said to be the most complete one in the army. The seats front to the driver, but have lifts, which form a complete bed. The covering is very close, and it will be very comfortable. Mrs. C. takes her airings in it.

"I have never seen, or been able to find, Dr. MacDougall's letter. The manuscript I have, but not the printed. I will write for another copy.

"Yesterday I went to 'Stony Mountain' and reviewed my Second Division. I never saw men in more splendid condition, and I tell you the sight of them caused my heart to swell.

"Your picture frames are ordered and promised soon. I have not yet seen about more rings. Although Arnold¹ was to see me today, I forgot to speak to him about them. Arnold has just returned from conveying his dear little wife to Washington.

"My dear, I am forced to blush on your account. You, you dear old thing, the mother of nine, said to be the most beautiful and sweetest woman who visited the Army of the Potomac—a universal favorite! Oh, jimminy! Just read that to Jeemes.²

"There is no item of news in this region. 'Solomon's is getting well since we cut the lead out of him. I will not purchase Thompson's horse, but will 'struggle' on without him. 'Secessia' is in prime condition, and as beautiful as a

¹ Capt. William A. Arnold, of Battery A, First Rhode Island Artillery.

² Mrs. Hays brother, James B. McFadden.

picture. I would have had her photograph taken if the weather had permitted today for 'Jim,' inasmuch as you told me you did not want any more pictures.

"I eat three times a day, as usual, but am becoming much more fashionable, dining at 4 P. M., and now, nearly 10 o'clock, have called for supper, which consists of 'pie and milk.'

"I drink nothing but tea, milk and water.

"Love to all and God bless dittos.

"I forgot to say that I never enjoyed better health, and that all the boys are well, and wished to be remembered.

"Again, God bless you.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

As early as December 15, 1863, the field and line officers of the Third Division, Second Corps, had joined in a petition to the President asking promotion for General Alexander Hays. This most appreciative act on the part of his subordinates was supplemented April 12, 1864, by a petition from many of the most representative of Pittsburgh's citizens to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, seconding the efforts of the members of that body in the same direction.¹

Of these gratifying marks of personal esteem and a just appreciation of his services in the field, General Hays and his family were very proud, especially the tribute of his subordinates. Twenty-three names were appended to this paper—all good soldiers, tried in the flame and shock of battle. Many of these brave men fell as did their chief—on the battle line—in the fiercest hell of war—true to their ideals, true to the manhood and valor as exemplified in Alexander Hays and no less in themselves. Lieut. Colonel Meyer was killed in the Wilderness, Colonel Coons and Lieut. Colonel Davis at Spottsylvania, Lieut. Colonel Baird in front of Petersburg, June 16, 1864; Major Smith on the Boydton Plank Road, and Brigadier General Thomas A. Smyth, who had fought the war through, fell at Farmville, April 7, 1865, two days before Lee's surrender.

General Hays was well aware of the efforts of his friends in his behalf, and speaks of the delay, and jocularly refers to the firm of "Lincoln & Stanton," forwarders of stars, in a later letter and chafes under the delay. It was the unanimous

¹ The full text and the signatures to these petitions will be found in the appendix hereto lettered H.

opinion of all the general's friends that he had earned an extra star, and in this opinion the Pittsburgh public generally acquiesced, and there was a widespread desire throughout the state and a conviction that Pennsylvania deserved all the honors that could be obtained and Alexander Hays was worthy of all honor.

Two days after General Hays' death Governor Curtin penned the following letter to General Hays:

"Pennsylvania Executive Chamber,

"Harrisburg, Pa., May 7, 1864.

"Dear General:

"I made the promotions you indicated, and in that respect your letter is answered.

"I have asked and written in your behalf for a just promotion when opportunity affords, and will continue to do so in future.

"I trust you will live through the coming battles and add new honors to your name and State.

"Yours truly,

"A. G. Curtin.

"Brigadier General Alexander Hays."

On the records the date of General Hays' commission as brevet major general, United States Volunteers, is May 5th, 1865, one year after his death. The letter of Mr. E. L. Stanton shows that the commission was dated back—certainly ample evidence of post-mortem appreciation.

"War Department,

"Washington City, April 15th, 1867.

"Dear Mrs. Hays:

"My father had already ordered the general's nomination to brevet major general to be sent up when your letters reached me. The Senate has since confirmed it, and I have the pleasure of forwarding herewith the commission.

"Believe me as ever,

"Very truly yours,

"E. L. Stanton.

"Mrs. General Hays, Pittsburgh, Pa."

It was as certain as anything in war that Brigadier General Alexander Hays would have gone higher in rank, and perhaps higher in fame, by reason of the higher rank, for more than one general went down to death and grievous

wounds, but death came to him, not in the moment of supreme victory as it might have at Gettysburg, but in the deadly struggle to hold the lines along the Brock Road, and ere success came, and night spread its gloom, the gallant—yea, the illustrious—Hays then was no more, and night had saved the foe, for with the awakening dawn there came reinforcements and a renewal of desperate battling.

But Alexander Hays had passed to immortality. He had fought his last battle, and had entered upon his last sleep, and henceforth was a memory. There were other gory fields to come, ever to be remembered horrors, called up in the mention of Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg, and throughout the weary months there was ample cause for Moloch, "Prince of the Realm of Tears," to be glad, for in the history of men there had ne'er been so much of human sacrifice; and looking backwards after the lapse of a half century the Miltonian metaphor comes to mind in all its grim truth—and then there was of a certainty on the soil of America—

"A black Gehenna called the type of Hell."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN GRANT CAME

BY THE act approved February 29, 1864, Congress revived the grade of lieutenant general of the army, and authorized the President to assign the officer he should appoint to the grade, to the command of the armies of the United States, during his pleasure. March 9, 1864, Major General U. S. Grant received his commission and was so assigned. The very next day he visited the Army of the Potomac, the headquarters of which were near Brandy Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, some seventy miles from Washington. He then and there announced to General Meade that he proposed to make his headquarters with that army. Why he so determined is best told by General Badeau,¹ and the facts are too old and too well known to discuss here. Let us paraphrase briefly if threadbare from frequent usage: Grant came, Grant saw, Grant—brought peace. Grant's first act was the reorganization of the corps composing the Army of the Potomac. They were too many even then, yet five only. Infantry corps are meant, and there had been seven at and before Gettysburg, and even eight when Burnside's was included. Howard's and Slocum's Corps, the Eleventh and Twelfth, had been sent to the west and consolidated. Burnside and his Ninth Corps had returned to the field of warfare in Virginia. General Meade had as early as March 4th recommended the consolidation of the infantry corps into three. Grant approving, the order was issued March 23rd, and the First and Third Corps, and the glory of Reynolds and Kearney, and Sickles, and Berry, and Whipple, and a score of lesser fame, became memories only.

The Third Corps was made the Third and Fourth Divisions of the Second Corps under Generals Birney and Mott;

¹ "Military History of General Grant," Badeau, Vol. II, Page 14.

the Second Corps being formed into two divisions under Generals Barlow and Gibbon. Birney and Mott had but two brigades each, Barlow four and Gibbon three. Brigadier General J. H. Hobart Ward was assigned to the command of the First Brigade of Birney's Division, and Alexander Hays to the Second Brigade. The First Corps was consolidated with the Fifth, the two divisions being numbered the Second and Fourth, under Generals Robinson and Wadsworth, the remaining troops of the Fifth Corps being likewise incorporated into two divisions, the First and Third, under Generals Griffin and Crawford, the latter the two brigades of the Pennsylvania Reserves. The Sixth Corps received the addition of two brigades that had constituted the Third Division of the Third Corps since July 9, 1863. This was under the command of General J. J. Ricketts. General Warren took command of the Fifth Corps, relieving Sykes, and Hancock returned to the Second, and saw most of it buried between the Rappahannock and the James, perhaps, more strictly speaking, the Rapidan and the Appomattox. The Ninth Corps was a separate command until the 24th of May, when it became part of the Army of the Potomac, directly under orders of General Meade. The cavalry corps was formed in three divisions in command of P. H. Sheridan. Such was the effective force under Grant that began the movement "by the left flank" on the night of the 3rd of May, 1864—100,000 men "present for duty equipped."¹

These facts, and all that need be considered as preliminary to the opening of the campaign, are succinctly given by General Humphreys, then chief of staff to General Meade. Alexander Hays, however, tells much in his letters. He puts most forcibly the feelings of the rank and file in regard to the new order of things, and justly and properly calls it "a military necessity." In his farewell address to his old Third Division it is sad to observe that the general's hopes were never realized, even by those who were in line at Appomattox.²

¹ "The Virginia Campaign of 1864-1865," Chapter I.

² For an epitome of the service of General Alexander Hays' original brigade from the date he took command, January 9, 1863, to May 5, 1864, date of General Alexander Hays' death, see Appendix G.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va.,
 "Wednesday, March 23, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"I am reminded of an old adage, 'It never rains but it pours.' I received three letters from you by one mail some time ago. For the last three days I have received nothing.

"This morning the ground was covered with snow to the depth of a foot. I have no doubt it will influence our spring campaign and delay it.

"Hancock arrived today at army headquarters. Grant is expected daily.¹

"I took dinner at General Warren's with Webb today. We had a pleasant time, and talked over the past as well as prognosticated for the future. You see what good hours I keep when I am at home at 9 o'clock writing to you.

"We expect Hancock will come up tomorrow and then we may learn something.²

"All the boys are well and in good spirits.

"I send you General Warren's photograph as you desired. His wee wife left him this morning in a terrible state of 'forlornity.'

"I write only to scold you for your silence. Good-bye.

"God bless you and love to all the dear ones at home.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"Short but sweet, like a roasted——."

ALEXANDER HAYS, BRIGADIER GENERAL COMMANDING,
 SUBMITS QUESTION OF RANK BETWEEN HIM-
 SELF AND GENERAL J. B. CARR

Regarding the questions raised by General Hays in the correspondence below, it may be stated that General Carr was sidetracked in a few days to another field.

GENERAL HAYS TO GENERAL WILLIAMS

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,
 "March 24th, 1864.

"General:

"I have been informed by Major General Hancock that Brigadier General J. B. Carr is assigned to the command of one of the divisions of the Second Corps while I am assigned to the command of a brigade.

¹ General Grant came on the 26th and established headquarters at Culpepper.

² Hancock's return to the army; absent, wounded, since Gettysburg.

"By every consideration I supposed the division in which I have had the honor to command for some nine months would be permitted to remain intact.

"Since, however, the disposition and assignment above mentioned have been published, I feel bound, in duty to myself, to call the attention of the general commanding the army to the following facts:

"General Carr was nominated September 7th, 1862, and was not confirmed by the Senate. His appointment expired by constitutional limitation March 4th, 1863, and he was re-appointed by the President.

"Again the Senate takes up the list of nominations a few days since and General Carr's is not confirmed.

"I have once before been overslaughed by a junior officer for no assigned cause on my part that I am aware of, and I cheerfully submitted to the supposed exingency of the service.

"It would be unbecoming to me as an officer to again submit to a repetition without cause.

"I hold a commission as brigadier general of volunteers from the President of the United States. General Carr, I believe, does not.

"If any claim is laid as belonging to the Third Army Corps it will be found that I am fully as well identified with that corps under General Heintzelman and the lamented Kearney as any officer in it.

"I only ask investigation [see page 106, Army Regulations, Vol. XIII] and justice.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"Alex. Hays,

"Brigadier General Volunteers.

"Brigadier General S. Williams,

"Assistant Adjutant General,

"Army of the Potomac."

"Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,

"March 24, 1864.

"Alexander Hays,

"Brigadier General Commanding:

"Respectfully forwarded with the request that this matter may be disposed of at once. According to the programme shown me by Major General Meade, General Carr ranked General Hays. If it proves that he does not, yet according to the brief of General Meade as to the Third Corps I cannot act upon the matter without reference to him.

"I therefore refer it to him.

"Respectfully forwarded,

"W. S. Hancock,

"Major General,

"Commanding Second Corps.

"P. S.—I should have stated that I have assigned General Carr to the command of the division lately commanded by General Prince according to the intention of General Meade.

"I have just been informed by General Mott¹ that he ranks General Hays and General Ward [so the register shows]. He also makes the same claim as General Hays to rank General Carr."

GENERAL WILLIAMS' ANSWER

"Headquarters Army of the Potomac,

"March 25th, 1864.

"Respectfully returned. On the list of general officers furnished the commanding general by the general-in-chief, Brigadier General J. B. Carr appears as appointed September 7, 1862; Brigadier General Mott as appointed September 7, 1862; Brigadier General Alexander Hays as appointed September 29, 1862, and Brigadier General Ward as appointed October 4, 1862. Brigadier General Carr is therefore the ranking officer, and there would be sure to be no question between himself and General Hays.

"Received headquarters, Second Corps, March 24, 1864.

"As to the command of the division.

"The point raised by General Mott and General Hays as to the validity of General Carr's appointment was some time since submitted to the War Department for decision, pending which the commanding general must recognize the appointment.

"It was the design of the commanding general that the two divisions transferred to the Second Corps from the Third should be commanded by officers of the Third Corps.

"By command of

"Major General Meade.

"Seth Williams,

"Assistant Adjutant General."

Headquarters, Second Army Corps,

"March 25, 1864.

"Respectfully returned to Brigadier General Hays, commanding Third Division, whose attention is invited to the endorsement at headquarters Army of the Potomac.

"By command of

"Major General Hancock.

"Francis A. Walker,

"Assistant Adjutant General."

¹ Brigadier General Gersham Mott of New Jersey, who became a full major general later. Carr and Mott were nominated the same day, Carr preceding on the list. Mott was confirmed, but Carr was not, and was renominated as claimed by General Hays, thus losing his precedence. Mott was assigned to the command of the Fourth Division, Second Corps, later the Third Division, and commanded it to the end of the war.

When Grant came with the consolidated corps and the many supernumerary officers, General Carr was disposed with many others—good men and true—and this question did not arise again. General Carr was given the command of a separate brigade in the defenses of Bermuda Hundred, where he remained until the end of the war.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

“Near Stevensburg, Va.,
March 25th, 1864.

“Dear Wife:

“By writing to you I write to everybody, and as I have now only sufficient time to write one letter here goes.

“Three letters from you were received last night. Things were in such a state that I could make neither head nor tail of them, so I did not attempt to answer yours last night. I had hoped that order would have arisen out of chaos, but to-night it is still undeveloped.

“An attempt is being made to reorganize the army, and so far it has been worse than a farce. As I anticipated and intimated in a former letter, absent officers of higher rank than myself have been ordered to the army.

“The Third Corps has been broken up, but to complete the sacrifice the Third Division, Second Corps, is called upon to disband. The noble old organization still survives, and I am still its commander, but in a few days I fear it will be like ‘the baseless fabric of a vision.’¹

“The enemies of our country have, in times past, assailed it in vain, and now it dissolves by the action of our own friends. Apropos, ‘Save me from friends, and I will take care of my enemies.’

“There has been considerable excitement on the subject. Many of the officers of the old division assembled at headquarters to await my return from Hancock.

“When I announced the dissolution of ‘our old pet,’ silence, and each lowered head spoke louder than words, the disappointment if not mortification of all.

“It was very touching to me, at the same time very flattering, as it tested the feeling of my subordinates.

“Reports flew from brigade to brigade. I was at first assigned to my Centreville boys, and they were very jubilant, cheering the news lustily; all except the Garibaldi Guards. One of them was heard to exclaim, ‘H—ll, old Hays is coming back, and there won’t be a man of us alive.’

“At the same time my Kearney Brigade, with the 63rd Pennsylvania, laid claim to me. Birney solicited me, on their behalf and his own, very urgently, and I accepted. I am,

¹ “The Tempest,” Act IV, Scene 1.

therefore, back where I began the war, and the 63rd is under my command. I have a larger command than the Third Division.

"I go in the morning to assume command. I will then endeavor to see Grant, whose headquarters are at Culpepper.

"Our camp lies near Culpepper, near the house where we went to attend the review.

"Warren is assigned to command the Fifth Corps. I have a very warm friend in him.

"Mrs. Carroll is well, getting fatter and fatter, but raves because Sprigg¹ is not promoted.

"Caldwell² is relieved and ordered to Washington. Mrs. C. left day before yesterday.

"Preparations have been commenced to move to Richmond with an overwhelming force.

"It may be that we are unable to move before the first of May.

"It is now raining torrents, and the roads will be almost impassable.

"You will find this a military epistle, with very little love in it, but another time I will make it up.

"Tell dear little Rachel³ that I will write her a long letter as soon as I get settled in my new command. The gloves I will send home by the first opportunity offered.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to procure the picture frames for you, as the manufacturer has more orders than he can fill. I will, however, do the best I can.

"Now, as my sheet is nearly filled, I will prepare to close. Sincerest love to all and regards to friends. A long letter, dated 22nd, from your father has just arrived, and will be answered tomorrow, if possible.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"N. B. P. S.—Coffee, tea, milk and water are the only beverages used.

"The paymaster is expected daily and I will send you two hundred dollars. The horse pay will also soon be received, and I will give you two hundred dollars of that.

"Good-night."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va.,

Sunday, March 26th, 1864.

"Dear Annie:

"I have just finished as handsome a bouquet as daffadown-dillies can be arranged into when the mail boy handed me two

¹ General Carroll's middle name.

² General John C. Caldwell, assigned to duty in Washington as president of the Advisory Board, War Department.

³ The general's second daughter, now Mrs. John S. Sullivan.

letters from you of 16th and 17th; also received one of 15th inst.

* * * * *

"Now, business over, we commence twelve pages of love letter. Well, after all your scolding you did receive one more letter. There are at least two more on the road, but I am not responsible for mails, if I am for one male.

"I will attend to the case of young McClelland at once, and think I can obtain what his mother desires, only I will increase it to ten days.¹ If I can procure the photographs I will send them. I have engaged the picture frames, and will try the rings, but will it not be expensive?

"I will see Kilpatrick and present the ladies' requests.

"Lieut. General U. S. Grant gave us a very fleeting call. I called to see him, but he was out. He returns in a few days, and maybe he will see enough of the A. P. I will, however, have opportunity of seeing him and will report.

"In the Commercial² correspondent's account the word Rappahannock should be Rapidan, otherwise it does great injustice to Brigadier General D. A. Russell, major 8th Regiment, U. S. A., now commanding a division in the Sixth Corps, General Sedgwick. I crossed the Rapidan, but he crossed the Rappahannock in a similar manner. Ask your father to see the editor and make correction.

"Now, dearest, my paper is nearly out. I will write often. I am really pleased with your attention and forgive your scoldings. I will transmit all the news from time to time. We have none now.

"Give love to all, in town and out of town, and God bless all.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"Send me the Commercial."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Near Stevensburg, Va.,
March 27th, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"I suppose I must write or receive a scolding.

"This morning we started to General Birney's headquarters. I did not visit the soldiers, as I had other matters on hand. I have ridden at least thirty miles, and 'Secessia' ran all the way through mud and mire. She came home as fresh as she started, but I am very tired.

"On the road out we met General and Mrs. Birney, and

¹ A furlough for a Pittsburgh soldier.

² "The Pittsburgh Commercial" in the late 70's consolidated with the "Gazette." C. D. Brigham was the editor referred to.

such 'racing and scraping' since Lochinvar ran off with fair Ellen was never seen.

"On our arrival at headquarters she complained of being dreadfully tired, as she had never taken such a ride in her life. I apologized, and declared that I had only ridden fast to keep up with her, when she confessed she had ridden so fast to keep up with me. We had lunch, and I saw the baby, a sweet little fellow eighteen months old, Philip Kearney Birney. She is a very handsome and clever woman. I made love to the baby. 'The way to a woman's heart is through her children.' Wagered with the mother, on the number of babies, and won with three to spare.

"She was much interested in the family, and regretted not having met you. She promised to call upon Alden, as she lives near the institute.¹

"I feel perfectly satisfied with my position and command. Alone, I shall be able to hurl five thousand on the foe. Ward will have nearly five thousand more, and the whole is a unit.

"Mrs. Ward was out riding, and I did not see her.

"Tomorrow we move, bag and baggage.

"Solomon is so well I shall be able to ride him in a few days.

"Love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"No letters today.

"Tell Rachel to be patient, and she shall have a letter as soon as I get settled."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"In Old Quarters, March 27th, 1864.

"Dear Annie:

"I have returned from court-martial at Culpepper, eaten my supper, for which I was very ready, as I had not eaten all day. I found the mail arrived, with two letters from you, 22nd and 25th. Can't read flower talk, but suppose it is all right with your interpretation. Your words are sweeter than the flowers.

"I am all alone, but not lonely, in my log cabin; excepting the negroes, and my private orderlies and driver, with a guard of ten men. The brigade moved yesterday into camp, about a mile distant.

"Until court-martial is adjourned or we move, I will not change quarters.

"I have never been better or more comfortably prepared for a campaign.

¹ The Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind. The Birneys lived in Philadelphia. General Birney did not survive the war; broken down by the severe physical strain he died in Philadelphia, December, 1864.

"I have 'Secessia' and 'Solomon,' besides two fine extra horses, allowed me by orders. I have my excellent and admired 'spring' wagon, with the two sorrel horses of your acquaintance, but as fat as seals.; for heavy transportation two six-mule teams, and for immediate provision my own pet mule, 'Puss,' with Edwin as trainmaster and cook.

"'Peggy' and 'Crumpy' [cows] will bring up the rear. I have a churn, and have turned dairyman.

"If I follow yours, to answer all, it will require a longer letter than I can write, and I must write to mother, also, to-night.

"Your last two hundred dollars left today. As all communication with Washington has been suspended for some days, I think you will get your check safely; answer upon its receipt. I will also write to Colonel Puleston¹ and ask him to send you as much more out of the horse claim should it be paid while I am beyond the reach of communicating with Washington.

"Any letters from me may be the last for many days, as we are only awaiting the bugle call to 'forward.'

"No army was ever better prepared or more sanguine, although we estimate the cost as heavy. I have nothing to fear, and will be only subject to the usual chances of a soldier's life. I have implicit confidence in my men, and believe it is returned with double interest.

"If I was young I might become spoiled by adulation, or go wild from unrestrained wilfulness. Everybody [excepting my wife] takes it for granted that it is the best way to treat me.

"Everything is very bright before me.

"Well, bobolink, what do you think? I got a note from Mrs. Lee A. Beckham² today. She wants 'pork and beans,' and Lee is a quartermaster 'away down South in Dixie.' I will not let her want, but I promise to shoot Lee after the first summons. What changes this war have brought about!

"Tomorrow we have no court, waiting for Colonel A. B. McCalmont as witness. I will write to Alden and send his flag. I enclose two dollars for Agnes to buy 'Gala Days,' by Gail Hamilton, which must be read aloud by her.

"Love to all, and will write to Rachel today or tomorrow.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

¹ Colonel Puleston, military agent of Pennsylvania at Washington, D. C.

² The Beckhams, Kentuckians, formerly resided in Allegheny, now the North Side, Pittsburgh, where Major Armistead Beckham, the father of Lee, was warden of the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania for many years.

MRS. CROSMAN TO GENERAL HAYS

"Philadelphia, March 29, 1864.

"Sir :

"May I solicit the favor of half a dozen of your autographs? I am about preparing as many photographic albums for our 'Great Sanitary Fair,' and wish to place the autograph of each distinguished person underneath his photograph.

"Please direct to care of Colonel G. H. Crosman, U. S. A., Philadelphia.

"Yours respectfully,

"Mrs. G. H. Crosman.

"To General Alexander Hays."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. CROSMAN

"Dear Madam :

"It is with sincere pleasure to me that I comply with your request for autographs.

"The delay to give you an earlier answer occurred from a misdirection of your note.

"I am where I have always been, and where I always desire to be, in the field, and confronting the enemies of my country.

"I also enclose a photograph of myself, said to be good. It may aid you in detecting spurious presentments, of which I am informed there are some. It is all I have at hand at present, otherwise I would have supplied your albums.

"On behalf of the four thousand noble men I have the honor to command, permit me to express to our patriotic ladies at home our united gratitude and appreciation of their generous design in behalf of our suffering comrades.

"Other nations need not wonder at the chivalric courage and reckless daring of our soldiers when it is recognized by such appreciation.

"Most sincerely yours,

"Alex. Hays,

"Brigadier General."

STORY OF A CANNONEER

Miss Helen C. Rickard in her book speaks most kindly of General Hays' sojourn at Stevensburg, as follows :

"The first infantry commander we became acquainted with was General Hays from Pennsylvania. He was a very nice gentleman, and made our house his headquarters for several weeks. I remember that his adjutant was named Capt. Cortis. The general was a nice, fatherly man, and we all liked him very much. They had twelve wall tents in our front yard, and the command was camped all out around and

back of Church Hill and over to Cole's Hill. He was very kind to us all, and got lots of things for us from the commissary. His sutler [Capt. Kirby I think his name was] had his store in our corn-house, and we could also purchase from him. He also had a Capt. Hays¹ on his staff, who was his nephew, I believe. He brought on his wife when the winter quarters were completed along the Stout place, and he soon moved her to his headquarters in the Stout house. I was taken sick with sore throat soon after the general came to our house, and, as he liked me very much, he expressed great interest in my health. One evening when he was feeling very lively he came into the sitting-room, where we all were, and, addressing me by my family name, said: 'Bloss, you're sick, and I really don't believe you'll live long, so I'll bring up the band and play you a tune to cheer you up.' I thanked him, but politely declined the music. The general went off laughing, but he sent for the band and started them to playing, instructing them to keep on until he told them to stop. He then reclined on the sofa in the parlor to listen to the enchanting strains, and was so overcome by the melody that he fell asleep, and did not wake up until about 1 o'clock in the morning to countermand his orders. My, but the band was mad! I went to the window during the evening when there was a lull in the music, and overheard one of the bandmen remark very unkindly, 'I wish that darned sore-throat girl was dead; then we'd get a chance to rest up.'

* * * * *

"I knew General Hays as a very nice man. He commanded a division in General Hancock's Corps, and I was very sorry to hear of his being killed in the Wilderness; but the Misses Rawlins and Rickard did not know of it until they had recited their narratives, when I told them of it, and they were very much grieved to hear of it, as they said they had often talked of him and wondered where he lived, and if he would still remember incidents of Stevensburg."²

GENERAL HANCOCK TO GENERAL HAYS

"Headquarters Second Army Corps,
"March 30th, 1864.

"General:

"The assignments of court-martial will be made by General Ingalls, I suppose; at least, such was the order of General Meade in consolidating the troops. Some two days since the programme was forwarded to General Ingalls. We are hourly expecting the order.

¹ Miss Rickard refers to Lieut. Shields, whom the general always treated as a son.

² "Story of a Cannoneer," by Helen C. Rickard.

"Had you notified me in time the matter could have been arranged without difficulty so that you could have been notified. Now, it may be too late. I have written to General Ingalls on the subject, however.

"Capt. Johnson, now assigned to you, did not belong to the old Second Corps, but to another division of the old Third. General Ward made a similar application before you did.

"Truly yours,

"W. S. Hancock,
"Major General.

"To Brigadier General A. Hays,
"Third Division, Second Army Corps."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Bullock, Va., March 30th, 1864.

Dear Wife:

"No letters for many days. I was too tired to do anything but sleep. Last night Generals Birney, Ward and I had ridden all over the country through the rain and mud, and I was even too tired to go to our theatre.

"As you will see by the enclosed 'farewell address,' I have parted with my old command and assumed a new one, much older than the last, although it is still Third Division, Second Army Corps, which I am required to prefix with the Second Brigade. My fighting force at present numbers three thousand six hundred men, and it will so on be increased to over four thousand, perhaps reach five thousand.

"The 63rd are nearly frantic, and their cheers of welcome were loud and long. The 105th and 57th were not much behind. All were well pleased, and I think no commander ever received a more welcome reception. It appears partially to reconcile them to the dismemberment of their corps.

"We are allowed to wear the old Kearney badge, which is a square [one inch by one inch] of deep red merino cloth. My banner of spotless white, of triangular shape, bearing in the center the square, and otherwise relieved by a dark blue stripe down the side, which attaches to the flagstaff. All are delighted with the change; Corts and Sullivan especially. I have three new aids in addition, and will be allowed these permanently. Perhaps I may get Queen¹ on my staff. The regrets at old headquarters were not loud but deep.

"Mrs. Birney and Mrs. Ward left this morning, and I have no baby to play with now.² I never was better pleased. I never was in better health, and I do not drink any strong drink.

¹ Captain C. J. Queen, commissary of subsistence, Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps.

² The Birney infant, Philip Kearney Birney.

"'Solomon' is again in service, better and gayer than ever. 'Secessia' is admired by all.

"I brought my new wagon with me, and if I am perimtted to keep it will have a snug retreat in stormy weather.

"Our other cow has a calf, and we will live like kings.

"Love to all, and kind regards to all friends.

"Let Rachel¹ [little] look out for a letter.

"Your husband,

"Alex.,

"Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps.

"Paymaster is expected here tomorrow."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Birney, Va., March 31st, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"Two letters last night and one tonight, and am very much obliged. I have signed all my official papers for tomorrow, which is no small task in a brigade of ten regiments. Autograph seekers would be delighted to possess the evening's work. I have also given my autograph on eighteen photographs, destined for the Pittsburgh Fair.² It is difficult to send them, as, I believe, each one is charged for by the Postoffice Department. I will send a few by each mail.

"Tell me what you think of the new style.

"This morning we broke camp, and marched three miles to our present location on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. It is an old camp, constructed by the Rebels, and from which we drove them the last time we crossed the Pappahannock. I have very snug quarters, as have also my staff. At present I sport four aides.

"Tomorrow I go to corps headquarters as president of a court-martial. I shall have an early ride of three miles, and return in the evening.

"In fixing up today I worked hard and am tired. I have written a great deal, steadily since dark, and it is now near 12 o'clock. I know you will excuse the briefness of this document. Perhaps I may write tomorrow at court.

"I sent you my farewell address, and sent a copy to the Daily Commercial. Send me a paper, if it should be printed, and let me know what you think of it.

"Good-night, and God bless you all at home. Give love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

¹ Reference to daughter Rachel in distinction from aunt, Rachel McFadden.

² The Sanitary Fair.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Birney, Va., April 1st, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"'All Fool's Day,' in honor of my patron saint. I will write you only a short epistle on the present occasion.

"I have written to our little Rachel, and enclose four photographs for you.

"I am busy, 'head over ears.' Today I rode to corps headquarters and assembled the court-martial, of which I am president, and returned this evening, tired and hungry, although Hancock pressed his hospitality upon me. The court was 'large and respectable,' like ancient Democratic meetings, evidently selected for grit and fearlessness in discharge of duty.

"I was, however, surprised when I learned that we had been convened for the trial of five commissioned officers, charged with mutiny, a consequence of the reorganization of the army. The extreme penalty of the offense, if proven, is death.

"The court may be occupied for many days, and if I do not write often during its session you may know I am busy.

"I will see Mrs. Carroll tomorrow, if possible, and deliver your messages. All the fair sex, with a few exceptions, have departed.

"I enclose photographs, and I assure you they are a bother to me. Everybody wants one, and I only received two dozen from Washington.

"Rachel's letter will give you details of my 'family affairs.'

"It is raining very hard. Expect the paymaster daily, and will send little rings. I fear I cannot procure those of larger size.

"Again, it is near 12 o'clock and I must go to bed.

"God bless you all and love, ad libitum. No letter tonight.

"Your husband,

"Alex."

At the time of the breaking up of the old Third Division, General Hays' order was published in the Pittsburgh papers, the "Commercial" prefacing the following remarks:

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS

The following order will be read with interest here, for who in Pittsburgh is not proud of the gallant Hays? When we name our heroes his name is in the foreground, and there are but few who will not distinguish him as worthy the title of the bravest of the brave. The field and line officers of the Third Division, Second Corps, have united in a request to the

President for the promotion of Hays to the rank of major general, and our prominent citizens have memorialized the Legislature to ask this act of justice from Mr. Lincoln as due to this Commonwealth. Public justice is sometimes slow, but we are unwilling to believe that its certainty is doubtful. The eye of a Napoleon could distinguish between the simulated and the real. He knew his heroes, and they took their places by a law as certain as gravitation. Unfortunately for us in this gigantic war, faithful, heroic men have held subordinate places, and the timid and incapable have been our leaders. We have suffered enough from incapacity [we will not use a harsher word] to have destroyed any nation but our own. But the slow teacher, Time, is rectifying mistakes. The Rebellion can only be put down by blows as swift as the lightning, and terrible as the thunderbolt. We want energy, courage, intelligence, and their result will follow—victory.

“Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,
“Camp Near Stevensburg, Va.,
March 26th, 1864.

“Soldiers:

“General Orders, No. 11, corps headquarters, temporarily dissolves the ‘old Third Division,’ with which you have been so long associated. Consolidation was a military necessity to accumulate a power which no enemy will be able to resist.

“Although only nine months your commander, we have shared together the tiresome march and cheerless bivouac. But within the same short period you have five times triumphed over your enemies. Your former services are recorded, and to them you have added Gettysburg, Auburn, Bristoe, Locust Grove and Morton’s Ford.

“You have distinguished yourselves, not only by your courage on the field of battle, but by evidences of your loyalty to your country and subordination to the discipline imposed upon you.

“It is trying upon the soldier to part with the badge associated with his long service, and to see furled the banner under which there was always victory—but it is a sacrifice exacted by your country.

“It is my sincere hope and expectation that, within a brief period of time, ‘the old division’ will be reorganized, and the blue trefoil will once more wave over you.

“Until then your banner will be sacredly preserved and restored to you, or otherwise it will be deposited where it will be a memento to the nation of your triumphs and your sacrifices.

“Alex. Hays,
“Brigadier General Volunteers.

“Official:

“George P. Corts,
“Assistant Adjutant General.”

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Three Miles From Culpepper, Va.

"Dear Annie:

"The mail is in, but no letters for two nights. I will write but briefly, as I am in correspondence with members of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

"Unknown to me, they have urged my promotion, and I am sending on documents. I hope that will be sufficient excuse for short letters.

"I leave my quarters each morning at 8 o'clock, to attend court-martial at corps headquarters, and return about 5 P. M. My evenings are devoted to writing, sometimes until 12 at night.

"I send with this a copy of an interesting document,¹ which you did not think worthy of having a place in your collection; it has, however, become invaluable.

"I also send you Hancock 'done in ink.' I will forward your little rings in a few days.

"The first opportunity I have I will send a pay account to Washington to be cashed, and forward two hundred dollars at present.

"As soon as my horse money is received I will send at least two hundred dollars more.

"In very great haste, for I must write two long business letters before I go to bed.

"Love to all. We are all well and delighted. For my part, I never enjoyed better health, excepting a few twinges of rheumatism from today's exposure in the storm, which was fearful.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"P. S.—Cannot Pittsburgh give me a recommendation?"

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN P. PENNEY

"In Camp, Culpepper County, Va.,
April 5th, 1864.

Hon. J. P. Penney:²

"Dear Sir:—It is a great advantage in this world to have friends, and God knows no one needs them more than myself. I have incidentally learned that you, with others, are urging my claims to promotion, for which interest I am deeply indebted. I see frequently men whose maiden swords never have been, and never will be flashed, promoted over myself,

¹ The document is not now known, and Hancock "done in ink," a pen sketch, has been lost in the lapse of years, also.

² A prominent attorney in Pittsburgh, Speaker of the Senate of Pennsylvania.

and others who have served continuously and long. If success, as it appears, is to be the criterion, I am entitled to some consideration, for I have never been whipped; even before I left my mother's apron-strings I could worst two of my brothers.

"Since this wicked war began I have participated in a score of battles and skirmishes, with commands often, far above the rank I held. It is admitted that I have never lost one foot of ground before the enemy, but have invariably driven him when ordered to do so.

"Until lately, for nearly a year past, I had the honor to command a fighting division. An order arrived from the War Department to consolidate the army and the skulking generals, who for a year past have been anywhere except with us in battle, are ordered to the front. This, by seniority of rank, deprives me of and military necessity dissolves my old division. The charges of the enemy never moved us, but acts of friends have 'blotted it out forever.' By a strange military anomaly I am transferred to a much larger command, although it is designated as a brigade.

"When my veterans all return I shall have between four and five thousand men.

"I am very well pleased, but if I am competent to command so many of them [of which there is raised no question] I think I am entitled to rank and pay accordingly.

"I have nine regiments, and am back again with my old favorites—the 63rd, 105th, 57th and 68th Pennsylvania.

"Besides, I have two regiments from Maine, two from Michigan, and one, United States Sharpshooters. Whether I am promoted or not, I am determined to 'crack brush' with them from this to Richmond.

"I enclose you a copy of an expression from my former command,¹ and also a parting address to them on the occasion of taking leave.

"If you, and other friends, think me deserving, and will present my claims, I am sanguine of success, 'and your petitioners will ever pray,' etc.

"Excuse egotism as a necessary ingredient [principal] of this connection.

"We have no news, except what we get from the papers. Visit us and see for yourself.

"I would be very much pleased to hear from you if not exacting too much.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex. Hays."

¹ The memorial to the President under date of December 15th, 1863, signed by the field and line officers, Third Division, Second Corps.

GENERAL HAYS TO P. C. SHANNON

"Camp Near Culpepper, Va.,
April 3rd, 1864.

"Hon. P. C. Shannon:¹

"Dear Sir:—I have accidentally heard that you, with other of my friends, are concocting a good thing for me 'behind my back.' I cannot express my indebtedness to you and them for their disinterested kindness, as shown by efforts in my behalf.

"For nine months past I have been in command of the Third Division, consisting of three brigades in the Second Corps of this army. I refer you to my enclosed 'farewell address' to my old command, which indicates what we have gone through together.

"That infernal tyrant, 'Military Necessity,' influences the powers that be to break up my old division, but my good fortune returned me again to command my old compatriots of Peninsular celebrity. I was transferred to the Second Brigade, Third Division, of the Second Corps, a larger command than I previously held. Have now nearly four thousand men for duty, and will have five thousand. There are nine regiments embracing my old pets—the 63rd, the 105th [Jefferson county], and the 57th [Mercer county]. The remainder are from Maine and Michigan, and one regiment of United States Sharpshooters. It is admitted to be the finest command in the army, but I am not a major general.

"There has been forwarded to the President of the United States a memorial, signed by every field and staff officers and surgeon in my old command, asking my promotion. As the act was committed entirely unknown to me during my temporary absence at Washington, I cannot be suspected of having used any undue influence to obtain the distinction. I enclose a copy of the instrument, which you are at liberty to use at your own discretion.

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex. Hays,
"Brigadier General."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Dear Annie:

"In Camp, April 5th, 1864.

"I had not intended to write to you tonight, but the reception of two letters from you, and one from dear Agnes, has spurred me up to extra exertion. I am surprised that you have any reason to complain at my failure to write. I have truly been and am very much occupied, but with the exception of one or two nights lately I have not failed to write.

¹ A Pittsburgh attorney and a man of influence.

"I have been engaged during my evenings in correspondence with the notables of our Legislature, and have forwarded several voluminous packages to aid them in making me a major general.

"I have written to Shannon, Bigham¹ and Penney, enclosing the memorial² from my old Third Division, and my farewell address to its soldiers.

"That address, by the way, has created some sensation in the army. I send you a few copies, and also a copy of the memorial.

"The court-martial, of which I am president, is attracting attention, and I have no doubt would interest the public if the proceedings were published, which will be the case after the close of the trials.

* * * * *

"I have a much finer command than ever before, and have been hailed with acclamation, while my old command, since I have left them, express the deepest regret at my transfer. The soldiers of our army are not idiots!

"Each morning I go to the court, and, as it has rained and snowed furiously for some days past, the roads have become almost impassable in places, and the streams so swollen as almost to swim our horses.

"I enclose a Second Brigade, Third Division, badge for each of my beloved nieces and nephews, and wish them to wear them for Uncle Alex's sake.

"I will send, in a few days, a small banner for Pearson and 'Jim' to soger with.³

"I will send a badge and banner also to Alden. As soon as I can go to Arnold's Battery I will forward the little rings.

"I have been sending photographs for ten days past. Have you received them?

"Love to all.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"P. S.—I must now write until after midnight and be up at 6 o'clock.

"N. B.—The badge is to be worn diagonally as if a diamond."

"April 5th, 1864.

"I am preparing a tremendous letter for your father next Sunday.

"Give one of the single pictures of 'Secessia'⁴ and one of

¹ Hon. Thomas J. Bigham of Pittsburgh, a sterling patriot, an attorney and an influential citizen, member of the State Senate of Pennsylvania.

² For memorial see Appendix F.

³ Pearson, "Jim" and Alden, the general's sons.

⁴ The general's horse.

the staff groups to George Murphy.¹ I will send you better pictures again.

"The little rings will be ready in a few days.

"Capt. Arnold is home; has lost the oldest child.²

"If I could aid Rachel and the Fair I would do so. Will she receive my old tattered banner and staff? If they could talk they would give the history of Gettysburg, Auburn, Bristoe, Mine Run, Locust Grove and Morton's Ford better than has yet been written. I saw Major 'Will' Riddle,³ and he hopes to be able to offer General Reynolds' shot-torn saddle. If Rachel will only say so perhaps I can do something.

"I do wish you could witness our parades and drills. That of this evening was really splendid—only marred by Corts being on one of his tantrums without cause or provocation, and it must be his last. All of us attribute it to the influences exercised by another person.

"The staff are exceedingly pleasant boys. Lieut. Judkins is a Michigander. Whyte⁴ is a Philadelphian. These two, with Sullivan, who is acting assistant adjutant general, or aide to Corts, compose the personal staff. We five mess together and have no jars [not even jars of pickles], excepting the occasional outbreaks I have mentioned.

"I will not proceed further, but go to sleep. If I did not love you so much [unavoidably] I would not write such long letters in return for your very short letters.

"Love to all as usual.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"[No tactics this night].

"Major Webb will surely and safely send your remittance in a day or two.

"I expect the other, and will send as per promise, but indeed, dear, I am very poor.

"'On with the cap, and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good-night.'⁵

¹ Major George W. Murphy, Mrs. Hays' brother-in-law.

² Capt. William A. Arnold, Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery.

³ Major Riddle was a Pittsburger and a brother-in-law of Thomas A. Scott. He had served on General Reynolds' staff and also on Meade's.

⁴ Lieut. William H. Whyte, Company D, 68th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Lieut. Perrin C. Judkins, 1st United States Sharpshooters, killed at Todd's Tavern, May 8, 1864, then serving on the staff of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps, formerly Hays', and falling only three days after his chief.

⁵ "Tom" Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg."

"Headquarters Second Army Corps,
"Cole's Hill, Culpepper County, Va.,
April 10, 1864.

[Extract]

"Special Order, No. 99:

"Brigadier General Alexander Hays, United States Volunteers, is relieved from further duty with the general court-martial, appointed in special orders, No. 88, these headquarters, of March 30, 1864.

"By command of

"Major General Hancock.

"Francis A. Walker, A. A. G."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Birney, April 9th, 1864.

"Dear Annie:

"I do not think that I am under obligations to write to anyone excepting Rachel, from whom I received an interesting letter this evening.

"I have been relieved from the court-martial, but am hourly occupied in drilling and equipping my 'rebellion crushers' for the coming campaign. I tried one tedious case in the court and set the machine going. I then applied to be relieved that I might devote my time to my brigade. I wish you could see one of our drills, or dress parades. The latter extends for a quarter of a mile in masses five divisions deep. All the field and staff officers are mounted. All the evolutions are much more imposing than any you have seen. Whether on drill or parade, at 'officer's call' from the bugle, each officer commanding a battalion gallops to headquarters, so that my subordinates are always brought to within speaking distance at short notice.

"Three brigade drills per week are our allowance, and I delight in an opportunity I never enjoyed before. I am satisfied that our division is more proficient in exercise than any other in the army, east or west, but my own command shall be perfect, if I can make it so.

"I have many recruits, and they must be drilled and disciplined thoroughly.

"From Hancock and Meade I have gained every concession asked. I have not yet met Grant, but will go to see him tomorrow. We were to have had a review today for his benefit, but it rained, and now at 9 o'clock P. M. it is pouring down in torrents.

"I am permitted to keep my new wagon, which was a source of unnecessary annoyance to you, and am much better equipped than ever before. I have a pack mule, bearing capacious panniers, to carry our dining room.

"Yesterday the boys and I went to an ambrotypist for

pictures. Some we obtained were excellent, but too heavy for the letter. The day was unfavorable, but we are all to have another benefit the first fair day.

"My own presentments were seized as fast as they came from the hands of the operator by members of the staff and others. I have one of Corts and Sullivan each, and they are most excellent, excepting that 'Yank' tried to put on a smile and failed.

"I obtained a fair picture of 'Secessia' and Henry,¹ but it is somewhat impaired by the interposition of a soldier, and from the wind blowing hard at the time. It is, however, pronounced beautiful as the original has become. She is the cynosure, and everybody covets her.

"I will send down on Monday a small box to be forwarded by express. It will contain my gloves, a 'Second Brigade, Third Division, flag,' and some of the pictures I have mentioned.

"Last night I drew one month's pay from Major Webb. He will not return to Washington for some days, but he will then forward to you a check for two hundred dollars. I could have sent it now, but do not like to risk the mails from this point. I expect daily to hear from my horse claims, and you shall have two hundred dollars of that for your goodness. I have now one-third month due, and the time will soon run away. But, please remember, I must live. My own individual boarding in our mess of six costs me over one dollar a day. Everything costs me, excepting my chickens. I want and must have clothes and a new brigadier general's belt.

"I will write to Alden and send him a flag.

"Love to all, and God bless you. I have not written all I think of, but no space.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"Send Henry's watch and me a box of goodies."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Birney, April 15th, 1864.

"Dear Annie:

"I received yours of the 8th this morning, but not the one you say was written the day before. I have not written for two or three days because the late storms had cut off communication with Washington. Moreover, I was very much engaged, and am so still, with my command and other duties.

"Today we had a review of the division. Meade and Hancock, besides many others of rank and distinction, were

¹ Henry Stafford, the general's servant. Picture now in possession of Mr. Gilbert A. Hays.

present. The weather was fine, and all present pronounced our performances unequalled. To my brigade is conceded the palm.

"In the evening, under the beautiful sky, we had dress parade. I have never witnessed a more imposing military display. All field and staff officers are mounted, and our bands discoursed music eloquently.

"I have in my last informed you of a draft [two hundred dollars] for you, which is in the hands of Major Webb, paymaster. He will leave for Washington in a day or two, and will be sure to transmit it safely to you; therefore, be patient.

"I have, awaiting an opportunity, a box to be sent by express. It will contain gloves, flag and a series of camp pictures, and I think will be interesting.

"I do not like your last photograph; it is not nearly so handsome or lovable as the original.

"The lady's I sent you is Mrs. General Ward's.

"I called upon Grant day before yesterday and was most cordially received. He promised me his photograph for you. I will go tomorrow and see about the rings.

"Several of my letters must have been lost, as you do not refer to many things of which I have written. I am better pleased each day with my command, and receive high commendation for their appearance and drill.

"I have received two letters from little Rachel and answered. I also wrote to Agnes and to father.¹

"You must excuse more at present, for I am very tired; up until a very late hour last night and almost all day on horseback.

"I will soon send you photographs of my staff in groups, besides ferrotypes of each member.

"Good-night, and God bless you all. Love as usual.

"I am very sorry to hear of Aunt Elizabeth's² sickness, and hope it will not be so serious as you appear to fear.

"If my success for promotion depends on my individual exertion I ought to succeed. I have written and forwarded important documents to Bigham, Penny and Shannon.³

"See enclosed. Love again.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"P. S.—Send Henry's watch by first opportunity."

¹ Rachel and Agnes, the general's daughters.

² Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson, sister of Mrs. John B. McFadden.

³ The matter of the general's promotion is taken up in the previous chapter in its inception, and his letters at this period show how completely he desired it.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Birney, April 15th, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"Got a little letter, a very little one, this morning. Had one of same description last night. Don't admire such letters much.

"Wrote night before last, but could not write last night, in consequence of engagement, in preparing a box for you. You will receive it by express. It will contain gloves, a flag, a series of pictures of the war, a complete set of ferrotypes of the staff, autographs of several distinguished individuals, horses, dogs, etc., etc.—animals and fools.

"Today I went with Birney to Gibbon's review—my old command, now Carroll's.¹ After the review we were riding along the line, I, with some cavalry officers, with Meade, and Birney some distance in advance.

"A soldier stepped from the ranks and called for 'Three cheers for General Hays!' The response from regiment to regiment was unanimous and hearty. The compliment was recognized by the party for whom it was intended, but as General Meade, under mistake, continued to recognize it we fell into the shade, although it was plainly expressed and as plainly understood. It caused a good deal of merriment among those who understood the expression at the expense of him who evidently did not.

"I saw 'Old Dad' Lockwood,² and he made particular inquiries for you; also Dr. Maull. The boys were very glad to see me, and regret sincerely that they have lost me.

"I have another episode [as Artemus Ward would call it] to relate. My old Harper's Ferry brigade had prepared an enthusiastic reception for me on the occasion of a trip through their camp, but the Dutch colonel³ who now commands the brigade, hearing of it, forbade. I do not admire such military exhibition, but it indicates the influence I exercise over the troops, and as such is flattering. I am informed that the frequently expressed sentiment is uttered aloud in the brigade, 'We fights mit Hays; we runs mit Frank.' But I am sure they will never run. God bless them for their devotion!

¹ Carroll's Brigade was consolidated with Smyth's, and Smyth took command of the Second Brigade of the First Division, Barlow's.

² Lieut. Colonel Lockwood, 7th West Virginia.

³ Paul Frank, colonel of the 52nd New York Volunteers. This brigade included, besides the four Harper's Ferry regiments, the 52nd and 57th of Zook's old brigade, the Third of the First Division [Caldwell's], and a detachment of the Veteran 7th New York. The 140th Pennsylvania was placed in Miles' First Brigade, and the 66th New York in Brooke's, the Fourth of Barlow's Division; Barlow having succeeded to the command.

"With my present boys 'all goes lovely,' excepting that the colonels have become somewhat spoiled under former commanders, but within a few days they have discovered that a colonel does not command them.

"All business, however, is transacted on the most friendly and kindly terms.

"I have your blue trefoil, and am very much obliged to you. I will wear it upon my breast.

" 'Perchance in jeopardy of war,
When gayer pennons stand afar.'

Correct that if I am not strict in quotations. [See 'Lady of the Lake,' for I sometimes think I am the character described as 'John de Brent'].

" 'Most forward still,
In every feat of good or ill.'¹

"So this page is full, and I will study tactics until I fall asleep. I have no competitors, and must not be behind in drill.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Birney, April 17th, 1864.

"Dear Sir:

"The time I have previously appointed for writing to you has arrived, but I do not feel in right spirit for such exercise; I think, perhaps, from the fact that I eat too many eggs at five cents each. I really do not know how we are to live this summer, with the high cost of everything, unless we come down to hardtack and contract beef. Even the latter, at commissary prices, costs fifteen cents a pound, including bone and gristle.

"Today, with the rest of mankind, we have rested from our labors, excepting the required inspection of the troops. I rode through all the camps and was much pleased. The daily improvement of our troops is truly gratifying. I confidently believe that one-half the number of men, as now conditioned and disciplined [although many of them are the same], would be more than a match for McClellan's Peninsular army. It is almost impossible to make more perfect soldiers. Our improvement is very marked, while the Rebel army, if anything, has deteriorated since the war began, unless their embittered feeling has given them an impulse, which we do not yet understand.²

¹ Quotation, "Lady of the Lake," Canto VI, 8; Ibid, VI, 10; "Where gayer crests may keep afar."

² The general's opinion only. History states quite the reverse.

"If we are not victorious in the coming campaign I shall begin to believe that God is not with us, or that He is subjecting us to a terrible trial. Certainly we shall have 'the heavy battalions' which Napoleon relied upon as essential even with Divine interpretation.

"My own command musters nearly five thousand [one-half the number of the regular army before the war], and they move in masses as if the whole was individual.

"I have three hundred sharpshooters, many of whom will strike a man invariably at five hundred yards and a horse at eight hundred. They are improving very fast. A target of yesterday's practice shows eighty balls, all within the space of a square yard. I think I shall send a target to the Fair.¹

"Grant is working quietly and, I believe, successfully. He appears to keep aloof from all the combinations and petty jealousies which so long have been a curse to our army. I see him but rarely, but think I can clinch my own nail there, if it is not so already.

"I could not possibly desire a more enviable position, excepting nominal rank and pay, than at present.

"I have a reputation acknowledged distinctly as my own. The only person who could have been a competitor is dead. It would gratify me much, for the sake of others, to have my coat adorned with another star, and my purse replenished with increased salary, and if it must be so, if it has not already been done. 'My sabre shall win what the craven must buy!'

"If success, as appears, is to be the criterion of leadership, I certainly have claims. Every command I have ever had has given me most unmistakable evidence of its confidence. And the power with which Nature has endowed me may yet be of use if Providence spares my life.

"That our coming struggle will be one of the most bloody and fearful in the history of man, I have no doubt, unless, as extremes meet, we are met by the most abject submission of the Rebels, and that is not probable as long as 'Bob' Lee lives.

"The account from Fort Pillow has caused much feeling among us, and it will recoil upon the Rebels with terrible force.

"A student for many years, I am almost convinced of the divinity of ancient oracles. Certainly the atrocities of Fort Pillow will come within the range of 'Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad.'

"I endeavor to repress my feelings, and to cultivate the principles of humanity implanted by nature in my constitution, and cultivated in my early training, but I almost feel like announcing, 'Boys, I do not wish to be encumbered with prisoners.'

¹ The Sanitary Fair at Pittsburgh.

"I have written a long communication to Governor Curtin in behalf of Lieut. Shields, and send with this a copy and note to his father. I will leave it unsealed, so that you can see what it is if you desire, but have it delivered to him as promptly as possible.

"I have written to Bigham, Penney and Shannon, but have received no answers.

"In my letters home I have sent many things [papers] which have not been recognized. The memorial from the officers of my old division to the President, asking my promotion, I regard as one of the highest compliments ever paid me. Perhaps the letters have miscarried.

"In the exigencies of the service I may expect any day to fall into command of this division. All my superiors treat me with most marked distinction, but I have an idea that they [I mean two or three] fear to give me an opportunity for development.

"I may be wrong, but every man is jealous of the possession in others of that of which he most needs himself. I hope I am mistaken.

"It is a most fortunate circumstance that I procured a leave for John Voerhauer, as he will be a bearer of dispatches, and deliver some parcels which it would otherwise be inconvenient to send.

"I send photographs for friends and the Fair, a flag for the children, and many other matters of no value but perhaps of interest.

"In relation to the Kirkwood horse I will remit one hundred and fifty dollars as soon as I receive my horse claims, daily expected. It was only through interest for brave Kirkwood I ever had anything to do with him. He was a perfect nuisance to me [the horse] and entirely worthless for any useful purpose. I finally sold him to Corts and Sullivan for the amount named, but have never received the price.

"He was put up for a race, and would have won easily, but in his first lunge he actually dismembered his body, ran the race, got beaten, and died upon the track.

"Henry has a watch at the store. Will you send it by John Voerhauer?

"Will you also go to Perry and say that the last pair of boots sent me were the meanest he ever made, and that I must have another pair made within ten days, to come by Voerhauer, and to be in length up to the knee and large in the legs.

"I will transmit to Annie, as soon as possible, more funds, I hope sufficient for all her demands, until I reach Richmond.

"Do you know I think a good deal of her? She must take after her mother.

"Give my love to all, and say to dear mother I will write to her soon, when I am inspired in the vein which pleases

her. God bless her anyhow. I love her like my own blessed mother. Love to all others, also.

"It appears to you that it is easy to write, but it is raining heavily, and in my office the paper becomes too damp for use. Tomorrow we may again be 'en route,' and it is now 11 o'clock P. M., while my clerks, etc., are waiting until I vacate the quarters to go to bed.

"On with the cap, and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good-night."¹

"Kind regards to friends. Can't you send me a paper occasionally?

"Yours sincerely,

"Alex.

"I send 'farewell address.' It has received much commendation in the army, and has been widely circulated.

"I have about one thousand other items in my mind, but it is useless to attempt to write all in six cents' worth."²

"P. S.—I have to say that the firm of 'Lincoln & Stanton' has omitted to forward the extra star I ordered at Gettysburg. Perhaps they have merely overlooked it, but will be reminded of their obligation by reading of Auburn and Bristoe.

"We are all in excellent health, including niggers and horses.

"Do let us here oftener."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Camp Birney, April 21st, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"I have half a mind to not write, as I have had no letter from you for two whole days. Last night I received from Agnes a most interesting letter; I think the best she has ever written me. She is improving vastly, and must practice to become still more perfect. Your father enclosed Agnes' letter with a note, the theme of which is 'that boy Jim' and a certain petition. I have heard nothing of movements in Harrisburg; and, in fact, I must confess a want of faith. I have now a most noble command, and if Providence is as usually kind, and I am spared, I will win what my friends must beg in my behalf. The appearance, discipline and drill of my command, with its strength, is the remark of the entire army. I am daily gaining ground that is undisputed.

"Relieved from one very important court-martial for the purpose of attending to my command, and, besides, made an

¹ "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg," Tom Hood.

² A double postage letter, the rate then being three cents a half ounce.

exception and excused from the most disagreeable and fatiguing duties, 'corps officer of the day,' I am now detailed on another court to meet at Culpepper tomorrow. The special case for the trial is not reported, but from the rank detailed there will be several brigadier generals on it. We surmise an important prisoner or one of rank.

"There will be no necessity to conceal the facts, but before many days we shall be upon 'the warpath.' Never were we so well prepared or more sanguine, but it is generally understood that this campaign will be more stoutly contested and be more fruitful than any yet undertaken. 'Vae Victis!'"

"Today I received an acquisition of another regiment—93rd New York, six hundred men—and my ranks are otherwise swelling daily. No one has a right to be prouder. 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp, a man's the man for 'a that.'

"Well, I have been to and returned from headquarters, and discovered a victim. Don't know charges, but will find out.

"It is now 12 o'clock. I have on hand for you another two hundred dollars in 'greenbacks,' but can obtain no draft, and am afraid to trust to mail. Will send the first safe opportunity offered, which I think will be in a few days. I hope you have received the Major Webb remittance.

"I am anxious to pay one hundred and fifty dollars for the Kirkwood horse, and if you can spare one hundred dollars out of my next pay I will refund at the receipt of my horse claim and send the other fifty dollars. Kirkwood's horse has been a dear animal to me. I hardly expect to get my money back, but the horse must be paid for.

"Never felt better in my life, though tired drilling, riding and quarreling [in which case somebody always wins] with the doctors and refractory colonels. It is good fun; almost as much fun as to see sensible men make fools of themselves.

"Love to all.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

Same Camp, April 23, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"Went to Culpepper this morning, to court-martial, and tried our friend all day. We [Ward² and I] returned late but I was greeted with a box, one box, your box, mother's box, and dear Rebecca's box. May I not love her a little? And

¹ "Vae Victis" ["Alas! for the conquered!"], an intimation of a war of extermination.

² General J. H. Hobart Ward, commanding First Brigade, Birney's Division, Hays' being the Second.

besides, two letters from you of dates 17th and 19th, all of which were very welcome.

"All the boys were very much pleased, and 'Agg's' cake was commended highly. The whole contents will be most acceptable on our march to Richmond.

"Tonight we have had almost final orders. Tomorrow [Sunday] there will be a most thorough inspection to ascertain the wants of our soldiers, and on Monday we leave our log huts, a preparatory 'stretch-out' for a general move.

"Yesterday we had a grand review of our entire corps, composed of twenty-seven thousand men. It was a most magnificent sight. The commanders and a large crowd of officers from the various corps were present, and acknowledged the equality of ours, but to our division was conceded 'the buck horns,' and to my brigade was decreed the gilding which will adorn the division. I was complimented on all sides, but I felt that my boys deserved it.

"Afterwards I was specially complimented by General Meade, with a splendid offer to be transferred to the command of the Pennsylvania Reserves. As plain as I can speak the English language I gave the authorities to understand I did not desire the assignment.

* * * * *

"Not one-half of my letters have yet been answered. On Monday I have opportunity to send you two hundred dollars more, which is from this month's pay; if I can secure it I will send you more from my horse claim, but if I must march without it I will endeavor to make arrangements with Colonel Puleston to send you more still.

"I met 'Sam' Grant¹ in Culpepper today as he was walking on [or, rather, loafing on] the sidewalk smoking his segar in his own peculiar style.

"I inquired where the court-martial was, and he informed me he did not know, as he was not a member of our court.

"I heard a soldier remark as we passed along the street: 'That's him. Who the devil would think he was a general?'

"Many, very many thanks to all whose hands filled that box. Love to all, and kind regards to friends.

"I saw 'Dick' Dale; all well. I also saw young Harper,² and if 'Dave's' affairs are settled, as I believe they ought and will be, I will offer Harper a place on my staff.

"Thine,

"Alex.

"P. S.—Will write to dad tomorrow, perhaps."

¹ General Grant, "Sam" was his West Point nickname.

² Lieut. Colonel Dale and Lieut. Harper of Pittsburgh.

THOMAS L. SHIELDS TO GENERAL HAYS

"Sewickley, Allegheny County, Pa.,
April 21, 1864.

"General Alexander Hays:

"Dear Sir:—I received yours, with two enclosed photos. My first exclamation was, What the d——l is the matter with the general? Has he joined the church, or washed his face, or greased his hair? That last, certainly. In fact, you are looking beautifully. I did not believe it was in the machine to work a miracle, but it has gone and done it.

"I thank you for them, and have distributed them among your friends. Let me also thank you for the continued interest you take for 'Dave.' While you were thus doing him and me a great kindness unknown to me, I was also trying to do one for you. I wrote a memorial to our legislators, and through them to the Governor and President, soliciting a promotion of yourself to a major general. It is now largely signed by all the influential men of Pittsburgh. It will be further signed today and tomorrow. I will devote much time to writing and procuring letters from influential gentlemen to our Senators and Representatives at Harrisburg and send them with the petition. Mr. McFadden tells me he sent you a copy of the papers today. Don't blush when you read it. It is all believed here.

"The enclosures relative to 'Dave' I suppose to be a copy of a letter, the original of which you sent to the Governor,¹ although you do not say so; consequently, I do not send them to the Governor. Am I right in this surmise?

"'Dave' thinks he is well enough to take a hand in the coming fight, but I do not think so. I observe he does not use his left arm at the table, where formerly he used both vigorously. When he exercises he cannot catch his breath and is pained in his chest. Then Dr. Dickson says the wound will break out again before it finally heals up.

"I saw Mrs. Hays and Agnes yesterday. Mrs. Hays complained of a bad cold, but otherwise was well, as was also Miss Agnes.

"Yours truly,

"Thomas L. Shields."²

GENERAL HAYS TO GOVERNOR CURTIN

"Camp Birney, April 15, 1864.

"His Excellency, Hon. A. G. Curtin, Governor:

"It is long since I have obtruded upon you anything relating to my 'old pet,' the 63rd Regiment.

"Nearly eighteen months ago I was forced to leave the

¹ Letter to Governor Curtin from General Hays.

² The father of Lieut. Shields.

boys upon the bloody and disastrous field of Bull Run, but not until the regiment, with its comrade, the 105th, had laid nearly one-half of their combined numbers upon the field, exponents of the principles which they have always expressed from the commencement of the war.

"Engaged since then in the exigencies of the service, I have gained some credit with the troops of other states. I have led New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Delaware, Connecticut and West Virginia regiments five times into action with most complete success, and, thank the god of war, once upon my native soil. Your national mausoleum covers the battlefield of the 3rd of July.

"The stern tyrant, 'Military Necessity,' on the 26th of March, disbanded the division of which I had command for nearly a year. I was then assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps, commanded by General Birney. This brought me, like the culprit sentenced to be hung, 'to the place from whence I came.' I have therefore a brigade of nine regiments in my command, four of which are Pennsylvanians—the 63rd, 105th, 57th and 68th. The others are from Maine and Michigan, with the 1st Regiment United States Sharpshooters [Colonel Berdan], but all are from Kearney's old command on the Peninsula. My greetings on return were most satisfactory, and I never have felt so proud of a command. It is acknowledged, with its five thousand [nearly], to be unequalled in the army, and is expected to 'crack brush' between this and Richmond.

"When I received my promotion I selected as aide-de-camp 2nd Lieut. David Shields of Company F, 63rd Pennsylvania. During his absence from the regiment, in violation of every sense of justice, and the rule which you know I established in the 63rd, to give promotion by seniority to commissioned officers, unless forfeited by demerit, and which was frequently approved by yourself, the rule was violated, perhaps on the principle of 'out of sight, out of mind,' and when a vacancy of first lieutenant occurred Lieut. Shields was overlooked and another substituted in his place, I am certain by fraudulent representations to you. There is now a vacancy for captaincy or majority in the regiment, and Lieut. Shields asks promotion, as is his right. He has never forfeited but, on the contrary, has fortified his claims.

"Lieut. Shields has been with the regiment as a private, corporal, sergeant and second lieutenant in all its battles except Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and since with me at Gettysburg, Auburn, Bristoe, Mine Run and Morton's Ford, always wearing the ensign of the 63rd.

"I enclose a letter from Lieut. Colonel Danks, now commanding the regiment, which is an acknowledgment of the injustice done Lieut. Shields.

"You know that all communications from me regarding

the regiment have been frank and sincere, and I believe you will now receive this in the same spirit upon my assurance. Lieut. Shields is now at home in consequence of a very dangerous wound through his left breast and back, received in our engagement with the Rebels at Morton's Ford. He was also severely wounded in the foot.

"Although he is quite a young man, I know no equal to him for cool courage [except 'Charlie' Campbell, and he does not know the difference between minie-balls and Brandreth's pills]. In addition, Shields has exhibited remarkable determination and judgment exceeding his years.

"If you will, as I know you are disposed to, do justice to one of the bravest, best and most devoted of young Pennsylvanians. I think you will not only commission him as captain, but as I would, if I was governor of the state, make him major in the present vacancy. By so doing you will not only serve God and the country, but gratify the numerous friends who are yours most devotedly. He is the son of Thomas Shields of Sewickley, near Pittsburgh; the grandson of David Shields, and the great-grandson of Major Daniel Leet, one of the first pioneers of the west. Please refer to the Allegheny delegation for further particulars.

"I have no private claims to prefer, but it would give me some satisfaction to have your endorsement for major general [before I get killed],¹ but there is no use asking that.

"Yours sincerely,

"[Signed] Alex. Hays,

"Brigadier General Volunteers.

"P. S.—I will add that our army never was so well prepared, or rather will be when we move to meet the Rebels. We have faith in 'Sam' Grant, and unwavering devotion to the government, through Abraham Lincoln, its prophet.

GENERAL HAYS TO JOHN B. McFADDEN

"Camp Birney, April 24th, 1864.

"Dear Sir:

"I acknowledge your welcome and very interesting letter of the 19th, and will endeavor to satisfy your complaints of 'never answer' before I finish.

"I received tonight a letter from Mr. 'Tom' Shields, and as it will be impossible to answer him at once you will say that I sent to Curtin the original, and to him a copy of the letter concerning 'Dave.' I am much gratified by the action of my friends at home, whether their efforts are successful or not, and to those who have acted prominently, and to all return my sincere thanks only for the present.

¹ General Hays was killed within three weeks after writing the above.

"I received also a letter from that Sanitary girl, Rachel, this evening. She appears pleased and sanguine of a good return from her labors. She is not nearly as importunate as some of the Qu-Sanitary ladies of New York, Philadelphia and other cities. I am but 'a small toad in the puddle,' but I have conceded to their requisitions, and most cheerfully granted one thousand [say, one thousand] autographs, and the number of photographs furnished make me join you in the sentiment, 'money melts away in these times,' inasmuch as each forequarters of the animal [heads never being marketable] just cost the original proprietor twenty-five cents each per copy.

"I felt relieved when applications for 'locks of hair' were made, that I was able to return very sincere regrets to the ladies, with the explanation that the hair crop was very short at the present time, in consequence of a total failure in some portions of the premises exclusively devoted to that culture, occasioned, perhaps, by an exhaustion incident to the draught of forty-five years, or from an old habit of 'wearing a brick' in that locality. That the spare crop on the other portions of the hair department has been cut early, perhaps out of season, from a fear of the depredations of other people's 'live stock.' So the hair game was no go.

"Old clothes have been in much demand, and 'bullet holes' are announced to be worth five dollars each, which is a much higher rate, I assure you, than those who wore the clothes, estimated the sanitary article. I think I will propose to some party to exhume my old horses at Gettysburg, 'Dan' and 'Leet.' There they will find bullet holes, and bullets, and ornaments made from their bones ought to be appreciated by young ladies and 'stay-at-home people.' The bones of poor brutes would prove more devotion to our country than many cowardly humans can show.

"My old horse 'Solomon' possesses all the attractions necessary, as enumerated above. He is not only a 'scarred and veteran hero,' but he is kind and gentle, most admirably calculated for a ladies' hackney, and would make a prize to be raffled for in a fair.

"In answer to your Grant question I have seen him frequently, and have been received most cordially, as I expected to be. I have now an opportunity of seeing him daily. He mentioned having received two pictures from you and seemed pleased.

"He wears his clothes very modestly, and smokes a cigar very awkwardly, and has the approbation of the entire army, because it is believed he knows and attends to his own business.

"Tomorrow, if it does not rain, but which it is now doing profusely, we go into tents, a preparatory 'stretch-out' for Richmond.

"In relation to the Kirkwood horse, I feel bound on my assumption of him, whether I lost or not, to pay for him.

"I send Annie¹ tomorrow, by safe hands, two hundred dollars more, and will also make arrangements to have more sent as soon as my horse claims are paid or pay can be drawn.

"If Shields [Dave] gets his promotion he will necessarily leave the staff as aide-de-camp, but may be retained in some other capacity. I will then invite young Harper, as I entertain a very high opinion of him, to accept a position, perhaps a higher one than aide, as I fear Cortis has become demoralized.

"All is now peaceable and quiet, but subject to unannounced eruptions of a volcanic character, evolving brimstone and smoke.

"'Dave' Shields² ought not to think of returning until he is entirely recovered, even if he never returns. He has done his share.

"It may well be a source of deep anxiety as our people look from home upon the coming struggle, for it will be fearful. A large number of deserters came in and say that the Rebel authorities are poisoning the minds of their soldiers with the atrocities of the Yankees, such as our practice is, and as determined to kill all prisoners and exterminate the South, therefore accounting for the massacre of Fort Pillow and numerous other outrages. I fear the contest is approaching 'a l'outrance,'³ and we must bide the issue. Such scenes will be presented as never before blotted the fair face of creation, and the living will have tales of horror to tell that will curdle the blood of future generations. Our soldiers have coolly considered it, and are willing to accept 'the hazard of the die.' But if we should be beaten, God help poor Pennsylvania!

"Love to all, and kind regards to friends. I expect to hear soon from Harrisburg and Washington, but in two or three days we will be quoted 'upon the wing.'

"Yours,
"Alex."

¹ Mrs. Hays.

² Lieut. Shields was shot through the left breast and in the right foot, the wound in the breast being made by an explosive bullet, which passed through the pericardium, exploding immediately upon its exit from the body, leaving many pieces of lead on the outer edges of the orifice. He was commissioned captain April 5, 1864, and discharged June 9, 1864, on account of disability caused by the wound.

³ "A l'outrance," without sparing. A suggestion of savage warfare, "to the utmost." The general deprecated such a war. To him it savored too much of Mexico and Santa Anna.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"April 29, Saturday, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"Last night I came home late after a most protracted and tedious session of our court.

"In anticipation of a movement we were required to 'sit without regard to hours.' We finished the case, and you will hear the result in good time. This morning I overslept myself, only awaking at 6 o'clock, and I am afraid too late for the mail of this day. The court meets again today at Culpepper to confirm our proceedings. Tonight I shall return to find my house a ruin and a new abode in the tented field.

"Each letter may be the last for some time, as I have no doubt all communication will be cut off when we move. Yours of the 26th was received last night, and I am obliged for the political meeting enclosed.

"We have recorded, upon our hearth, the capture of Fort Pillow and of Plymouth,¹ and again I say 'Vae Victis.' Those events send no mere thrill through our hearts, but they have made a deep, abiding impression. Our next battle will bring peace or eternal disgrace upon us.

"Yours of the 25th was long and excellent. I have and always will answer all such letters at once, but I do despise a blank of three inches on a sheet of note paper.

"If you only received letters from me weekly I assure you I have written almost daily. I receive many letters asking recommendations, autographs, photographs and locks of hair. Alas! I have none of the latter to return. If someone does not ask me to give up my dear little old wife I will not be aggravated. With all my labors of late I have never had better reason to be satisfied. I find myself far ahead of many of my old instructors, and it is conceded that I am entitled to the 'freedom of the army.' Each day appears to add friends to my list, numbering from the one who daily studies the Scripture to the d—I let loose.

"As the mail has gone for this morning, I will leave off, to be continued when I return.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"May 3rd, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"I find the above in my private budget. It was intended [and perhaps you know that good intentions are said] to be

¹ The capture of Plymouth, N. C., was on the 20th instant; Fort Pillow was on the 12th of April.

used in the pavement of exceptional localities. But I send it now, merely noting omitted on the former occasion, which will account for all you did not receive.

"Your husband,
"Alex."

Sanguine, hopeful, loyal Alexander Hays! The next letter is his last.

GENERAL HAYS TO MRS. HAYS

"Our Camp, May 3rd, 1864.

"Dear Wife:

"The sun and I arose at the same time this morning, and 'Joe' sounded his bugle to announce that we were both up.

"Yesterday evening we were afforded a most splendid spectacle of a tornado. All the dust of all the army got on a rampage, and for a time overwhelmed us. We watched it approach for an hour, and then it almost overwhelmed us. Tents went up like paper kites, and some scenes were most ludicrously amusing.

"My stable was blown to strips, and in the midst of the storm I was forced to go out to calm 'Secessia.' 'Solomon' was furious, the mule and the cows stampeded, and we had a great time.

"This morning was beautiful,

" 'For lightly and brightly shown the sun,
As if the morn was a jocund one.'¹

Although we were anticipating to move at 8 o'clock, it might have been an appropriate harbinger of the day of regeneration of mankind, but it is only brought to remembrance through the throats of many bugles the duty enjoined upon each one, perhaps before the setting sun, to lay down a life for his country.

"I send you numerous papers, which may give some satisfaction perhaps they are only copies, but I cannot use them now. One set is a settlement of my accounts with the government. I send also four little rings and two larger ones. One is for Agnes, and I think the other ought to go to Aunt Rachel, maybe to 'Mag' or Kate. But do as you think proper.

"I have sent you another two hundred dollars, of which I have heard nothing. It was my intention to have sent you

¹ See "Siege of Corinth," Byron, stanza XXII:

"The night is past, and shines the sun,
As if the morn were a jocund one;
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The morning from her mantle grey."

one more remittance still, but I can get no satisfaction from my horse claims.

"This will be a heavy budget, and I must close to get it off.

"Today I am general officer of the day, and will have to ride forty miles. Thanks to God I am in perfect health, and will make duty a pleasure.

"I am much indebted for so many favors by John, but was much annoyed to find Perry's boots two sizes too small. I was forced to sell them, and would like to have the price. I will not trust him again.

"Now, good-bye, and God bless you, with my love to all.

"Write always, for letters will come in time, and they are a great satisfaction, even when I cannot answer.

"All our boys are well, well mounted and sanguine.

"Your husband,

"Alex.

"P. S.—Papers received.

"I send the other papers to 'Tom' Williams."¹

On the night of the 3rd of May the Army of the Potomac broke camp and marched to the Rapidan. Alexander Hays never wrote again.

¹ Congressman Williams of Pittsburgh.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WILDERNESS

IN THE forward movement of the Army of the Potomac in what proved the bloodiest campaign of the whole war and the longest continued, the Second Corps led off, starting at 11 o'clock, and at 6 in the morning the van crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, and the whole Corps was across by 11 A. M. of the 4th. Headquarters were established at the Chancellorsville peach orchard, on the very ground Leppine's Battery had been drawn off by hand exactly one year previously. Here amid the wreckage of Chancellorsville the corps bivouacked, and early on the morning of the 5th were on the march for Shady Grove Church, and when two miles past Todd's Tavern, after a halt of two hours, began the countermarch to hasten to the relief of General Getty and the Second Division of the Sixth Corps along the Brock Road. Birney's Division, the rear in the morning, was now in the advance. At 2 o'clock Birney had connected with Getty, and formed two lines of battle on the Brock Road, mainly south of the Plank Road, joining Getty's left. The Fifth had been engaged for some hours, and the Second Corps were in desperate combat as soon as the assigned positions could be taken.

The historian of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers [Gilbert A. Hays] has told the story of Hays' Brigade in the opening of the Wilderness campaign as follows:¹

"Just before midnight on Tuesday, May 3, 1864, the Army of the Potomac noiselessly broke camp, and the troops composing its different corps commenced their march on what has become known in history as the Wilderness campaign.

"At sunset on that memorable day the officers of the Signal Corps of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia beheld from their station on Clark's Mountain the tents and quarters of the Union Army of the Potomac, with wagon

¹ "Under the Red Patch," Gilbert A. Hays, Page 230. Narrative of Lieut.-Col. E. B. Houghton, 17th Maine, who had up to March 26, 1864, served on Gen. Hays' staff as Captain and A. A. Inspector General.

parks and batteries undisturbed and tranquil as though no movement was anticipated. On Wednesday, May 4th,

“the sun
Of morn looked down and saw not one.”¹

“No unusual camp-fires were kindled, no sound of bugle, fife or drum was heard, yet in an almost incredibly short period the entire army, with its immense trains of ambulances, ammunition, supply and baggage wagons and artillery, was on the move.

“So suddenly and unexpectedly to us came the orders that there was no possibility of the enemy receiving intelligence of the contemplated movement before, from his picket lines and signal stations in the morning, he beheld the deserted camps of the Union forces around Stevensburg, Brandy Station and Culpepper Court House. Every corps, division, brigade and regiment had its appointed position, and moved punctually and quickly at the designated hour.

“Shortly after daybreak on May 4th the Second Corps crossed the Rapidan upon a pontoon bridge at Ely’s Ford without meeting any resistance from the enemy. Halting a half hour for breakfast and coffee, the march was resumed along the plank road, and early in the afternoon a halt was made on the Chancellorsville battlefield, on the very ground occupied by our division during the eventful engagement of Sunday, May 3rd, just one year before. The battlefield still showed signs of the memorable conflict. Skeletons and skulls of men and horses, fragments of shell and cannon-balls, with all the incidental debris of a fiercely contested battle, were thickly strewn upon the ground. Many soldiers lay where they fighting fell, with knapsacks, clothing and accoutrements clinging to their skeleton forms. Some were recognized and identified by their former comrades, others afforded no clue to their identity. Every foot of that historic battlefield seemed to possess peculiar interest to those who had participated in the sanguinary contest, and suggested sad incidents of the disastrous contest.

“On the morning of the 5th the division marched at 5 o’clock, passing the ‘Furnaces,’² memorable as the scene of our engagement one year before, when the Third Corps was cut off from the army by the breaking of the Eleventh Corps.

“On arriving at Todd’s Tavern, on the Plank Road, lines of battle were formed, skirmishers sent forward, and such information received on developing the enemy’s line as decided the commanding general to change the direction of our march, and with the brigade we marched by the left flank to near the junction of the Plank and Brock Road, where the next line of battle was formed.

¹ “Barbary Frietchie,” Whittier.

² Catharpin Furnaces.

"General Hays was directed, with his brigade, to take position on the extreme right of the Second Corps, connecting with the Sixth Corps on its left.

"After repeated attempts to locate the line with which connection was to be made had proved futile, the brigade was advanced to meet the enemy through the deep woods and undergrowth of the appropriately named 'Wilderness.' Our line was very close to that of the enemy, although the underbrush between made it almost impossible to see them, so that taking deliberate aim was out of the question. A fierce fusillade was maintained by both armies during the afternoon, and a number of prisoners were taken by the division. The enemy sullenly fell back before our persistent fire as we advanced, leaving their dead and wounded in our lines.

"Night coming on and the supply of ammunition failing, no further advance was made, but the position was held till fresh troops came to our relief, and the brigade fell back to the line originally established on the Brock Road.

"It was early in the engagement that our beloved brigade commander and first colonel, Brigadier General Alexander Hays, the pride of the 63rd, and in fact of the whole army, was killed in front of his command, and strangely enough, among the soldiers of his original regiment. He, accompanied by his staff, rode down along the line of battle, and when he came to the 63rd stopped, as he always did, to speak a few words of cheer and encouragement to his old boys, when a bullet struck him in the head and he fell from his horse, dying in about three hours. General Hays was killed just where he had said he wanted to die should he be killed during the war, 'at the head of the 63rd Regiment.'"¹

Abbott's "History of the Civil War" thus refers to the events preceding the lamented death of our gallant chief:

"General Alexander Hays, who, with General Birney, was bearing the brunt of this tremendous onset, sent back an imploring cry for reinforcements. Hancock replied: 'I will send him a brigade in twenty minutes. Tell him to hold his ground. He can do it; I know him to be a powerful man.' And he did hold the ground; but alas! it was his last battle, for soon after, when he had paused for an instant in front of the 63rd—his own regiment—a Rebel ball struck him in the head, and in a few hours death claimed for his prey the gallant, dashing Alexander Hays, and 'hero-like he died.'"²

¹ "Under the Red Patch," Page 230 et seq.

² "History of the Civil War in America," John S. C. Abbott.

The death of General Hays is thus described by General Walker:¹

"The losses had been heavy. Among the killed of that afternoon was General Alexander Hays. At Gettysburg, at Bristoe, at Mine Run, at Morton's Ford, this devoted officer rode, with his staff and flag behind him, the mark of a thousand riflemen, the admiration of two armies, only to fall in a tangled wilderness where scarce a regiment could note his person, and derive inspiration from his courage and martial enthusiasm. All the peculiar advantages of the Army of the Potomac were sacrificed in this jungle fighting into which they were called to engage. Of what use here was the tactical skill and perfection of form; of what use here the example and the personal influence of a Hays or a Hancock?"

General A. A. Humphreys has written perhaps the best tactical account of the battle of the Wilderness, and after detailing the disposition of Hancock's troops in carrying out the orders to support General Getty in the position he had taken on the Brock Road, states that Birney's Division [Hays' and Ward's Brigades] had already taken [3:15 P. M.] position on Getty's left, the remaining divisions forming as they arrived on the solid ground:

"The Brock Road was very narrow and heavily wooded on both sides, hence the formation of the infantry in line of battle was impeded; their march had been greatly retarded by the artillery occupying the road. General Getty informed General Hancock when he came up that there were two divisions of Hill's in his front, and that he momentarily expected an attack. For that reason General Hancock directed the breastworks to be completed in order to receive the attack.

"At 4:15 General Getty, in compliance with his orders from General Meade, advanced to the attack through thick undergrowth, and some four hundred yards from the Brock Road became hotly engaged with Heth's Division, part of which was lying down behind a crest of a small elevation.

"Finding that General Getty had met the enemy in force, General Hancock ordered General Birney to advance his command [his own division and Mott's] to the support of Getty, although the formation he [General Hancock] had directed to be made before carrying out his instructions to advance was not yet completed. General Birney at once moved forward his own division on the right and Mott's on the left of Getty's, with a section of artillery on the Plank Road, which did good service in the course of the action.

¹ "History of the Second Army Corps," General Francis A. Walker, Page 416. See also "Military History of U. S. Grant," Badeau, Vol. II, Page 110.

General Hancock says the fight became 'very fierce at once, the lines of battle were very close, the musketry continuous and deadly along the entire line.' General Alexander Hays, commanding the Second Brigade of Birney's Division, an officer of distinguished gallantry, was killed at the head of his brigade. Carroll's Brigade of Gibbon's Division was sent to the support of Getty's right, and Owen's Brigade of the same division to the support of Getty on the Plank Road. Colonel Carroll was wounded, but remained on the field. The battle continued with great severity until nearly 8 o'clock, when darkness and the dense forest put an end to it; fortunately for Hill, whose troops were shattered and disordered, an hour or more of daylight and he would have been driven from the field, for Longstreet and Anderson were many miles distant."¹

Carroll's Brigade included the nine regiments formerly in his own and Smyth's Brigades of Alexander Hays' old Third Division. General Hays' original brigade, the four "Harper's Ferry regiments," were in Frank's, the Third Brigade of Barlow's, later Miles' Division, and previously Caldwell's.

General Longstreet's account of these operations and the preliminary fighting along the Brock Road is substantially the same. The very next day Longstreet was so grievously wounded that his services were lost to Lee for over five months of most terrible warfare.²

A most graphic story of the most wonderful battle of modern times is to be found in the authority below:³

"And now from left to right the sound of the battle arises anew. Hancock is advancing, Sedgwick is advancing, Warren is in partial await. Along the left a guttural, oceanic roar prevails without an interval of rest. Like a great engine dealing death the Second Corps and its supports move forward, taking equal death in return. Companies fall, regiments are thinned, brigades melt away. Stricken in the head by a bullet, General Alexander Hays, commanding the Second Brigade of Birney's Division, has rolled from his horse, dead. General Getty is wounded, General Carroll is wounded, and a host of line officers are stricken low, but the enemy fights like a demon, and the fight moves on."

¹ "The Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865," Pages 32 and 33.

² "From Manassas to Appomattox," Pages 558 and 559.

³ "Rebellion Records," Vol. XI, Documents, Page 441.

Swinton's account of the engagement at this time is as follows:¹

"The situation of the opposing forces was now peculiar enough. Warren had engaged Ewell on the turnpike with such result as has already been seen, and Hancock now prepared to attack Hill on the Plank Road; but there was no connection whatever either between the two Federal or the two Confederate columns. Each combat, in fact, had the character of an action in a defile, and had very slight bearing the one on the other.

"A little past 4 o'clock the attack on Hill was opened by Getty's command. His troops encountered the enemy in a line of battle, not intrenched, about three hundred paces in front of the Brock Road, and immediately became hotly engaged. But as it was soon manifest that the Confederates were present in heavy force, Hancock advanced his own corps. The fight at once grew very fierce, the opposing forces being exceedingly close and the musketry continuous and deadly along the whole line. Hancock attacked with the utmost vigor in what Lee justly calls 'repeated and desperate assaults;' but the Confederates, seeking what cover the ground afforded, and hidden by the forest, met the advancing lines with such well-delivered and murderous volleys that Hancock was every time checked. Mott's Division gave way, and Brigadier General Alexander Hays, in going to repair the break in the line, was shot dead while gallantly leading his command in the thickest of the fight."

Dr. Morris Schaff, in his recent exhaustive work on the battle of the Wilderness, does full justice to Alexander Hays. He says:²

"Hays, who had been sent just as the action began to Getty's right, after having double-quickened to his position, rested for a moment and then moved forward, the 17th Maine on his extreme right. As Davis [Confederate] reached far beyond Wheaton's right, Hays soon came up against him and joined battle at once. Owing to the nature of the ground—the zigzagging morasses between them—continuous lines could not be maintained by either side, and the result was that wings of regiments became separated from each other; but, together or apart, the fighting was desperate, and it is claimed that Hays' Brigade³ lost more men than any other of our army

¹ "Army of the Potomac," William Swinton, Page 425.

² "The Battle of the Wilderness," Schaff, Page 185.

³ Alexander Hays' Brigade was made up as follows: 4th and 17th Maine, 93rd New York, 57th, 63rd and 105th Pennsylvania, 3rd and 5th Michigan, and the 1st United States Sharpshooters. April 18, 1864, the 68th Pennsylvania Regiment had been detached for service at General Meade's headquarters.

in the Wilderness. Hays himself [a classmate of Hancock, both being in the class after Grant], during a lull, rode down the line of battle with his staff, and when he reached his old regiment, the 63rd Pennsylvania, he stopped. While he was speaking a kindly word a bullet struck him just above the cord of the hat, crashing into his brain; he fell from his horse and died within a few hours, and a braver spirit never rose from any field."

General Frank Wheaton's Brigade was the first of Getty's Second Division of the Sixth Corps, and included the 102nd and 139th Pennsylvania Regiments from Pittsburgh, and nearby to where General Hays fell another gallant soldier yielded up his life and about the same time—Colonel John W. Patterson of the 102nd Pennsylvania. It is worthy of note that the two divisions, Heth's and Wilcox's, of A. P. Hill's Corps, were in the main North Carolina troops, and they had been opposed to Hancock, and especially Alexander Hays' Division at Gettysburg, and now again in Hancock's front on the Brock Road were fighting even more desperately.

The whole of the Second Corps was soon engaged, and the slaughter of those fateful days is long since history, but it may be well to refer to such accounts as relate to General Alexander Hays and his death.

Of the many books written of the great war, and especially of the Army of the Potomac, by participants, none are more valued than General Porter's. We quote:¹

GRANT HEARS OF THE DEATH OF AN OLD COMRADE

"After having learned from personal inspection the exact character of the locality in which the battle was to be fought, General Grant returned to headquarters in order to be able to communicate more promptly with the different commands. News had been received that Hill's Corps of Lee's army was moving up rapidly on the Orange Plank Road. Grant was now becoming impatient to take the initiative against the enemy, and staff officers were sent with important orders to all parts of the line. It was soon seen that the infantry would have to fight it out without much aid from the artillery, as it was impossible to move many batteries to the front owing to the difficult nature of the ground. Hancock, with great energy, had thrown forward two of his divisions to support

¹ "Campaigning With Grant," General Horace Porter, Page 52.

Getty, who had already attacked Hill. I was sent to communicate with Hancock during this part of the engagement. The fighting had become exceedingly severe on that part of the field. General Alexander Hays, one of the most gallant officers in the service, commanding one of Hancock's brigades, finding that his line had broken, rushed forward to encourage his troops, and was instantly killed. Getty and Carroll were severely wounded, but both refused to leave the field, and continued to command their troops throughout the fight. After remaining for some time with Hancock's men, I returned to headquarters to report the situation to the general-in-chief, and carried to him the sad intelligence of Hays' death. General Grant was by no means a demonstrative man, but upon learning the intelligence I brought he was visibly affected. He was seated upon the ground, with his back against a tree, still whittling pine sticks. He sat for a time without uttering a word, and then, speaking in a low voice, and pausing between the sentences, said: 'Hays and I were cadets together for three years. We served for a time in the same regiment in the Mexican War. He was a noble man and a gallant officer. I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops; it was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead in battle.' "

The historian of the 126th New York Volunteers says:¹

"Alexander Hays and a large number of other field officers fell. No officer could be more regretted by the [old] Third Brigade than General Hays, whose men followed him from love to his person and faith in his success."

Of the death of this general, Coppee says:²

"There was a temporary break in our line. Into this, with characteristic impetuosity, rushed Brigadier General Alexander Hays, with the Second Brigade of Birney's Division, to repair it. He was shot dead while gallantly leading his command into the thickest of the fight. * * * To ardent patriotism General Hays added the noble ambition of an educated and experienced soldier. Frank, brave, quick and energetic, he was the model of a commander. His men loved him, and followed him, because he not only commanded but led them; and, although not in the highest position, we sustained no greater loss on that day than that of the noble Hays."

¹ "Disaster, Struggle, Triumph," Page 245.

² "Life of Grant," Coppee, Page 302. See also Ibid 296.

Among the many newspaper accounts of the battle the following have been preserved :

"Up to 1 o'clock this Sunday morning no reports have been received at the War Department from the Army of the Potomac of operations later than Thursday night. General Burnside had at that time formed a junction, by a forced march from Manassas, with General Meade's army. On Thursday vigorous efforts were made by the Rebels to break General Meade's line and separate his corps. For that purpose the Rebel forces were massed, and, under the command of General Longstreet, endeavored to penetrate between the center, held by General Warren, at the Wilderness, and the right wing, commanded by Sedgwick, and resting on Germanna Ford. Failing in this, Hill's Corps, under command of General A. P. Hill, the strongest in the Rebel army, was further strengthened by a portion of Ewell's Corps, tried to break through between Warren's center and our left wing, commanded by General Hancock, but this effort also proved abortive. The New York Cavalry were pushed forward towards Orange Court House, but were forced back with considerable loss. On Thursday night the position of the Army of the Potomac remained as it had been during the day: Warren in the center, at the 'Wilderness;' Hancock at Chancellorsville, on the left; and Sedgwick on the right, extending to Germanna Ford. In these operations not more than one-half of Meade's army was engaged, but the loss is reported to have been severe. Among the casualties the country will regret the death of Brigadier General Alexander Hays of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. This gallant officer had served during the whole war, having entered the service at the breaking out of the rebellion. General Hays was a graduate of West Point, and was at the Academy at the same time with General Grant. He served with great credit during the Mexican War, and for personal gallantry and daring courage he was one of the most distinguished officers in the United States service. He belonged originally to the Third Corps, and, on the late reorganization of the army, he was attached to Hancock's Corps. He held the position which bore the brunt of General A. P. Hill's attack, and fell at the head of his command, just at the moment that support had been ordered forward to assist him."—New York Herald, May 9, 1864.

In a newspaper story of long ago, entitled "Three Years in the Ranks; or, Memoirs of Camp, Bivouac and Battle," written by Phil K. Faulk, Esq., in his chapter headed "Battle of the Wilderness," he speaks thus:

"The heroic Hays, reckless of life, dashing and terrible as was Murat or Napoleon's grand army—fell as all such men pray to fall—on the field of their glory. No braver soul went up into the presence of the God of battles from the fearful havoc and carnage of that awful struggle, than that of the impetuous and unconquerable General Alexander Hays, former colonel of the 63rd Pennsylvania.¹

Another account says:

"On a line of not more than one mile the struggle went on for three hours. Not less than twenty thousand men were massed against the extreme left of the army. It was impossible to use artillery on either side, and equally impossible to maneuver. The fight was all musketry, and it was long before any ground was either gained or lost. Early in this engagement General Alexander Hays' Brigade had become hotly engaged, and General Hays had sent back for reinforcements. Hancock answers, 'You shall have them in twenty minutes.' But before the time had passed, General Hays was killed and was carried to the rear."—The Pittsburgh Chronicle, May 6, 1864.

The Butler Times published the following story in its issue of January 29, 1908:

RETURN OF A SWORD IS A REAL ROMANCE

Sword Lost by Northern Officer on Southern Battlefield Will Be Returned to His Family.

"The sword of Brigadier General Alexander Hays, which was lost when that officer fell dead on the field in the bloody battle of the Wilderness, has been recovered, and is now in the possession of Senator A. G. Williams, after having remained in the possession of a Confederate officer for over forty years, its whereabouts during that time unknown in the North.

"The sword reached Senator Williams from the South a day or so ago, and in a few days will be taken to Pittsburgh, where it will be formally presented at a meeting of the Alexander Hays Post of that city. The sword has already caused considerable excitement in G. A. R. circles, and on account of the great popularity of General Hays and the romance that attaches to its loss and recovery, the Pittsburgh veterans anticipate a memorable day when it is restored to the post.

"The post has among its greatest treasures a sword owned by the general, but it was a parade sword, and the

¹ The year of this publication is 1867 or 1868.

one which has just arrived in the North, which will replace it in rank, is the one the general carried when he was killed, and which carries the marks of active warfare upon it. The one which has just arrived carries with it a number of silent reminders of the famous battle in which he was killed.

"General Hays was among the most gallant and popular of the generals of the Union army. He came of a prominent Pittsburgh family, members of which are still prominent in that city's affairs. He was the original colonel of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, but for bravery in August, 1862, in the second battle of Bull Run, he was promoted to a brigadier general and assigned to Hancock's Second Corps.

"On May 5, 1864, his brigade, of which Company E, commanded by Senator Williams, was a part, moved in the morning from Chancellorsville, and at dinner time had reached Todd's Tavern, when they were attracted by firing in the rear. A hasty return was made to the junction of Brock and the Wilderness Roads, where a terrific battle was on. Into this, one of the bloodiest and most famous of the Civil War, where the two lines were fighting, with barely one hundred yards separating them, General Hays led his forces. The heavy undergrowth of the Wilderness prevented any real formation of the lines, and the fight was carried on with the greatest chaos on all sides.

"General Hays met the ideal death of the soldier while astride his horse directing and encouraging his men. A bullet pierced his brain, entering the forehead. He was dead when he was carried by members of his staff back to Brock's Road. His sword had been left on the field when his clothes were thrown open, and has been missing then and until within a few days.

"Senator Williams was but a few feet distant from the general when he was killed. Senator Williams had just detected a flank movement on the part of the enemy, who were barely twenty-five yards distant from his company, and slipping to the rear under cover of the heavy brush. He had reported to his colonel, then returned to his company, directed a change of front and had just received the congratulations of his commanding officer for the maneuvering when a missile crushed Senator Williams' skull, and he was left in an unconscious condition on the field for four days. He was believed to be among the dead, large numbers of which were all about him. The local Senator was wounded ten minutes after General Hays was killed.

"The sword of General Hays was secured by Adjutant John T. Gregory of the 12th North Carolina Volunteers, C. S. A., as recent developments disclosed. He valued the trophy highly, largely, as he afterwards often told, because he knew it was a remarkably brave general who had carried it, this deduction being due to the fact that the general had

fallen where the ground was literally strewn with the bodies of soldiers.

"Adjutant Gregory was captured with three thousand prisoners, and was taken by the Union forces to Fort Delaware, where he was held for almost a year. But before capture he had entrusted the sword to the care of a colored servant who had accompanied him, and the servant was instructed to take the trophy to his southern home, where it has since been. The adjutant died in 1905.

"In last December Senator Williams received a letter from Edwin G. Gregory of Salisbury, N. C., a son of the adjutant and the law partner of United States Senator L. S. Overman of that state. The southerner wanted information of the relatives of General Hays, stating that he was desirous of restoring to the North an interesting relic of the war. Other letters followed, which resulted in the sword being expressed to Senator Williams, who now has it in his possession. The southern attorney was invited to visit the North at the expense of the Regimental Association to bring the sword and present it, but ill health prevented him, and he delegated the honor of presenting it to Senator Williams.

"In 1906 the Regimental Association held a reunion on the famous battle ground, and dedicated the Hays monument, which is located at the point where he fell. The date happened to be that of the memorial day of the Confederate veterans, and several thousand of them were on the field to mingle with the men from the North.

"Prominent southerners joined in the exercises of the Hays monument dedication, and unexpectedly Senator Williams had conferred on him the honor of placing a large wreath the Confederates had brought along on the monument of Stonewall Jackson. His address to the Confederates aroused their enthusiasm to a high pitch, and they gave him a great send-off. It is believed this incident was responsible for Mr. Gregory seeking out the local gentleman in returning the sword. The sword will be formally presented to Gilbert A. Hays, son of the general. Mrs. Agnes A. Gormly, a prominent woman who died a few weeks ago in Sewickley, was a daughter of the general.

"Capt. David Shields is making arrangements for the open meeting of the Hays Post, which, it is expected, will be one of the most notable the post has ever had, as the recovery of the sword has already started a flood of reminiscences going in G. A. R. circles. The sword, which is in good condition, has the name of the general engraved upon it, and has been identified beyond question, as a number remembered it."

As a matter of fact seven swords are kept by the children.

General Hays' children are seven in number. They are: Mrs. George A. Gormly, Sewickley; Alden F. Hays, Sewick-

ley; Mrs. John S. Sullivan, St. Louis; Gilbert A. Hays, Sewickley; Mrs. Martha A. Black, Sewickley; Alfred O. Hays, Centralia, Wash., and James M. Hays, St. Louis.¹

Of General Hays' swords, seven in number, each of his children owns one. That presented by the citizens of Pittsburgh, a magnificent piece of work, belongs to the eldest son, Alden. The one carried by him at his death now hangs under his portrait in the residence of Gilbert A. Hays.

It is a pity to spoil a good story, but it is not the sword carried by the general at his death. The returned sword was one from the general's collection that had been lost or stolen from the headquarters wagon.

The Sewickley "Herald" also published the story at the time, adding:

"Capt. David Shields, who served as personal aide-de-camp to General Hays, positively identified the sword when received with seemingly as great pleasure as Mr. Hays, and states that it was the one occasionally worn by the general in active service, and had been presented by the 'Texan Rangers,' an organization of the Mexican War, as an evidence of their admiration and esteem for him. Later General Hays had the inscription, that made its recovery possible, engraved on the scabbard.

"The Hays family are profoundly grateful to Senator Gregory for his graceful act in returning the sword.

"It will be remembered that two years ago, at the dedication of the monument marking the spot where General Hays fell in the Wilderness, the exercises were participated in by 'the Blue and the Gray,' each side having equal parts in the program, so that the general's children can feel that it was 'bread cast upon the waters' when they shared the honors of the dedication with their father's former enemies."

When Capt. Sullivan heard the story he immediately wrote as follows:

"St. Louis, Mo., February 5th, 1908.

"Gilbert A. Hays, Esq.,

"Sewickley, Penna.:

"Dear 'Gib':—Yours of the 31st ult. to hand, together with the newspaper clipping about your father's sword having turned up in possession of a North Carolina soldier. It is all news to me. I don't take any stock in the story.

"As you know, I was at your father's side when he fell,

¹ Since above was penned Mrs. Gormly and Mrs. Black have died.

May 5th, 1864, at the Wilderness, and never left him until I turned his remains over to Dr. Scott at the field hospital, who did the preliminary embalming. Am very clear in my mind that I took all the general's effects, including his sword, sash, etc., back to this hospital. Some time that evening or night I returned to the position held by our lines when the general fell, and they were but little changed. I returned to the front next forenoon to learn who had been killed or wounded. The lines were much the same as on the previous day. The fighting, when resumed, was towards Todd's Tavern, and some days later continued out Spottsylvania way. So it is doubtful if the Rebels ever occupied the position held by our command May 5th, 1864. Certainly, they did not for twenty-four hours, and I don't think it possible for the sword to have remained on the field all this time without someone finding it. Of all things, the sword worn by the general when he fell would have commanded, in fact, demanded my attention.

"I was given leave to take the body to Washington, and there to report for orders to the Secretary of War. After taking the remains to an undertaking office, I reported as ordered, and was informed by Mr. Stanton that Mr. McFadden was there and he would look after the remains, and that I should report back to my command. I presume I showed some resentment to this order, for certainly respect would warrant an officer being sent home with the body. The sequel comes later.

"I then turned the remains over to your Uncle James, together with the general's effects. With these effects must have been the sword. Most certainly the sword of all other things I would guard. On returning to the hotel I found Mr. Stanton had reconsidered my orders. I found a five days' leave and transportation to Pittsburgh and return, with directions to return to the army. Your mother afterwards wrote me she had received the general's effects after I left Pittsburgh, and later showed me his sword and sash. There is no doubt in my mind that that was his sash and sword your father had on when he fell in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

"The story you send has a touch of romance, and it is almost a pity to dispel it, but I don't believe a word of it.

"Hope you will find the above of some value.

"Your brother,

"J. S. Sullivan."

"Uncle James" was James B. McFadden, who died in 1907. Captain Sullivan had likely forgotten about the lost sword. The return of the sword was a graceful act, and made the sword collection again complete.

CHAPTER XIX.

HONORS TO THE FALLEN

THE first intelligence of General Hays' death in Pittsburgh came in a telegram from Secretary Stanton himself, to-wit:

“War Department,

“Washington, May 7, 8 P. M.

“Hon. Thomas M. Howe:

“I deeply regret to inform you that intelligence has just reached this department that in the engagement near Chancellorsville, on Thursday, Brigadier General Alexander Hays of Pittsburgh was killed at the head of his command while gallantly maintaining his position against a superior force. His remains are believed to be in possession of our forces, but there is no means of communication with the army. You will please communicate this sad intelligence to Mr. John B. McFadden and the family of General Hays. The remains will be forwarded as soon as they reach here, which may not be for some days, as the army is between thirty and forty miles in advance of railroad or telegraphic communication, and there is no means of transportation. No casualties to any other officer is reported.

“Edwin M. Stanton,
“Secretary of War.”

The body of General Hays was sent to Washington as soon as it was possible under the circumstances, but it did not reach Pittsburgh until May 13th. The remains were first taken to the family residence of John B. McFadden, No. 104 Penn street [now avenue], and from thence to the First Presbyterian Church on Wood street, near Sixth street [now avenue], where the services were held. There was a general suspension of business on that day, and the loyal city of his adoption paid sad homage to the memory of one loved and admired by all. As the funeral cortege passed to the Allegheny Cemetery cannon boomed from the hillside in honor of the dead soldier, while thousands of people, with uncovered heads as the hearse passed, lined the streets.

At the risk of repetition the following newspaper accounts of the obsequies are given as showing the universal esteem in which the general was held. There was evidently no concert of action by the editorial writers, and the unanimity of the thought was spontaneous and heartfelt. The action of the city officials and the City Councils was likewise just and sympathetic. This action was not only official, but it was in thorough accord with the prevailing sentiment peculiar to the war times.

The ensuing extended account is from the old Pittsburgh "Commercial" of May 16, 1864:

OBSEQUIES TO GENERAL HAYS

Imposing and Solemn Ceremonies.

Grand Military Display.

Address by the Rev. Dr. Paxton.

"Notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather on Saturday afternoon, an immense concourse of people lined Wood street in the vicinity of the First Presbyterian Church, whilst the spacious edifice was filled to overflowing, all drawn thither to witness the funeral ceremonies of the late Brigadier General Alexander Hays. Since the beginning of this desolating war Pittsburgh has been repeatedly called upon to mourn the loss of her noblest sons, but, perhaps, it were not amiss to say that no event in the course of the war has caused such an overshadowing gloom in this community as the death of General Hays. We have before announced the arrival of his body, and its being escorted to the residence of his father-in-law, John B. McFadden, Esq., by a company of the Invalid Corps. On Friday evening the remains were moved to the First Presbyterian Church on Wood street, and Saturday morning the doors were thrown open to the eager throngs who were anxious to take a last look at the gallant dead. The coffin was placed on a bier in the vestibule of the church, tastefully draped with the national flag. On the top was displayed the five swords which had been worn by General Hays in his campaign in Mexico and of the present war, all of which had been presented to him as a testimonial of his valuable services on the tented field. A beautiful wreath of white flowers and evergreens also adorned the coffin. The face of the corpse alone was visible. The crowd that gathered to view the remains passed in at the door of the church next to

Virgin alley, and after lingering a moment were ushered out at the upper or Sixth street door. A guard of soldiers was in attendance, and every politeness was shown to the public. During the time the body lay in state thousands of our citizens visited the church, and all seemed to be deeply moved at the spectacle of one so noble and so brave now sleeping in the cold embrace of death.

"At 1 o'clock the lid of the coffin was closed, when it was removed into the church and placed in front of the altar, which was draped in mourning and covered with the American flag, entwined with wreaths of laurel. Previous to the commencement of the funeral services the deep-toned organ chanted a solemn dirge, which seemed to inspire the audience with feelings of reverential awe, whilst, at intervals, the report of minute guns, fired from a section of Knaps' Battery, was heard in the distance, combining to deepen the solemnity of the occasion. The services were opened by Rev. Dr. Howard, who read that old, familiar and appropriate hymn:

" 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.'

Which was sung by the choir with a feeling and pathos befitting the solemn occasion. Dr. Howard then read appropriate portions of the sacred Scriptures, after which he offered up a most fervent and appropriate prayer. Rev. Dr. Paxton, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, then proceeded to address the assemblage in a manner befitting the interesting and solemn occasion, touching upon the life, public services and heroic deeds of the deceased. In the course of his remarks, the reverend gentleman said:

" 'The battle of Waterloo saved Europe, but it clad all England in mourning. So the battle of the Wilderness saved our country, but it has filled the nation's heart and the nation's homes with sorrow. The glad sound of victory rings through the land, mingled with the groans of the dying, and the wail of the widow and the orphan. In how many households is all joy darkened—how does the land mourn and the heart of the nation sigh under its weight of woe! But we verily believe our country is saved. Heroic men have cheerfully given their lives for its safety, and heroic women have given their husbands and sons as martyrs to truth and freedom.

" 'All honor to the nation's heroes. A profound admiration for heroic character is one of the most deeply-seated, as it is one of the most common, sentiments of human nature.

One of the earliest inspirations of our childhood is to pay the instinctive homage of our applause to the man who proves himself a hero. Under the inspiration of this same feeling now [which is one of the most natural and noble feelings of our humanity] we have assembled to do honor to one who has done honor to us and to our common country. To recount, in brief, the varied events of his patriotic life is his best eulogium.

“Brigadier General Alexander Hays was the son of General Samuel Hays of Venango county, Pa. He was born in 1819—graduated from the military academy at West Point in 1844—in the same class with Commander Grant,¹ whose friendship and confidence he always enjoyed—entered immediately into the service of his country as a lieutenant, in the 4th Regiment of Infantry, in the Army of Observation, then stationed in Louisiana. At the opening of the war with Mexico he was one of the first to enter the field, and fought with distinguished gallantry in the battles of Palto Alto and Resaca de la Palma, capturing, in connection with the brave and lamented Lieut. Woods of Mifflin county, the first gun that was wrested from the enemy. Returning home he enlisted and disciplined two hundred men, and joined the army at Vera Cruz, and marched with it to the relief of the besieged garrison at Pueblo. He was there, as a reward of merit, honored with an appointment as aide-de-camp to General Lane, and, proceeding with him upon an expedition against the Mexican guerrillas, was engaged in many severe skirmishes and some heavy conflicts in their march to the City of Mexico.

“His record during the whole Mexican War was that of a brave and skillful soldier, whose courage could be trusted in any emergency, and whose ability to execute was equal to his will to dare. At the close of the war, his active spirit recoiling from the dull routine of mere garrison duty, he resigned and returned home with honor, having acquitted himself heroically in seventeen engagements with the enemy.

“After his return he devoted himself to the work of a civil engineer—and in this profession he served in various capacities in California, and more recently in our own city and county, in connection with the various railroads then in the course of construction. The news of the attack upon Fort Sumter found him busily employed upon the plan of a railroad bridge. He immediately arose—and, putting away his papers and instruments, said to his wife that “that work was now finished, his country called, and he must hasten to the field.”

¹ An erroneous statement, oft repeated.

"He was immediately elected captain of the City Guards, and a few days after major of the 12th Regiment of Volunteers, which had been raised in this city, and marched with them on the 27th day of April, 1861. I well remember his presence in that pew, when, with that noble company, the City Guards, he came to ask the prayers of God's people, and to listen to a farewell sermon before they marched to the field of action. In the month of July following, the term of the enlistment of his regiment having expired, he returned and raised the 63rd Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, and, as its colonel, led it to the field, and shared the glory of its exploits in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, the Orchard, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Groveton and Chantilly. In this last engagement he was wounded, and laid aside from active duty for a brief period. Upon his recovery he was promoted, as the reward of his bravery and skill, to the position of brigadier general.¹

"Since then his record is coincident with the actions and fortunes of the Army of the Potomac. At Gettysburg he commanded, not a brigade, but a division [Third Division of the Second Corps of the army], which he disposed and maneuvered in such a masterly manner as to elicit the admiration of all who witnessed the conflict, whilst his own deeds of personal bravery were such as to inspire his men with a spirit of dauntless heroism. His efficiency upon that occasion is sufficiently evinced by the single fact that his division alone captured twenty battle flags from the Rebel foe. The enemy themselves were astonished at his feats of daring, and expressed their admiration of a general so skillful and so terribly in earnest.

"It is doubtless true that he, as much as any other man, was instrumental in the achievement of that memorable victory—which turned the tide of war, and drove back the enemy, shattered and humiliated, from the soil of Pennsylvania.'

"Dr. Paxton here quoted from the Buffalo 'Commercial' in regard to General Hays at the Wilderness.

"In the beginning of this last engagement, when General Hancock took position and was immediately assailed by the full corps of General Longstreet, General Hays, with his brigade, occupied a front position in the thickest of the fight. They had been engaged for about one-half an hour when General Hays, after riding along his whole line, halted at the head of his old regiment [the 63rd]. He had scarce paused when a rifle ball struck him just above the cord of his hat, and, penetrating the brain, he fell insensible to the ground.

¹ General Hays was wounded, August 28, three days before the engagement at Chantilly.

He breathed hardly for three hours afterwards, and then, without a return of consciousness, expired.

“Thus fell the hero of thirty-two battlefields. He fell just where he should have wished to have fallen—at the head of his own old regiment—the 63rd Pennsylvania. He fell just as every patriot soldier should fall with his face to the foe. He fell heroically, gloriously, as the Secretary of War announced, at the head of his column, cheering and sustaining it against an overwhelming force of the enemy.

“We mourn his loss, for the fall of such a soldier, and such a leader, at such a crisis when our country needs brave hearts and strong arms, is no small calamity. All who knew him agree that he never feared a foe, that he was as brave a man as ever entered a field of battle. His best eulogium is contained in words of one of his own comrades in arms, who said that his simple presence would make a regiment of cowards brave.

“Whilst we mourn his loss, we feel it to be a happy heritage to honor his memory. The solemn feeling that pervades this community; the closing of places of business; the concourse of citizens to this sanctuary; with the volunteer tribute of martial honors—all give evidence of the depth to which the common heart is stirred, and of the affection and admiration which his memory awakens.

“The battle is fought and the victory won; and we honor the patriots who achieved it. And now, friends, fellow-citizens, look upon that bier—

“He lies like a hero taking his rest,
With his martial shroud around him.”

“His battle-flag is his winding-sheet, and on his bosom rest five swords, each the reward of valor: One—the gift of his early friends and companions in his native town [Franklin], as the reward of his gallantry in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Another—a token of affection and admiration from the Texan Rangers. A third—presented to him by his own company [the City Guards], through the brave and lamented Colonel Childs. The fourth—an elegant and expensive sword recently presented to him as a testimony of the confidence and regard of the citizens of Pittsburgh. The fifth—this battle sword, which he carried when he fell on the field of carnage.

“And now to all these honors we add this day the tribute of our deep, heartfelt gratitude and our tender, affectionate remembrance. Whatever other debts this nation may repudiate, let us never repudiate the debt of gratitude we owe to the memories and to the widows and orphans of the noble men who have laid their lives upon their country’s altar. We

honor General Alexander Hays, as Americans, for his true-hearted devotion to our common country. We honor him, as Pennsylvanians, for his achievements in driving the Rebel hoard from Pennsylvania soil. We honor him, as Pittsburghers, as the embodiment and representative of the loyalty and courage of this city in the armies of freedom. All honor to the fallen hero!

“Soldier, rest, thy warfare o’er;
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,

“Upon the conclusion of Dr. Paxton’s address, a doxology was sung by the choir and the benediction pronounced. The body was then borne from the church by the following pall-bearers:

“Lieut. Colonel Cross, Colonel Morris, Major Peale, Major McCandless, Major Barnes, Capt. Irish, Capt. Hayman and Capt. Moorhead. And on its appearance the military escort, under command of Lieut. Colonel Foulk of the 46th Regiment, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, consisting of a battalion of infantry, composed of companies on provost duty in this city and from Camp Reynolds, which had been previously formed on Fourth street, and marched up Wood street in column by platoon to the church, where it was formed, the left resting near Liberty, was promptly brought to a ‘present,’ when the band commenced its solemn strains, and the corpse was borne silently along the line to the right of the escort, the coffin, tastefully decorated with the American flag and a white wreath of flowers, and placed in the hearse. The battalion was then brought to a ‘shoulder,’ wheeled in column by platoon to the left, when arms were reversed, and marched in this way, ‘left in front,’ to the grave. Then came the procession in the following order:

“Pall-bearers.

Officers and men of 63rd Regiment as mourners.

Officers of the United States Army.

Family and Friends.

Ninth Reserves and Associations.

Mayor of the city and members of Councils.
Citizens.

“The funeral cortege passed from the church up Wood street to Liberty, up Liberty to Hand,¹ down Hand to Penn, thence along Penn to the Allegheny Cemetery. The procession was one of the largest and most imposing ever seen in the city, and all along the route the pavement and windows were crowded with persons anxious to witness the last sad ceremonies of a brave and noble officer. The stores and principal business houses of the city were closed, in accord with the request of the Mayor, issued at the instance of some of our prominent citizens, and on every hand there was visible the deepest gloom.

¹ Hand Street—later Ninth, now Anderson Street.

"Arriving at the grave, the escort was halted, and formed in line of battle opposite the grave. As the corpse passed from the right along the line, the escort was brought to a 'present,' and on reaching the grave came to a 'shoulder,' and 'rest on arms.' When the coffin had been lowered to its last resting place, the Episcopal burial service was read by Rev. Dr. Page of Christ's Church. The escort was then brought to an 'attention,' and the orders 'shoulder' and 'load at will' given. After due precaution had been taken by Lieut. Colonel Foulk, commander of the battalion, to have the friends of the deceased and strangers removed, so that no accident might possibly occur, the entire escort fired three volleys over the grave. This last sad rite performed in honor of a beloved companion-in-arms, the escort returned to the city, preceded by the band, marching in column by platoon, down Penn to St. Clair, up St. Clair to Market, along Market to Fifth, along Fifth to Smithfield, and down Smithfield to the Girard House, when it was brought into line and dismissed.¹

"The military escort was under command of Lieut. Colonel Foulk, assisted by Major Young, Capt. McClintock and Lieut. Williams, U. S. A., Lieut. Samuel Harper acting as adjutant. We cannot refrain, in conclusion, to notice the admirable manner in which the military escort was managed by Lieut. Colonel Foulk and his prompt aids. A military display at a funeral, when properly conducted by experienced and competent officers, constitutes a beautiful as well as solemn feature in the last sad rites of burial. That of Saturday was all that could have been wished, and reflects credit on both officers and men.

"Among the officers of the provost guard we noticed Capts. Davis, Little and Griffith, and Lieuts. Graham, Carmon and Webb; from Camp 'Reynolds,' Capts. Gruntz and Ellwood, and Lieuts. Boyle, Duff, Sample and Vandegrift."

The newspaper clippings relative to the arrangements of the funeral are most interesting. The petition to the Mayor met a ready response and all military organizations took prompt action.

The Remains of General Hays.

"The remains of Brigadier General Alexander Hays are expected to arrive in this city today [Friday] on the 1:46 train from the east. Should they arrive at that time the funeral will take place on Saturday. The remains will be

¹ St. Clair Street—later Sixth; now Federal: Girard House at Smithfield and Third Avenue, then headquarters Post of Pittsburgh, hotel names changed to Central, afterwards the Griswold, razed in 1916.

interred with appropriate military honors. It was the intention of the Pittsburgh Battery to attend the funeral, but, unfortunately, there is not a single set of artillery harness in the arsenal, and the battery will be, consequently, unable to turn out. An infantry escort will attend and pay due respect to the rank and memory of the distinguished dead. The City Councils meet this evening, and we would suggest that they make arrangements to attend the funeral in a body. Such a mark of respect is due to the memory of one who had so nobly sustained the reputation of our city, and given his life in defense of the nation.

General Hays' Funeral.

All non-commissioned officers and privates at home on furlough, or off duty in this city, and all others having infantry uniforms, are requested to meet this morning at 10 o'clock at the office of Colonel Foulk,¹ third story of Wilkins Hall, for the purpose of making arrangements for participating in the funeral ceremonies of the late General Hays, which will take place on Saturday. It is hoped that this request will be promptly complied with by every soldier.

The City Councils of Pittsburgh held a special meeting the evening of May 13th, 1864. A resolution was passed at that meeting that the City Councils attend the funeral of Brigadier General Alexander Hays, lately killed in battle, and that the Mayor of the city, Hon. James Lowry, be solicited to accompany them. On motion Councils adjourned to meet Saturday afternoon, May 14th, at 2 o'clock, to attend the funeral.

To His Honor, James Lowry, Jr., Mayor of the City of Pittsburgh:

"The undersigned, in behalf of the mechanics, business men and others of the city of Pittsburgh, in view of the funeral obsequies of the lamented Brigadier General Hays, respectfully desire that Your Honor will issue an order requesting that the various business houses in this city and vicinity be closed between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock P. M. tomorrow [Saturday], in order that all may unite in paying a last tribute to a brave and meritorious officer, whose virtues as a citizen of Pittsburgh we all highly esteemed, and whose bravery on the field of battle has won for him an imperishable fame:

Very respectfully,

Your Fellow-Citizens.

| | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| William McCully & Co. | William McKnight | Robert Arthurs |
| William Bagaley | J. McDonald Crossan | Joseph S. Morrison |
| Eaton, Macrum & Co. | William C. McCarthy | Jared M. Brush |
| White, Orr & Co. | William J. Moreland | C. W. Batchelor |

"Pittsburgh, May 13, 1864."

¹ William L. Foulk was lieutenant colonel 46th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"Mayor's Office,

"Pittsburgh, May 13th, 1864.

"To Messrs. William McCully & Co.; William Bagaley;
Eaton, Macrum & Co., and others:

"Gentlemen:—In compliance with your desire I hereby request that all the business houses in this city be closed at the time designated by you [Saturday, May 14, between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock P. M.], and I trust that my fellow-citizens will generally unite in doing honor to the memory of the gallant dead.

"Yours, most respectfully,

"James Lowry, Jr.,

"Mayor."

From Saturday's papers, May 14th, 1864:

"All officers in the service of the United States in or about this city are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of the late General Alexander Hays, U. S. V. [Captain U. S. A.]. Officers will please appear in full uniform.

"Due notice of funeral will be given.

Lieut. Colonel Foulk,
U. S. V. [46th Penna. Vols.],

Capt. W. J. Moorehead,
17th U. S. Infantry,

Capt. John McClintock,
Committee.

"John McClintock,

"Captain 14th U. S. Infantry,

"Secretary."

"The original and present members of Company D, 9th Regiment, P. R. V. C., now in the city and vicinity, are requested to meet at the government barracks, First street, this day, at 12:30 o'clock, to attend the funeral of Brigadier General Alexander Hays.

"J. K. Barbour,

"Captain."

"The original and present members of the 9th Regiment, P. R. V. C., now in the city, are requested to meet at Wilkins Hall, this day, at 1 P. M., for the purpose of attending the funeral of General Hays.

"J. S. Read,

"1st Lieutenant and Adjutant."

"Battery A and Members of Other Batteries:

"Members of Battery A and members—non-commissioned officers and privates—of other batteries, who may be in town, are requested to meet at Wilkins Hall, Fourth street, third story, at 7:30 o'clock this [Thursday] evening, for the purpose of making arrangements for attending the funeral of General Hays.

"By request of the committee of arrangements.

"J. M. Knap,

"Late Capt. Knap's Pittsburgh Battery."

"Scott Legion."

Since the breaking out of the present war, that with Mexico has almost been lost sight of, and is only remembered when reading of the death, promotion or daring deeds of some gallant officer who won his first laurels in that sanguinary contest. A few years ago the survivors of the war with Mexico, in order to keep alive that proud feeling which should always exist between true and tried soldiers, organized the "Scott Legion" in this city, composed exclusively of those who had seen service in this war, numbering among its members such names as Major General James S. Negley, Brigadier General Alexander Hays, Brigadier General Thomas A. Rowley, Brigadier General Conrad F. Jackson, Colonel Samuel W. Black, Colonel O. H. Rippey, Colonel J. C. Hull, Colonel Robert Anderson, Colonel Isaac Wright, Capt. James T. Shannon, Capt. Robert Wilson, Capt. Charles H. Bryson, Major John Poland, Colonel Bart. Leeper, Lieut. Bruce Young, Colonel J. M. Kinkead, Capt. William Kennedy, Capt. William A. Charlton, Capt. Alfred McDonald, Capt. Alexander Hay and others. Upon the organization of this legion of war-worn veterans the late Brigadier General Hays was unanimously elected its captain. Upon the breaking out of the present war nearly all the members of the "legion" rushed to the defense of their country, and are either yet in the army or, like their brave commander, fill soldiers' graves. Although the few surviving members of the "Scott Legion" now remaining in the city did not turn out as a body to the funeral of their late commander, nearly all of them visited the church during Saturday, and took a last, sad, lingering look at their brother-in-arms in Mexico.

"Solitary and Alone."

Capt. John W. McCulley, a wounded Mexican soldier and member of the "Scott Legion," turned out on horseback in the funeral procession of the late General Hays. Finding that the few remaining members of the "legion" had made no arrangements to turn out as a body, the captain determined to attend, as one of its representatives, "solitary and alone."

Acknowledgment.

The committee of arrangements for the funeral of the late Brigadier General Hays desire to return their thanks to Mr. W. B. Stout, superintendent of the Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad, for the prompt manner in which the detachment of United States troops were brought from Camp Reynolds to the city and returned for the purpose of participating in the ceremonies of the funeral.

Tribute of Respect.

During the passage of the funeral procession of the late General Hays by the Pennsylvania Military Hospital, on Saturday, every man who was able to hobble to the front of the building came out and saluted the solemn cortage. Among the number were some who had shared the dangers and the hardships of the tented field with their beloved general. The scene was a touching one, and deserves to be recorded.

At Half-Mast.

The flags on the custom house, hospital and arsenal were at half-mast on Saturday in token of respect to the memory of General Alexander Hays.

Camp Reynolds was at Braddock, Camp Howe in Linden Grove, Pittsburgh. The United States Military Hospital was the old West Penn Hospital, on the hillside at the head of Twenty-eighth street, overlooking Penn avenue, which was also known as the Greensburg pike in those days. The old hospital buildings were razed in 1913 and new buildings erected at Friendship avenue and Mathilda street. The Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad since 1870 has been the Pittsburgh division of the Baltimore & Ohio.

Editorial tributes to the dead general in the Pittsburgh papers were both eloquent and touching. A few have been preserved, and in themselves alone are a fitting memoir.

The first is from the "Dispatch" of Monday, May 9, 1864:

General Alexander Hays.

"We have been called upon during the continuance of this cruel war to note the death of many of Pennsylvania's gallant sons, who have laid their lives upon the altar of their country. It now becomes our mournful duty to add to the list of the patriotic dead a name of a Pennsylvanian and Pittsburgher who was when living recognized by his country as being among the first in the ranks of her most scientific as well as brave defenders. We refer to General Alexander Hays. He was killed on Thursday last 'while deploying his troops,' as

the telegraph meagerly informs us. Of the particular circumstances of his death we are at present uninformed—and fear that we shall be called upon to record the fall of many other brave spirits in the same engagement. General Hays was about forty-three years of age, and was born in Franklin, Venango county, Pa. His father, Hon. Samuel Hays, formerly member of Congress, and more recently marshal of the Western District of Pennsylvania, is still living at the advanced age of eighty years. At an early age General Hays left his father's house to reside with his brother-in-law, Judge Pearson, at that time living in Mercer, but who has been for some years president judge of the Dauphin district in this state. General Hays entered West Point and graduated with honorable mention some time previous to the breaking out of the Mexican War, through which he served with faithfulness and ardor. At the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he distinguished himself with especial bravery, and secured high encomiums from his superior officers. He was also engaged under General Taylor at the Battle of Buena Vista.¹ After the termination of the war he returned to this city, and, not relishing the monotonous life of a soldier in time of peace, resigned his commission in the regular army and adopted the profession of civil engineering and surveying in this city, and was for several years Recording Regulator of Allegheny City. When the Rebels 'fired on Sumter,' General Hays was tendered the command of the City Guards for the three months' service, and on the 22nd of April, 1861, was elected major of the First Regiment, organized in this city under the President's call, old 12th, and returned with it on the expiration of its term of service, when he immediately set about organizing the 63rd Regiment, at the head of which he marched to the Army of the Potomac, and participated with that fighting regiment in all the important battles that took place during the various campaigns in Virginia, and upon two occasions was severely wounded. As a tribute to his skill and bravery on the field he was appointed a brigadier general on the 26th of September, 1862, and remained in active service in the field till the day on which he received his death wound. General Hays married a daughter of John B. McFadden, Esq., who, with several children, survive to mourn his loss.

"General Hays had a very large circle of friends to whom he was endeared by his honorable conduct and genial social qualities. In the army he was known as a rigid disciplinarian, and was loved for his Kearney-like dash and indomitable bravery. Some of his friends went east yesterday for the purpose of recovering his body. If successful, due notice of his funeral will be given."

¹ An erroneous statement.

The following is from the Pittsburgh "Evening Chronicle" of May 8, 1864:

The Death of General Hays.

"The saddest feature of the late battle news is the untimely death of our gallant townsman, General Alexander Hays—as heroic a spirit and as dauntless an officer as has yet borne arms in behalf of the Union. The particulars of his death have not yet been received, nor is it yet known whether his body has been recovered, although, since we are now in undisputed possession of the ground where he fell, this is probable. As everyone would expect, he died at the front, doing his whole duty manfully, encouraging and pushing forward his men. It is scarcely necessary in this city, where he is so well known, to recount the features of his history. All are familiar with it. Our citizens since, at the very outbreak of the war he led his gallant little band from this city, have watched his course with pride. His services have been constant, numerous and valuable. Always at his post—the post of greatest danger—and ever ready to grapple with the enemy, he was an officer who may be said to have been terribly in earnest. Had our leaders been more like him—had they all been as brave and skillful and spirited as he; as anxious to administer telling blows to the enemies of their country, and as hard and desperate fighters, the rebellion would have been long since over. The whole military career of General Hays has been a most brilliant one. He had been in many very hard-fought battles, and always in the very front of the fight—wherever the greatest danger was to be found or foes to be encountered. His loss to the service will be almost irreparable. Our whole community will mourn him. He was our pride and joy. Had he survived this battle he would doubtless have been promoted to a major generalship. The general married a daughter of John B. McFadden, and leaves a disconsolate widow and a large family of children to mourn their loss. They have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community. We leave to other pens to pay a more fitting tribute to his services.

"Since the above was written, we learn that a dispatch has been received from Washington, to the effect that Secretary Stanton says that the body had been recovered, and would be in Washington today. General Hays had command of eleven full regiments, almost a division."

The Pittsburgh "Commercial" published the following communication in its issue of May 9, 1864:

Death of General Hays.

"Another hero has fallen! Another gallant spirit has gone to the company of patriots and heroes! General Alexander Hays, one of the bravest of the brave, is no more! He died a soldier's death, leading his division in Thursday's battle. To say that his death has cast a gloom over this community is but a faint statement of the fact. As his name is mentioned, the sigh and the tear manifest the admiration and attachment won by this noble soldier from all hearts. We will not attempt to write at this moment a biography of Hays. He was educated at West Point, entered the army, distinguished himself in nearly every battle in Mexico, taking with his own hands the first gun from the enemy at Palo Alto. On the return of peace he retired from the army. On the outbreak of the present rebellion he raised a regiment here [the 63rd], which he commanded till he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. It is a simple act of justice to say that no regimental, brigade or division commander during this war has won higher distinction than Hays. Wherever heroic daring or desperate fighting was wanted, there Hays was to be found. In this characteristic his only parallel probably was the lamented Kearney. Sternly resolute and chivalrously bold in action, he was unpretending and diffident of his great abilities among his friends and fellow-citizens. Only those who knew the true metal that lay deep beneath the surface of his character could appreciate its great intrinsic value. He believed, and always said and wrote to his friends that this accursed rebellion could only be put down by hard blows; and whenever Hays struck, the blow was earnest and terrible. He had great confidence in Grant, and, knowing the character of his old friend and companion in arms, he anticipated precisely such a battle as that in which he fell. In a recent letter to a relative he seemed to have a presentiment, if not of his death, at least of the gigantic battles which are now closing the drama of this war. Anticipating the collision of the mighty armies of Grant and Lee, he repeated the line of the Scottish seer:

" 'A field of the dead rushes red in my sight!'

"Time allowed him to lead his division into the first great battle of the series, to fight as he habitually fought, and to seal his devotion to his country with his blood.

"We would end our slight sketch of the character of our lamented Hays here, but a thought comes over us, and we

must give it utterance. The Great Victory we think is at hand, and amidst general congratulations and shouts there will be in many hearths anguish and sorrow. Hays has died like a hero, as he was, doubtless with a smile upon his lips; but she, the mother of his children, and his orphaned little ones, will suffer in silence, treasuring only in memory their buried joys. We will dare to intrude upon those grief-stricken ones to say, that though they have lost a husband and father, the nation has gathered to its galaxy a hero. The name of Alexander Hays is

“ ‘—— Freedom’s now and Fame’s—
One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die.’ ”

Many more could be reproduced, all tender in tone and deeply sorrowful. In Western New York, from whence had come two splendid regiments of Hays’ old brigade, and in Troy another, there was sorrow, also, for a brave man gone, the former leader of as true American soldiers as ever loved the flag.

CHAPTER XX.

ALEXANDER HAYS IN STORY AND SONG

IT CAN be readily believed that so inspiring and deserving a character as Alexander Hays would live in song and story, and it is even so. His name has also been perpetuated in the designation of fort, city and street, Grand Army posts and other lodge names. The United States early designated a frontier post Fort Hays,¹ since grown into a bustling Kansas city. Pittsburgh has its Hays street in the beautiful East End district, and General Alexander Hays Post No. 3, G. A. R., of the same city, was once one of the largest and most influential in the Department of Pennsylvania. The G. A. R. Post at Penn Yan, N. Y., is also named in honor of the general. Penn Yan is in Yates county, which furnished several companies of that most excellent regiment, the 126th New York Volunteers. Then there is General Alexander Hays Council, Junior Order United American Mechanics; General Alexander Hays Commandery No. 35, Knights of the Golden Eagle, of Pittsburgh, and General Hays Council, United American Mechanics, of Pittsburgh.

It is hardly necessary to state that all standard histories of the Civil War speak at length of General Alexander Hays and his several commands, and such matter is far too voluminous to reproduce here.

In the aggressive soldier and fallen brave, poets have ever found inspiration. General Alexander Hays' fame has been maintained in some very good verses written by those who knew him well and hence loved him. There were, of course, occasions where these verses were appropriate, notably the monument dedications, and they breathe the spirit of the events with which they are in keeping.

¹ There was also Fort Alexander Hays in the line of investment of Petersburg, 1864-65. The Kansas fort is described in position as located on the "forks of Big Creek, about four miles from its mouth, on Smoky Hill River, fifty-two miles west of Fort Ellsworth [formerly Camp Fletcher]", now Hays City.

Honor to the Brave.¹

New York, May 18, 1864.

The "Times" Washington dispatch states four military posts in the Northwest have been named in honor of Generals Wadsworth, Rice, Stevenson and Alexander Hays.²

One of the earliest poems in the dead general's honor was published soon after his death and reads well, and is the tribute of a sincere friend:

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS

By John K. Holmes.³

When brave men for their country fall,
And shed their blood in her defense,
One thought should harmonize us all,
To give them fame as recompense.
Their spirits, free from earthly chains,
Spread broad and free in realms above;
And all that in this life remains
Is but their names to breath and love.

One here, lately stricken low,
Has drawn this tribute in his praise;
My friend he was, long years ago,
I mean the brave, undaunted Hays.
He fell, with many true that day,
Where thousands fought and ceased to be,
But on the ground where heroes lay,
No braver soldier died than he.

Oh, country! can you soon forget
The love towards these men you owe?
Gather their names, and have them set,
In marble ages can't o'erthrow.
There cluster'd, they'll be like a star
To guide a glorious future age;
And hosts shall come from near and far
To prize their deathless heritage.

1864.

¹ Associate Press item.

² Generals James S. Wadsworth, James C. Rice and Thomas G. Stevenson—all killed the same week as General Hays.

³ John K. Holmes was a prominent citizen of Pittsburg and brother of Nathaniel Holmes, the banker. John K. Holmes' residence was on Penn street, directly opposite the McFadden home. He was a freshman at Allegheny College when Alexander Hays was a junior. He was a most patriotic man, but unable to enlist on account of physical infirmity.

RELIEVED

By Caroline A. Mason.¹

General Alexander Hays, commanding the Second Brigade of Birney's Division, was killed. He was hard pressed, and sent word to Hancock that he must have reinforcements. "Tell him," said Hancock, "to hold his ground twenty minutes and he shall be relieved;" but before twenty minutes expired his body was brought in.—Carleton, in Boston Journal, May 5th.

Above, a sea of smoky, dun-colored clouds; below,
A thousand upturned faces, fiery and dark, of the foe;
A leaden rain of bullets descending, and here and there
A shell, like a shrieking demon, hot-hissing through the air;
A flash of sabres incessant—shaming the murky sun;
A lull in the dreadful pageant—one hero's work is done!
Bear him away, O soldiers, O gallant and weeping men!
He will never lead you to battle, nor straighten your ranks again.
But, oh! did you hear him imploring that single, desperate
 boon?—
"Relief! Relief! God send that it reach us, and reach us soon!"
Ay, sooner than he had hoped for! sooner, and not the same,
The succor he asked! Men call it by another and darker name.
But above, in the many mansions, where God and the angels
 dwell,
Far over the shock of cannon, the tumult of shot and shell,
That desperate cry found hearing, and the bright hosts held their
 breath,
While silently passed from out them the angel whom we call
 Death!
And tenderly as a mother folds her first-born to her breast,
And rocks him into his slumbers, so passed he to his rest.
"Relieved!" No strong battalions, no ranks of armed men
Hot-hurrying to the rescue with fiery zeal; what then?
"And thinkest thou not," said Jesus, "I could pray to my Father
 in heaven,
And presently he would send me twelve legions of angels even?"
And thinkest thou then, O doubter, this cry of a human soul
Was lost to the Infinite Father, missing its human goal?
O ear of the Highest! bending wherever Thy heroes call
For succor, divine or human, Thy mercy is over all!
For some the answering legions; for others a harder fate;
To stand in their lot, and having done all, to stand and wait.
Yet truly it little matters; no choice a brave heart knows
But this: "Or living or dying, my face to my country's foes!"
—Anti-Slavery Standard.

¹ Reprinted in "Littell's Living Age," August 6, 1864.

IN MEMORIAM—GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS

By a Friend.¹

Bright Spring leaps forth on the mountain's side,
And beauty gleams from the blossom'd field;
Yet our hearts with grief swell like the tide,
As our hero comes home on his shield.

Lay him at rest in the greenest spot,
'Neath the shade of the loveliest trees,—
Where the robin's song is soonest caught,
When th' rays of the morn kiss the incensed breeze.

Lay him at rest in his warrior's shroud,
With the flag he loved in mourning drest—
With roll of drum, and the trumpet loud,
And memories sad, but ever blest!

Gently lower his coffin, dark and drear!
Let the clay fall softly, slowly down!
What would ye more than a nation's tear,
To rob his grave of its ghostly frown?

"For God and My Country," was his cry,
As the Rebel shot came thick and fast;
And for his country, 'twas sweet to die,
Like the heroes of the glorious past.

When the night watch comes at his vacant home,
And the widow's and the orphan's prayer
Ascends perfumed the sapphire dome,
His spirit, we pray, will bless them there.

¹ Likely from a Pittsburgh paper.

The late Colonel Edwin Brown Houghton¹ of the 17th Maine Volunteers, and a former member of General Hays' staff, is the author of these verses, reproduced from the "History of the 63rd Regiment," to which they were contributed:

AT THE GRAVE OF GENERAL HAYS

Edwin B. Houghton.

I stood today beside the tomb
Where sleeps a friend of other days,
And read upon the sculptured stone,
The name of Alexander Hays.

Thereon was grouped in grand array
Those martial emblems which suggest
The pomp and pageantry of war,
And thrill the patriot soldier's breast.

On either side, a long array
Of battles fought and victories won,
In which the bravest of the brave
Was Pennsylvania's noble son.

While with uncovered head I stood,
And bent with reverential awe,
I only thought of Alexander Hays,
And not the record of the war.

I thought not of the chief today,
Nor of the sword he once did wield,
His stern, firm voice so often heard
Upon the bloody battlefield.

I only thought of him as friend,
His genial, gentle, pleasant ways,
Which shed a gleam of gladness on
Whoever spoke with Alexander Hays.

Once more methought I stood with him,
Apart from battle's wild turmoil,
And grasped again his honest hand,
On Old Virginia's sacred soil.

I thought of when I saw him last,
Beneath the sunny Southern skies,
Where rolls the bloody Rapidan,
And the grand old Blue Mountains rise.

Peace to his ashes—let him rest,
Type of true soldier, and true friend,
And let his memory cherished be,
And honored until time shall end.

¹ Colonel Houghton served as A. A. Inspector General on General Hays' staff in the fall of 1863, and later, on the reorganization of the army, was transferred to the staff of General J. H. Hobart Ward. Colonel Houghton was subsequently lieutenant colonel of the 17th Maine Volunteers.

This poem was originally read at the dedication of the Hays monument in the Wilderness, Virginia, June 3, 1905. Its author is Dr. Thomas Calver of Washington, D. C.:

HAYS

"His Motto in Battle Was Always, 'Come, Boys,' and Never 'Go.'"—
General U. S. Grant.

A Stirring Poem.

The Rappahannock glides its way
Through wood and meadow flowing—
Past Spottsylvania's lovely shades,
And flowery banks and sunlit glades
Just as it did upon the day
When foes were swiftly going,
To face each other on the field
Where hearts to war's grim fate are steeled,
And brave men die, but never yield;
And from the front, where bullets sang,
A voice in trumpet tones loud rang:
"Come, boys!"

One line was blue and one was gray,
And there they faced each other,
And sped the storm of shot and shell,
With all the hate of hosts of hell,
At whom? Who in that cloud could tell?
A father, son, or brother?
Full many each to each endeared,
The death shot to each other cheered,
While rang the war cry, harsh and weird;
But no heart there to love more prone,
Than his who cried in clarion tone:
"Come, boys!"

No wail for him of beating hearts,
Between him and the foeman;
No breastwork built of walls of flesh,
Of forms and faces young and fresh.
As soon would he avoid the darts
Behind the breast of woman.
Those dear boys—should he bid them go,
To face the stern, death-dealing foe,
And catch the force of angry blow,
While he in safety rode behind?
Not he! His voice in front they find:
"Come, boys!"

In front of brave hearts clad in blue,
There rode the chieftain fearless;
The hair his head and face upon
In glint of sun a moment shone,
As ray upon the diamond true,
Proclaims the jewel, peerless;
And where that gleam of bright, brown hair
Was seen, the ready boys were there,
With smiles upon their faces fair;
And shouts rang bravely when they heard
The well-loved voice in cheering word:
"Come, boys!"

The stern lines met in clashing might
 And shot and shell were screaming;
 The brave boys fell on either side,
 And blood ran like an April tide;
 While in the thickest of the fight,
 The bright, brown hair was gleaming.
 Then he who led the blue's advance,
 With hearty word and radiant glance,
 Fell, like an eagle from the sky—
 And never more was heard the cry:
 "Come, boys!"

A heart like his can never die;
 It lives and beats forever,
 And speeds its word to heroes true,
 As his to those brave boys in blue.
 Far from its sound shall baseness fly
 And love forget it never!
 Through all our country's doubtful days
 Shall ring, to guide through cloud and maze,
 The words of Alexander Hays,
 That cheered the blue lines in the fray,
 And echoed down the lines of gray:
 "Come, boys!"

And sweet, sad echoes of that call
 Are ringing now, in seeming,
 And seem to say to blue and gray—
 The boys who fought so well that day—
 And seem upon our ears to fall,
 Within this pleasant dreaming.
 "Come, brothers! You who fought so well!
 Your true love for each other tell!
 And never more the awful knell
 Of anguish to dear fond hearts bring;
 But let joy's song triumphant ring!"
 "Come, boys!"

—Thomas Calver.

This one is the thoughts of a "63rd" boy, and it is sincere and heartfelt:

ALEXANDER HAYS

By Peter Keil, Jr., Company B, 63rd Regiment,
Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Closed his eyes, his work is done,
Here our chieftain lies at rest;
Ne'er again shall drum or gun
Wake him from his slumber blest.

Stilled the pulsings of his heart;
Stilled the voice we loved so well;
Bravely hath he borne his part,
Face to foe, he bravely fell.

Flag of Freedom! O'er him wave!
Flag for which his blood he shed;
Flag he gave his life to save,
Plant it o'er our hero dead.

This poem was first read at the dedication of the new monument to General Alexander Hays in the Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Memorial Day, 1901.

Peter Keil, Jr., is also the author of the 63rd's song, "The Bully Old Sixty-third," sung at the reunions of the regiment and dedicated to the general's eldest daughter, Mrs. Gormly, now deceased.

Peter Keil was the boy drummer of his company, and answered the last roll-call November 27, 1905.

Soon after the war closed the "Evening Chronicle" of Pittsburgh published a series of articles captioned as below, and under date July 17th, 1865, appeared the following, some of which is repetition, but showing that war history was still a matter of great public interest:

PITTSBURGH IN THE WAR—GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS

"In various parts of our country, with a generous and creditable rivalry, the claims of brave men living and dead to public honor and eternal fame are being agitated by the localities where they were born or lived. It is a noble pride in the reputation of gallant spirits immortalized by those deeds which men delight to remember, deeds which electrify the popular heart, and emancipate it from sordid thoughts and aims. It is a fitting time, now that the smoke of the great conflict has just faded away, to advert to the share our own daring and patriotic men from Pittsburgh have had in that mighty struggle between armed treason and the strength of the Union. Then we can consign them to the memories of their

immediate friends and relatives, and to the impartial suffrage of history. First in the shining catalogue we approach with unbounded esteem the heroic—the deceased Brigadier General Alexander Hays. He was the son of General Samuel Hays of Venango county, Pennsylvania, and was born in the year 1819. He graduated at West Point with Lieut. General Grant, and other notable officers, in 1844;¹ was attached to the Fourth Infantry, United States Army, a brevet second lieutenant, on the 1st of July in the same year, and was transferred to the Eighth Infantry, with the rank of first lieutenant, for gallant conduct on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. He served most creditably with General 'Joe' Lane in his operations in Central Northern Mexico, and as an old number of the United States Service Magazine once remarked, 'Made a military reputation for his chief which afterwards sent him to the United States Senate from Oregon.'

"General Hays resigned his commission on the 12th of April, 1848, and turned his attention to civil engineering until the breaking out of the Civil War, when, with his accustomed impetuosity, he at once entered the ranks of war, first at the head of the Pittsburgh City Guards, then as major of the old 12th Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment, and then as colonel of the famous 63rd Pennsylvania Regiment, which he organized and carried through the storm and carnage of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Gaines' Mills, White Oak Swamp and Groveton. The men and officers of this regiment abound with stirring anecdotes of their intrepid and beloved colonel. They never weary of describing his mingled firmness and generosity. His success in dealing with malcontent soldiers. His assiduous care for their comfort. His zealous pride in their soldierly reputation. They delight to tell how the knightly Kearney embraced Hays upon a hard-fought battlefield, glorified the grand charge which he had made and ordered surrounding regiments to do honor to his men as they passed by, almost 'dancing upon air' with elation, for this was truly the 'Laudari a laudato' which comes so rarely in this life, and which is the highest prize of signal merit. The members of his staff who were most intimate with him bear witness to his scholarly tastes, his love and memory for the superior order of poetry, his unfailing humor and his exuberance of animal life. He was an earnest living man, a natural born soldier, and a person who would make his mark deep and broad, no matter in what sphere he engaged.

"On the 29th of September, 1862, Colonel Hays received the star of a brigadier general of volunteers, and was appointed likewise a lieutenant colonel in the regular army. That star never shone where it more fitly deserved to shine,

¹ Error—Grant in Class of 1843.

and its lustre in the deadliest hour of conflict was like the gleam of the bright plume which told where Henry of Navarre rode to victory or death. At Gettysburg, General Hays, commanding the Third Division of the Second Army Corps, was opposed to General A. P. Hill, General Pickett and others of his old West Point classmates and Mexican War comrades. The Rebels made a desperate effort to force his lines, thinking it was the weakest part of our entire army. They made a furious charge in force, and their success would have ruined Meade, but they were repulsed, with terrific slaughter, and this event has been well styled the decisive episode of that memorable battle which sealed the fate of the rebellion. We are indebted to a soldier who was in that contest for the following interesting reminiscence:

"Just as the last and greatest effort to pierce our lines, made by Longstreet's Corps against the Third and Second Divisions of the Second Corps, had been repulsed, General Hays and the two remaining members of his staff each took one of the numerous flags just captured from the enemy, and, letting them trail in the dust behind them, rode in the rear from the left to the right of his command, and, turning around the right of the division, rode down in front to the left of it, amid the deafening cheers and yells, and tossing caps of our men, and quite a spirited and spiteful fire of artillery and musketry from the chagrined and discomfited enemy, who, only a few minutes before, had so confidently expected to wave those very colors triumphantly over us.

"The twelve regiments composing General Hays' Division [the Third of the Second Corps] captured from the enemy two thousand six hundred prisoners and twenty-one stands of colors, for seventeen of which they received receipts from the War Department. The other four were surreptitiously taken from the pile near the general's headquarters, where they had been left unguarded, as it was supposed no United States soldier would degrade himself by stealing such an unmeaning rag. General Webb, commanding the Second Division of the Second Corps, was complaining to General Hays of one of his [Hays'] men taking a Rebel flag which by rights belonged to Webb. Pointing to the pile, Hays said: "Oh, if that is all you want, just help yourself, and then I will have, after washing them, enough to make into writing paper to do my division during the war." General Webb, after looking over the ground occupied by General Hays during the battle, remarked to the latter, "General, you had not half as hot a time as I had. General Armistead and some twenty more Rebels were killed inside my lines." "Yes, Webb, I know they were, but my men killed their Rebels in front of the line."

"We regret that we are curtailed by our limited space from detailing the little personal incidents which in connection with this wonderful struggle at Gettysburg shed so much lustre upon the character of General Hays, but we are compelled to forbear. As our readers have probably never seen General Hays' report of the battle, we think it but fair to give it as an interesting contribution to the history of the age.

"General Hays fought subsequently at the battles of Antietam,¹ Bristoe Station, Locust Grove and Morton's Grove, and fell in the Wilderness on Thursday, the 5th of May, 1864, shot through the head, while in advance of the column, with his face to the foe. It is needless to recall the shock which this intelligence gave our citizens. The mourning was universal and of unusual depth and solemnity. The public could hardly realize that the imposing form of the chivalrous soldier would no longer be seen or lost in the mazes of battle, that the clarion voice would no longer be heard ringing over the field, or the tender smile or tear glisten in that kindly face when the hard day's work was over. But it was willed that the high-spirited and thorough soldier should 'die with harness on.' It would have been the death of his own choice, and he met the pale phantom with the light of battle in his face and the glow of a noble devotion to his country and her flag in his heart, and it may be said of him as 'Ben' Johnson said in quaint old English, if we may slightly vary the phraseology:

" 'Death ere thou hast ta'en another
Good and brave and staunch as he,
Time will throw his dart at thee!'

"The soldiers of his old command are about to erect a beautiful and appropriate monument over his grave in our cemetery, and thus fitly seal their regard by the last tribute which affection can pay. It is to be surmounted by an eagle, true symbol of the dauntless spirit of him who rests below, and upon the shaft are devices, guns entwined with the national flag, which will speak with stirring eloquence of the slumbering hero to whom the voice of musketry was kindling music, and the vision of the scarred standard of the republic a thing of beauty and worship forever. And now, oh noble sleeper, rest in holy peace after the fever and toil of a life grandly consecrated to the land which gave thee birth, and whose honors thou hast so well earned and so heroically repaid!"

General Hays was not at Antietam; then wounded and in hospital. "Antietam" should be Auburn and, "Martin's Grove," Morton's Ford.

In the Pittsburgh "Evening Chronicle" of May 5, 1870, the anniversary of the general's death, there appeared the editorial below:

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS

"Six years ago today General Alexander Hays fell in the battle of the Wilderness. In this beautiful season, when all nature is reviving with new life and the whole nation is rejoicing under the auspices of peace, disturbed neither by domestic convulsion or foreign menaces, it is fitting that we should give a passing moment's reflection to those gallant and heroic men who shed so much lustre upon our arms, and who gave life itself that we might today exult in the possession of an unbroken union from ocean to ocean. We are in receipt of a work entitled 'Disaster, Struggle and Triumph,' by Mrs. Arabella M. Wilson, giving a history of the 126th New York Volunteers, which pays a glowing tribute to the memory of a soldier whom Pennsylvania must ever hold in profound and precious remembrance. We regret that our space will only permit us to quote the following:

"His body was taken from the bloody field of the Wilderness to Pittsburgh, where the whole city mourned his loss. The Mayor and Council attended the funeral in a body, and a military escort, followed by many thousand citizens, performed the last sad honors to the earthly remains of General Alexander Hays; but his memory is cherished not only by his bereaved family, but by the tens of thousands of citizens who knew him personally, or through their gallant soldier sons, had learned to love him for his noble qualities as a man, and his bravery, efficiency and skill as an officer. He always seemed to win the confidence and admiration of the men under his command. It is said while a colonel under Kearney he led his regiment with such gallantry and success in a charge that the "Knightly Kearney" embraced Hays on the field, glorified the grand charge which he had made, and ordered surrounding regiments to do honor to his men as they marched by, almost "dancing in the air" with elation. He well knew how to take advantage of the occasion to develop the martial spirit of his command.'"

When General John F. Hartranft was commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, he honored the memory of General Hays in a signal manner, as the letters below indicate:

CAMP ALEXANDER HAYS

"The camp has been appropriately named after General Alexander Hays, as the following communication and reply will show:

"Division Headquarters,

"National Guard of Pennsylvania,

"Philadelphia, July 28, 1880.

"Mrs. General Alexander Hays,

"Pittsburgh:

"Madam:—Major General Hartranft desires to convey to you the information that the encampment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, to be held at Thompson's Station,¹ near Braddock, during the week commencing September 7th, will be named 'Camp Alexander Hays,' the brave soldier from Western Pennsylvania who bore so gallant and conspicuous a part in the late war. The camp is thus named to testify the respect of the National Guard for the memory of one whose early stand for the Union and unfaltering devotion to her cause until the day of his death, and a fit example all owe as citizens of this great Republic under which we live, and the recollection of whose valor and service is among the best incentives to young and patriotic soldiers.

"Yours, very respectfully,

"G. H. North,

"Assistant Adjutant General."

¹ Thompson Station was about opposite Port Perry, above Braddock; the railroad now the Monongahela division of the P. R. R.

"Sewickley, Pa., July 30, 1880.

"Major General Hartranft:

"Dear Sir:—Permit me to thank you for your courtesy in sending me the information regarding the naming of 'Camp Alexander Hays,' as well as for the respect shown the memory of one so near and dear to me, and whose most precious legacy was the fame he bought at so great a price.

"With respect,

"Mrs. Alexander Hays."

The daily press stated the Pittsburgh, Virginia & Charleston Railroad had trains running to and from the camp grounds almost every hour of the day, making the camp easy of access to visiting citizens.¹

¹ Letters and statements relative, published at the time and reproduced here from a clipping.

CHAPTER XXI.

MONUMENTS

FOR all time enduring monument, in the way of the world, goes hand in hand with lasting fame, not that fame may sink away in oblivion in the on-rolling years, but that so to commemorate has come down the ages and still obtains. General Alexander Hays' memorable life and military services are disclosed to succeeding generations by more than one memorial shaft. To enumerate these are the Victory monument at West Point; the soldiers' monument at Franklin, Pa.; the General Hays monument in the Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh; the monument in the Wilderness; the Pennsylvania memorial at Gettysburg, and the Alexander Hays monument at Gettysburg, erected by the State of Pennsylvania in 1916.

It will indeed be a sorry day for the men of arms, the heroes of the battle line, and the fallen in the fierce charge, or in the holding of the hard-pressed line, the soldier in victory or defeat, if there were not held out to them the hope of immortality in the ever-to-be-remembered glory of soldiery deeds and valiant achievements, and there should ever depart the recollection of a heroic death. Hence monuments and remembrances, and hence Alexander Hays speaks to the generations now and to come.

A newspaper contemporary said a suitable and striking monument to their slain commander was early determined upon by the soldiers of the 63rd Pennsylvania Regiment. The preliminary steps were taken immediately after the general's burial. It was agreed that the monument should be at his grave, and a liberal response came from the officers and men he had so gallantly led. In 1866 the monument was completed. The Allegheny Cemetery donated the lot upon which the monument was erected, and the cannons which surrounded the monument were presented by the United States government.

Our Gallant Dead.

“‘A monument to General Alexander Hays has been erected in the Allegheny Cemetery.’ This simple announcement conveys not the slightest intimation as to who erected the monument, its character, design or architectural excellencies, and the reader is even left to grope his way to find out who it is that sleeps beneath the monument referred to. And yet, perhaps, the writer of the brief paragraph quoted was right, and the mere mention of the name of the gallant, dashing, invincible General Alexander Hays is sufficient to call forth the admiration of every brave Union-loving heart in the land. No more gallant spirit passed away amid the battle’s roar than that encased within the mortal frame of General Alexander Hays, nor should the memory of any soldier who fell in the rebellion be more hallowed, or have a prouder monument than the hero of two wars—a hero who shed his blood in one and gave his life in the other. Yes, there is a monument erected to General Hays in the cemetery, and his name and fame are engraven upon the hearts of all his brave companions in arms, and tens of thousands of his admiring countrymen.”—Pittsburgh Republic, April 20, 1866.

Another contemporary newspaper account of the first Alexander Hays monument is as follows:

Brigadier General Alexander Hays.

“One of the noblest and bravest, as well as one of the first men who went forth in the late struggle to do battle for his country and her flag, was he who forms the caption of this article. Brave to a fault, generous even to excess, he was one of the many of our citizen soldiery whose names shall descent to posterity, woven in wreaths of laurel, and adorned with the bright foliage of the bay.

“It is with pleasant—though at the same time painful—privilege to this morning again call the attention of our readers to the beautiful monument erected to the memory of General Hays in the Allegheny Cemetery. Just one year ago we published a description of it in the ‘Post,’ from which we this morning take the following:

“This monument is built of Albert freestone brought from Nova Scotia, and is fifteen feet high by five feet seven inches and five feet wide at the base. The base consists of two parts—the first and the second base. The first base is five feet seven inches by five feet, and is two feet six inches in height. The second base, resting on the first, is four feet seven inches by four feet, and is one foot six inches in height.

642 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

On the front surface of this base are inscribed the following beautiful lines:

“On Fame's eternal camping grounds
His silent tent is spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.’

“Resting on this second base stands the die of the monument, a massive piece of stone three feet seven inches by three feet, and having a height of four feet seven inches. The front surface of this die bears a raised panel, and on this panel is the memorial inscription:

“General Alexander Hays,
Killed at the Battle of the Wilderness,
May 5th, 1864.
Born July 8th, 1819.

This Monument Was Erected by the Soldiers of His Command.’

“Surmounting this panel are various military and patriotic insignia, consisting of a national shield, on the field of which are displayed the badges of the various army corps. Crossed before this shield are two cannon, and these and the shield are draped by beautifully executed American flags. In connection with these are a drum, a sword, a bugle, muskets and cannon-balls. On one side of the panel of this die are engraved the names of seventeen battles of the Mexican War in which General Hays took part, and the other side of the panel are sixteen battles of the rebellion in which he was engaged, viz.: Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, The Orchard, Glendale, Malvern, the two battles of Bristoe, Bull Run, Gettysburg, Auburn, Locust Grove, Mine Run, Morton's Ford and the fatal Wilderness.

“On the die, and supported on the corners by four lions' claws, is a sarcophagus draped by the American flag. This sarcophagus is three feet high, and three feet six inches by three feet. This in turn is surmounted by a splendidly carved spread eagle, resting one foot on a cannon-ball, and having under its other foot a torn laurel wreath. This handsome bird is three feet in height, and fitly crowns this truly noble and original work.

“The ground whereon the structure stands is the donation of the cemetery, the guns which are placed about it came from the ordnance department, and the monument itself, as has been stated, was the gift of the soldiers of his command. The work was designed by Mr. P. C. Reniers of this city, and is a fitting tribute to the memory of a brave man.”—Pittsburgh Post.

A few years following its erection the monument began to show the effects of weather and smoke, and gradually disintegrated until much of the inscription was effaced, and it was deemed advisable to renew the design in Barre granite, which is practically indestructible. The original was taken down, broken up, and in its place erected the present memorial, which was unveiled on the morning of Memorial Day, 1901, under the direction of the surviving members of the 63rd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, with the following program of exercises:

Dirge Second Brigade Band
 Prayer..... Chaplain Alexander Hays Post No. 3, G. A. R.,
 of Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Quartette—"Roses, Strew Roses"..... Nevin
 Miss Henrietta Keil, Miss Helen M. Keil, Mr.
 Peter Keil, Jr., Mr. William J. Caton.
 Unveiling of monument..... Mrs. Martha Hays Black
 Address..... Comrade Thomas H. Martin
 Company F, 63rd Regiment.

Then followed the regular annual memorial services of the Grand Army of the Republic by General Alexander Hays Post No. 3, G. A. R.:

Music Second Brigade Band
 Commander's address William J. Hamilton
 Prayer Chaplain Samuel H. Charlton
 Quartette—"Rest, Soldier, Rest."
 Formal placing of flowers.
 Saluting the Dead. Company F, 3rd Regiment, Boys' Brigade
 Benediction.

In the new monument the original design was preserved, with some minor alterations in the insignia on the front, showing the general's sword and scabbard crossed, with Second and Third Corps badges, surmounted by a wreath of oak and laurel. The front face reads:

"General Alexander Hays,
 Killed in the Battle of the Wilderness,
 May 5, 1864.
 Born July 8, 1819."

"This monument was erected by the soldiers of his command."

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
 His silent tent is spread,
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead."

On one side is a list of the battles of the Mexican War in which he participated:

Palo Alto
Resaca de la Palma
Santa Fe
Paso de Ovejas
National Bridge
Huamantla
El Penal
Pueblo
Atlixco

San Augustine de la Palma
Tehuacan
Galaxca
Tlaxcala
Orizaba
Cordova
Tulancingo
Zacultapan

On the opposite side, his battles of the Civil War :

Yorktown
Williamsburg
Fair Oaks
The Orchard
Glendale
Malvern
Bristoe, August A. D. 1862
Bull Run

Groveton
Gettysburg
Auburn
Bristoe, A. D. 1863
Locust Grove
Mine Run
Morton's Ford
The Wilderness

On the rear is the date of birth and death of Annie Adams McFadden, his wife.

The battle monument at West Point had its inception in the following circular sent of date. The circular is reprinted as herewith from the original addressed to General Hays in the field. General Hays became a contributor, and his fame is attested on this noble shaft on the spacious academy grounds :

CIRCULAR

Sir :

West Point, N. Y., December 1st, 1863.

In response to what is believed to be the wish of all who have an interest in the subject, the officers now stationed at West Point have effected an organization for the purpose of erecting a monument, to be called The Battle Monument, at that post, upon which shall be inscribed the names of all officers of the regular army who, during the present war, shall have been killed in or died of wounds received in the field.

It is not deemed necessary that any elaborate argument should set forth the propriety of earnest action in behalf of this object. It is an admitted fact that, while in other countries and other ages, places are assigned in the historic mausoleum of the nation's illustrious dead for those who have fallen for the public good, the soldiers of the American army are often permitted to rest among the unknown dead, while their names find no place in the annals of the stormy scenes in which, perhaps, they were the most exalted actors.

Is it not fit, therefore, that at West Point, the great central post around which cluster some of the richest associations of the regular army—to which would cheerfully resort all who wish to pay a tribute to the gallant dead—under the

shadow of the academy which at last receives her sons and all who fight, or fall beside them, should be erected a monument which shall supply the want that now exists.

To the dead it would offer the grateful homage of fraternal hearts—to the living, still another inspiration to heroic virtues and sublime self-devotion.

The plan of action that is proposed has been carefully sought out, and it is trusted that, with a favorable response, a sufficient sum may be raised to make the Battle Monument, in design and durability, entirely worthy of its purpose.

It seems unnecessary that those who have undertaken to initiate this project should disavow any undue assumption in regard to it, since they earnestly ask from their brother officers in the field, or elsewhere, such instructions or suggestions as may tend to forward the purpose that is held in view.

For the purpose of indicating a standard of subscription, the following rates are proposed, everyone, however, will feel at liberty to offer a greater or less sum as circumstances permit:

| | | | |
|------------------------------|---------|----------------------|---------|
| Major General | \$27.00 | Major | \$10.00 |
| Brigadier General | 18.00 | Captain | 8.00 |
| Colonel | 13.00 | Lieutenant | 7.00 |
| Lieutenant Colonel | 11.00 | | |

[Approximating to six per cent of monthly pay for one month].

Besides your personal subscription, your co-operation with your associates in the field is also solicited, since this circular may not otherwise reach them on account of the difficulty of obtaining correct addresses.

Should subscriptions be forwarded in aggregate, the officer so forwarding will please enclose the names of the several subscribers. Subscriptions may be remitted to the treasurer, Prof. A. E. Church, West Point, N. Y.

A. H. Bowman, President,
Colonel Engineers.
A. E. Church, Treasurer,
Professor Mathematics, U. S. M. A.
Charles C. Parsons, Secretary,
1st Lieutenant, Fourth Artillery.

Executive Committee.

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| H. B. Clitz, | M. D. McAlester, |
| Lt. Col. & Com. of Cadets. | Capt. Engineers. |
| W. P. Chambliss, | L. Lorain, |
| Capt. 5th Cavalry. | Capt. 3rd Artillery. |
| S. V. Benet, | A. T. Smith, |
| Capt. Ordnance Corps. | 1st Lieut., 8th Infantry. |
| H. B. Noble, | W. A. Elderkin, |
| 1st Lieut., 8th Infantry. | 1st Lieut., 1st Artillery. |

The Wilderness monument in honor of General Alexander Hays was fully noticed in the Associated Press dispatches at the time, and in special correspondence to the Washington "Post" and "Star" from Fredericksburg, and also from Richmond, and preliminary notices were given in the press of those cities and in Pittsburgh, all reciting the general's military career.

The ceremonies attending the Hays monument unveiling in the Wilderness are best told in the special correspondence to the Pittsburgh "Gazette" of June 4, 1905, published at the time:

UNVEIL SHAFT TO GENERAL HAYS

Mason and Dixon Line Obliterated by Ceremony
of the Wilderness Battlefield.

Address by Capt. Shields.

Special Telegram From
William L. Ross, Staff Correspondent.

"Fredericksburg, Va., June 3.—A notable step forward in the movement to unite more closely the once broken ties between the North and the South was made today. The scene was the battlefield of the Wilderness on the occasion of the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the monument to General Alexander Hays, Pittsburgh's great Civil War martyr.

"For the first time in the history of such occasions equal parts were taken by the representatives from the two sides of the Mason and Dixon line. Standing side by side the gray-haired veterans of the two armies pledged on the battlefield their united loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. Over one thousand former Confederate soldiers, their wives, sons, daughters and grandchildren, took part in the ceremonies, and from Pittsburgh and its vicinity and other parts of the North had come close upon two hundred veterans and descendants of the northern soldiery.

"Nature could not have granted a better day for the ceremonies. Under the cloudless blue sky of a Virginia June the long cavalcade proceeded from Fredericksburg, past the cemeteries, northern and southern, in which rest over twenty-five thousand American soldiers, over the bloody Marie's Ridge, past Salem Church, where Early and Sedgwick met; past Chancellorsville to the spot in the thickly wooded wilderness where a shaft of granite marks the spot upon which 'Stone-wall' Jackson fell. Here they paused for half an hour, and in that time the deeds done and words spoken came as a revelation to the southerners.

Brought Floral Tributes.

"Capt. David Shields of Pittsburgh, who was the personal aide of General Hays, placed on the iron fence a great wreath of ivy, and others added to it bunches of roses and laurel. Capt. Shields made a short address. The Grand Army of the Republic Quartet of Sewickley sang the song, equally applicable to both sides, 'The Soldier Boys of the Sixties.' Capt. Andrew G. Williams made an address, saying, 'No longer is there a South, nor a North, nor a West, nor an East—as patriots we all assemble here.'

"The journey was resumed to the point in the Wilderness on the Brock Road, where General Hays fell, and here took place the great event of the day. The crowd of about twelve hundred, North and South, saw simply a great American flag about a monument fifteen feet high. To one side were gathered the veterans of both armies with the Sons of Veterans. Beyond these in a great mass stood the other visitors. The Grand Army of the Republic Quartet opened the ceremonies by the singing of 'America.' The members of the quartet are: Soprano, Mrs. J. Sharp McDonald; contralto, Mrs. John A. Roe; tenor, Robert J. Cunningham; basso, William C. Nevin. The entire throng joined with the quartet. Then Capt. Shields, who was master of the ceremonies, announced the invocation, which was spoken by the Rev. John H. Light, pastor of the Fredericksburg Methodist Episcopal Church. Eloquently he beseeched divine blessing for the movement to heal the wounds of the war.

Made Nation More Glorious.

"Major W. S. Embrey, C. S. A., presented the deed to the land. His title was won in the Confederate service, but the voice of the man rang clear as he said:

"'We are gathered to mark for future generations the spot where General Alexander Hays fell, bled and died, not in defense of his country, but in its preservation. I am a man who believes in destiny. The hand of Providence can now be traced in the war which rent our nation. Its outcome has been to make the country more united than ever before, more grand, more glorious. I deem it an honor to be able to turn over the deed for the site of a monument to so great and brave a soldier as Alexander Hays.'

"Capt. Williams, on behalf of the 63rd Regiment, organized by General Hays, accepted the tendered deed, saying:

"'Could we but draw aside the thin veil that today clouds from our vision the heavens we could see, I believe, Jackson and Hays united. Praise to Almighty God that the time has come when North and South can meet again as brothers.'

"Mrs. J. Sharp McDonald sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and in the refrain all united. The presentation of the monument followed. On behalf of General Alexander Hays Post No. 3, G. A. R., and Davis Star Camp, Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., the Rev. Nathan L. Brown of Leechburg, Pa., made a notable address. He spoke eloquently for thirty minutes, his words being followed with the closest attention.

Blind Son Unveils Monument.

"Then came the unveiling. Alden F. Hays, the late general's eldest son, totally blind, caught the cord, and as the flag folded gracefully and dropped to the base of the monument, the artist's work was received with prolonged applause. The base is of granite, an inscription appearing on each side. The monument proper is simply a bronze cannon standing on end, its muzzle in the air.

"The cannon shown represents one of the old field guns which were so often used with great effect by General Hays. At the trunnions a large bronze tablet in the form of a clover leaf, the Second Army Corps insignia, is fastened to the gun. On the tablet is the inscription:

"'Here fell General Alexander Hays, Third Division, Second Corps, U. S. V., May 5, 1864.'

"The granite base bears the following inscription front: 'Erected by General Alexander Hays Post No. 3, G. A. R., and Davis Star Camp, Sons of Veterans, of Pennsylvania.'

"On the reverse is this: 'This ground was donated by Major W. S. Embrey, C. S. A.'

Accepts for Hays Family.

"Thomas H. Martin, a veteran of Company F, 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers, accepted the monument in behalf of General Hays' family. He said at the opening of his address:

"'A recent fall I sustained has so injured my heart that I cannot speak so distinctly as I would desire to address so large a gathering. Only for a most important purpose would I try at all. Yet if the effort kill me now, in no other service would I so gladly give my life as in adding my part to the honor paid General Hays.'

"He then accepted the monument. The quartet sang 'A Soldier's Deeds Live Forever,' and Dr. Thomas Calver of Washington read an original poem entitled 'Alexander Hays.'

"The poem is based on General Grant's famous saying of Hays, 'His motto in battle was always, "Come, boys," and never "Go."'¹

¹ See page 631.

"The Hon. John T. Goolrick, former judge and now state's attorney of Spottsylvania county, then delivered an address, promising the protection by the people of the community, and especially by the Confederate veterans, of the monument. He said in part:

"Let me assure you that the Confederate soldiers will take this charge, and on Memorial Day they will decorate it with ivy and all the flowers that God gives in the springtime. The Confederate women who honor the memory of the God-like Jackson, will place an equal number of blossoms on the monument to this brave man.

Fighters With Their Tongues.

"Let me assure you further that when you hear a southern man berating the northern soldier, you hear the words of a liar and a cheat. The bitterness after the war came from those who became soldiers only after the war was over, and the southerner who would kill all the Yankees now never hurt one in the sixties.'

"To Judge Goolrick's remarks came a thunder of applause, and the popularity of the man, as well as the sentiments, was shown in the cheers that greeted him. On the visiting delegation from Pittsburgh his address made a deep impression, as it comes from a former Confederate soldier who is active now in the affairs of his state and in touch with the trend of thought.

"'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,' sung by the quartet, ended all but one number of the program. That one number was the luncheon served by the Ladies' Spottsylvania Cemetery Association.

"'Hooray, boys; let's see if the Johnny girls will feed us better than they did forty years ago,' shouted one Grand Army of the Republic man, as he dashed for the 1905 mess tent. There was no doubt as to the improvement in forty years, and as a result about one thousand dollars was added to the cemetery fund.

"Then back to Fredericksburg came the visitors, and after dinner there at the hotel and homes of the town the Pittsburghers went to the National Cemetery, where many a wreath was laid on a grave, whose filling forty-one years ago had caused grief in a Pittsburgh home.

"This evening the party divided—some went to Richmond, following in buggies the hard-fought route of the army, Others started back to Pittsburgh, while still others will remain to visit more thoroughly the battlefields of the section."

Dr. Schaff recurs to General Hays in these words:

"And while we are on Hancock's front let me refer to Hays, and if you ever go along the Brock Road you will come

to a cast-iron gun standing upright on a granite base surrounded by an iron picket fence. It marks the nearby spot where he fell, and is on the right-hand side of the road where the easterly branch of Wilderness Run crosses it, a little this side of the junction. He was a very gallant officer, and his lonely monument will appeal to you. There is something illustrative of the man, and mysteriously prophetic, in a letter he wrote his wife the morning of the day he was killed: 'This morning was beautiful,' said the letter, 'for

" 'Lightly and brightly shone the sun,
As if the morn was a jocund one.'¹

Although we were anticipating to march at 8 o'clock, it might have been an appropriate harbinger of the day of regeneration of mankind; but it brought to remembrance, through the throats of the bugles, that duty enjoined upon each one, perhaps before the setting sun to lay down a life for his country.'

"It was a translation worthy of the prophets of old that he gave to the notes of the bugles; and the reverential, kindly mood—and to think it was his last!—hailing the day as the day of regeneration of mankind! Oh! the sanity and spread of the primary emotions!"²

The following letter shows the vesting of the title to the property upon which the monument stands:

"Fidelity Title & Trust Company,

"Pittsburgh, Pa., July 3rd, 1905.

"Mr. Gilbert A. Hays,

"Sewickley, Pa.:

"Dear Sir:—Your esteemed favor of the 28th of June is at hand enclosing the deed for the site of General Hays' monument in the Wilderness.

"We keep this record with a great deal of pleasure, feeling it a privilege to help to perpetuate the memory of such a man as General Hays.

"Very truly yours,

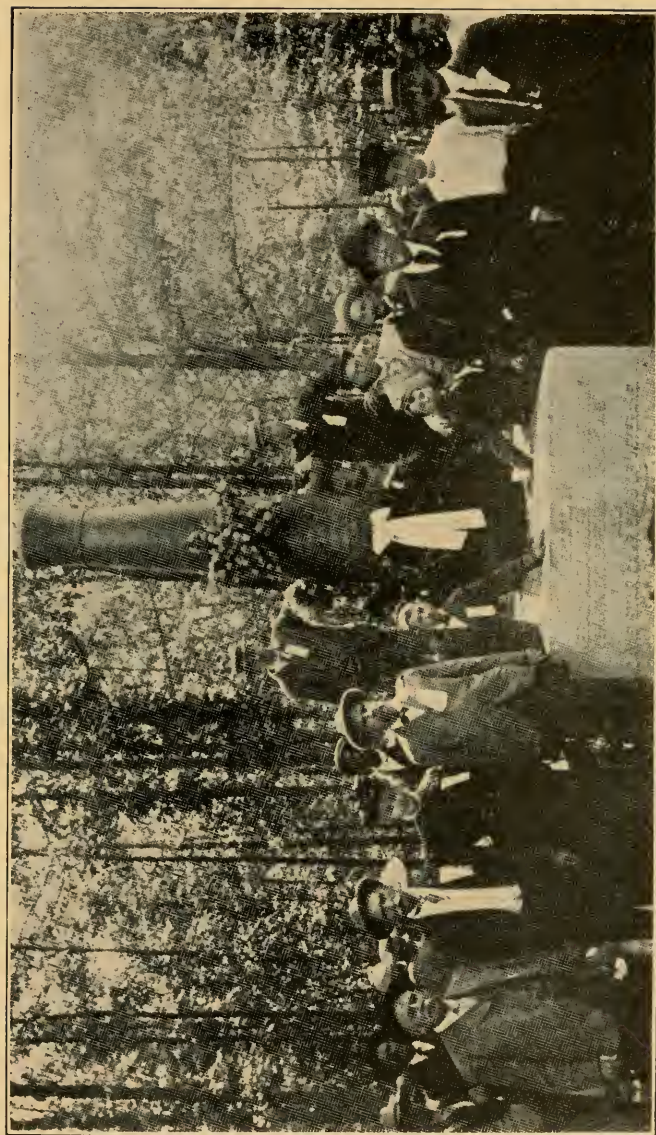
"John B. Jackson,
"President."

The deed from Major Embrey was made in perpetual trust to the Fidelity Title & Trust Company of Pittsburgh.

Judge McCalmont was unable to attend the dedication. He wrote, however, feelingly:

¹ "Siege of Corinth," Byron, Stanza 22.

² "The Battle of the Wilderness," Pages 219-220.



Monument Marking Spot of Wilderness Battlefield, where General Hays was killed.



Grave and Monument, Allegheny Cemetary, Pittsburgh.

"1369 Kenesaw Avenue, Washington, D. C.,
May 19, 1905.

"Gilbert A. Hays, Esq.,

"Secretary:

"Dear Sir:—Please accept my cordial thanks for the invitation to the dedication June 3, 1905, of the monument erected in memory of General Alexander Hays on the Wilderness battlefield.

"It would gratify me much to be in condition to promise an acceptance of it, but as I am slowly recovering from a serious illness, and as yet quite feeble, I fear that I will not be able to undertake a journey requiring a day's absence from my room. This will be a disappointment to me, for I have long wished to be present when a monument should be dedicated to the memory of my friend, Alexander Hays.

"The memories of his attachment for me, and our strolls together when we were small boys; of our companionship at Allegheny College and West Point, and our friendly correspondence for many years, come thronging over me, and awaken emotions of the tenderest nature. I regarded him, in all of his career, as one of the bravest of the brave.

"Like him where shall I find another this world around.

"Sincerely,

"John S. McCalmont."

The soldiers' monument at Franklin, Pa., is in the court house park, and was erected by public subscription and dedicated September 10, 1866. It contains the names of about four hundred soldiers of Venango county who died in the service of their country, many of whom were in General Alexander Hays' command. The names of Generals Alexander Hays and Jesse L. Reno, the gallant commander of the Ninth Corps, killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862, occupy conspicuous positions on the shaft.

Coincident with the anniversary of General Hays' death, May 5, 1864, there was placed in Cullum Hall, at the United States Military Academy, West Point, a bronze memorial tablet, the donor being the municipality of the city of Franklin, Pa., General Hays' birthplace. The design is that of the celebrated sculptor, O'Connor, and was executed in Paris.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME TESTIMONIALS

NATURALLY the history of the 63rd Pennsylvania Volunteers contains much about their old colonel. These excerpts are from that history:

"Colonel Hays was a most kind-hearted and patient man with a private soldier, but when an officer was inclined to shirk his duty he received no mercy at his hands; that was the great reason why the privates all loved him so dearly. An instance of his kindness is recalled: It was at the second battle of Bull Run. One of the boys was shot in the leg and was in danger of bleeding to death, as the hospital steward with the field knapsack was in another part of the field. Colonel Hays rode by and asked what was needed. One of the men in charge told the colonel that they had no linen or cotton bandages, and could not stop the bleeding. Instantly the colonel's coat and vest were off; next he pulled his muslin shirt over his head and, tossing it to the men, said, 'There, make bandages out of that as far as it will go,' and then galloped away to another part of the field."¹

"Colonel Hays had a rare sense of humor, and many times offenders for small refractions brought before him secured their release unpunished owing to their ready wit. A member of Company D, accused of stealing and killing a sheep, the property of a farmer upon whose farm the regiment was encamped, was brought before the colonel for judgment. When asked for an explanation, he remarked, 'You see, colonel, while out chopping fire wood, this lamb, which was in an adjoining field, attacked me, and in self-defense I killed it, and I would kill this sheep or any other man's sheep that climbed over a fence and tried to bite me.' With a significant grin the colonel dismissed the case, but there was a suspicious smell of roast lamb pervading the camp that evening."²

The venerable Judge Pearson,³ brother-in-law of General Alexander Hays, in his letter of August 27, 1883, previously quoted, says:

¹ W. H. Morrow of Manor, Pa., who served in Company A, is authority for the above statement.

² "Under the Red Patch," Pages, 105, 145.

³ Hon. John J. Pearson to Alden F. Hays, Vide, Chapter II.

"He remained at West Point the regular time, was examined, and as the war had broken out with Mexico he and other graduates were ordered into the army.

"After the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in both of which he participated with much credit, and gained distinction, and more troops became necessary, he was sent back to recruit—I think to Buffalo, and probably into Western Pennsylvania; also, perhaps, to Pittsburgh. While in the recruiting service he married your mother. Of all this you can doubtless have more correct information than is furnished by my imperfect memory. For, although he always wrote me full letters as to all of the events mentioned, yet I have none of those letters now. They were all lost on my removal from Mercer to this place, and it is scarcely probable that mine to him were preserved under the vicissitudes of his eventful life. We, however, kept up a pretty regular correspondence for several years.

"At the expiration of the Mexican War, in which he actively participated to the end, and was, I think, breveted a captain, he resigned, and returned to Franklin, where he and his father entered into the iron business, which was then failing for want of proper protection, and they, in common with a large portion of the iron masters in Pennsylvania, broke up.

"His resignation from the army was against the earnest advice of both his father and myself. After this he removed to Pittsburgh, and I think for a year or two followed land surveying, and acted as an engineer on railroads, until the California fever broke out, when he tried his fortune there for a time, but was not very successful. On his return from California I think he resumed the business of a railroad engineer [civil], but the constant pressure of my duties as a judge caused me to measurably lose sight of him for some time.

"Others of your family and persons about Pittsburgh can give you much more information about this period of his life. When the rebellion broke out and volunteers were called for to defend Washington, I wrote advising him to at once raise a company and, if possible, a regiment, and enter the service, and in a very few days he came on here with a regiment from Allegheny county, of which he was major.

"On the remodeling of the volunteer army and its increase he was commissioned a colonel, and was soon appointed a brigadier general. At the time of his death I understood a major general's commission was made out for him. General Cameron also informed me that when he was Secretary of War, Colonel Hays was reinstated in the regular army, and held the office of lieutenant colonel. He was uniformly reputed to be as brave an officer as was in the army, and par-

ticipated in much hard fighting. A braver soldier never rode into battle.

"Sincerely yours,

"John J. Pearson."¹

This letter from Hon. Judge John S. McCalmont to Alden F. Hays shows that the documentary evidence that would enlighten the editor, and hence the readers, is lost to them, for Judge McCalmont did produce all the letters, and what he sent have been lost:

"Franklin, Pa., August 23, 1883.

"Mr. Alden F. Hays:

"My Dear Sir:—It is with some misgivings that in reply to yours of the 21st inst. I enclose you some letters written to me by your father in his youthful days, and also some by your uncle, James Hays.

"These letters have probably never been read by other than myself. Possibly some should have been destroyed. Some have been accidentally lost or destroyed which were worthy of preservation.

"But now, having kept these so long [nearly half a century], I think they may be safely trusted to you, the son of my old friend, to do with as you deem proper. I see that the mice have been nibbling at one or two of them, but probably you can decipher them. There are some West Point and army colloquialisms possibly that you cannot well make out. In some cases the writing is in small characters, and hurried [the desire being in those days of high postage to get as much as possible on one sheet of paper], but I was so used to your father's writing that I could make out all the words.

"There are statements of facts and matters of history contained in these letters which you ought to have. There are other items which can now be of no concern to anybody. There are some expressions which ought not to be retained, but I will not attempt to single them out or erase them. They do no harm among friends.

"At the age of sixteen your father was bright, active, intelligent—the foremost in healthy sports and bravest of the brave. His mind was ever restless, seeking for employment. He had a 'quick bosom,' to which 'quiet' at times must have been unendurable. I have wondered sometimes how he acquired so much mastery over himself as to go through the tedious drudgery of the collegiate course at Meadville, and the four years' course at West Point.

"His literary attainments when young were very considerable, and he must have read much outside of his studies.

¹ At the date of this letter Judge Pearson was eighty-three years old.

"These letters will give some faint idea of his genius, versatility, frankness, honor, good faith, love of fun and frolic, bravery, conflict of mind, relative to plans of life; friendship, love of home and wife, and unquenchable love of country, which was ready and eager to serve until death.

"I confess, much as I thought of him in youth, and admired him in after years, I read his letters, written to me from Buffalo after his marriage, with new and strange emotions of regard and love. How truthful, how frank, how generous, confiding and good to me he was!

"And James, too, the playmate of my youngest days. It will not do for me to call up all the associations or youthful forms to which these letters would lead me; I see them now, not as men, but as boys. And to think that nearly all of them have grown up, and struggled with the world, and some of them fought the battles of their country, and most of them gone to their long homes, and I left nearly alone, makes me sad. Yet it is a sadness mingled with peace, and submission, and comforted by the reflection of having been the companion, and trusted friend of such brave and generous spirits of bygone days.

"When I get time to look over all my papers I will, if I come across anything further relating to your family history, send it to you.

"There were some letters written to me by your father when he was a student at Meadville in 1837 and 1838. I think I sent one of them to a young gentleman who was getting up a history of the Allegheny Literary Society. It gave an account of that society at the time. At any rate, I cannot now lay my hands on the letters. There may be also some other letters, but perhaps these I send will be sufficient to serve your purpose.

"If I can be of any further service to you in your undertaking to preserve your family history, it will give me pleasure to have you mention it at any time.

"Very truly yours,

"John S. McCalmont."

A letter of Rev. J. J. Marks, former chaplain of the 63rd Regiment, to Capt. R. Howard Millar, secretary of the Regimental Association, written September, 1896, regretting his inability to attend a regimental reunion on account of age and increasing feebleness, among other things, recites the following:

* * * * *

"I wanted to tell of the remarkable change that came over General Hays during the last winter of his life, of the hymns he sang, of the sacred poetry he repeated, of his drawing near

to Jesus, of the remarkable presentment of death, that that was his last day."

In the various cyclopedias of American biography, General Alexander Hays receives more or less mention. His character and disposition are thus briefly summarized in one:

"General Hays was frank, brave and quick, and full of energy, and was a great favorite with his men."¹

GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK TO MRS. ANNIE A. HAYS

General Hancock was ever a staunch friend of his classmate and chum, and was outspoken in the praise of Alexander Hays. The war was not yet over when he wrote Mrs. Hays thus:

"Washington, D. C., January 26, 1865.

"My Dear Madam:

"Your note of December 31st was received in due season, but I left Washington immediately afterwards on a tour of duty. I was unwillingly obliged to defer replying, as my time was constantly taken up by business matters. I beg that you will pardon the delay. A prompt attention to your wishes would be proper and just, because to your brave husband, and to his reckless exposure of himself in times of greatest danger, I was often indebted to much of my success in military operations. I intended to have written to you immediately after his death, but the service we were passing through seemed to leave me no suitable occasion until it appeared to me so late that its grace would have been lost.

"We never had a more fearless general or soldier than your husband, nor one whose power was more manifest among the troops on the field of battle. He was one of those who, by his personal presence, could always bring order out of confusion. Had he lived he would long since have been promoted.

"When I was a boy I once had a difficulty,² and Alexander Hays was the first volunteer to assist me and in extracting me from my trouble became involved in aforesaid difficulty himself. I never forgot his generous action on that occasion, and hoped some day to serve him. I never had the opportunity as to the time of his death he owed his prominence to

¹ Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography," Vol. III, Page 146.

² The difficulty referred to was the celebrated Hays-Crittenden fight during their West Point days and noted in Chapter III.

his own good qualities. It now affords me much gratification to be of service to his wife or children.

"I am, very truly,

"Your obedient servant,

"Winfield S. Hancock.

"To Mrs. Alexander Hays, Pittsburgh, Pa."

Lieut. General Simon B. Buckner,¹ last survivor of the class of 1844, and one of the few, if not the only one, of the ante-Mexican War era, revered Ulysses S. Grant and bore him to his tomb. Alexander Hays also loved the great commander, and Ulysses S. Grant and Alexander Hays had the same deep regard for Simon B. Buckner that the latter had for them. How great that regard was on the part of General Buckner for General Grant the world knows. How the great heart of the former Confederate general has treasured the memory of Alexander Hays is apparent in a recent letter, to-wit:

"Munfordville, Ky., R. F. D. No. 1,

February 22, 1911.

"Dear Mr. Hays:

"I was glad to receive your letter. It revives many pleasant recollections of your gallant father. As a classmate of mine at West Point from 1840 to 1844 we were thrown closely together, and he was one of the most cherished of my boyhood friends. His genial and generous nature won upon all with whom he was brought in contact, and no member of his class was held in higher esteem for his manly and generous qualities.

"The last time I met him was some years after he resigned from the army. In passing through Pittsburgh I stopped to call on him and his wife, who were then living near there. I met one of his sons in New Orleans after the Civil War. I hold your father's memory in tenderest recollections, and would be glad to hear more of your family.

"Believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"S. B. Buckner.

"Mr. Gilbert A. Hays, Sewickley, Pa."

These are indeed kind words. In tenor and tone they are in unison with all who testify to the worth and manhood, the great heart and mind of Alexander Hays, his high standing, not alone as a soldier, but his value as a true and lasting friend.

¹ General Buckner died January 8, 1914, having almost completed his ninety-first year.

Ulysses S. Grant likewise never forgot his academy mate and early comrade. At the time of General Grant's visit to Pittsburgh, in 1868, Hon. Jared M. Brush, then Mayor of Pittsburgh, occupied the carriage with General Grant while being shown around the city, and told the following story:

"I remember what a pleasant time we had together during the big German saengerfest out at Friendship Grove in 1868. General Grant, then a candidate, went out with a party of us, and we had a jovial time with the Germans. The general and myself were in a carriage together returning, and when we were near the cemetery he turned to me and said: 'Can you tell me where General Alexander Hays' grave is?' I told him it was not a hundred yards off. 'Drive me to it,' said Grant. The driver was given the necessary order, and we were soon beside the grave of General Hays, as we generally called him. General Grant stepped out of the carriage and walked around the grave, reading on the monument the brilliant war record of the deceased soldier. After spending a few minutes thus he sat down on one of the cannon near the monument, and appeared to be wrapped in deep thought. I turned aside, and when I again looked at Grant he was weeping like a child. I said nothing, and when we entered the carriage and were driven to the city not a word passed between us until we were near our destination, when he turned to me with the remark: 'Has General Hays any relatives here?' I told him his wife and her parents, the McFaddens, were still living. 'Drive me to their residence, if it is not too much trouble,' said he, and together we went over to the house, where the general was introduced to the family, and talked with them a short time.

"From the time I saw him beside the grave of Hays weeping I have always thought Grant was a man with his heart in the right place. It struck me as strange to see him weeping, but he and Alexander Hays were classmates and soldiers together, and no doubt the words on the monument brought to his memory old scenes. General Meade made the same request to see Hays' grave when he was here."¹

Another clipping referring to the same incident is as follows:²

Grant and Hays.

"A touching incident which occurred on the occasion of General Grant's recent visit to Pittsburgh has not yet been noticed. On General Grant's return from the volksfest he

¹ The above is a newspaper clipping. The papers invariably stated that Hays and Grant were classmates.

² Pittsburgh "Evening Chronicle," September 18, 1869.

expressed the earnest desire to see the grave of that gallant officer, General Alexander Hays, who lies interred in the Allegheny Cemetery, and was driven to that burial place for the purpose of musing over the remains of his fallen comrade in arms. Grant and Hays served together in the Mexican War, and received their first merits for soldierly conduct at the battle of Palo Alto. They entertained for each other the warmest personal esteem, and on the decease of Hays, General Grant took the earliest opportunity of expressing in a letter his personal feelings and his sense of the great public loss which had been sustained. It is pleasant to think that in the midst of the festivities by which he was surrounded in Pittsburgh his heart still went forth to the tomb of one of the bravest men who ever drew a sword in defense of the flag of the nation."

Another clipping with a Hays reference is dated seventeen years later:¹

THE BATTLE YEARS

Recalled in Song and Story at the Sanitary Reunion at Valley
Camp Yesterday.

The Second Day and Its Work.

Anecdotes of Grant and Lincoln and the Other Heroes
of the War.

"In concluding the speaker² stated he was greatly attached to Pittsburgh, as it was in Dr. Littel's church, in this city, many years ago, that he gave up the use of wine and all intoxicating liquors. He described the speech he made in Dr. Paxton's church, this city, during the war.

" 'Major Frew promised me a thousand dollars,' he said, 'if I could get nineteen thousand dollars from the audience. I started with the name of my friend, Major Frew, for one thousand dollars. Major Frew arose and said, "I did promise to give one thousand dollars on condition that nineteen thousand dollars were raised in this house, but I now withdraw my offer. Since yesterday a friend of mine has given her husband, General Alexander Hays, to her country. If she could afford to do that I can afford to make my offer five thousand dollars." The effect on the large audience was wonderful, and the sum of forty-five thousand dollars was raised in a few minutes.' "

¹ Pittsburgh 'Dispatch,' July 31, 1886.

² The speaker, Francis Murphy, the greatest temperance apostle.

General Clinton D. MacDougall concludes his letter on Gettysburg, quoted in Chapter XVI, with these warm words of love for his former commander:

"General Hays was the firm friend and warm admirer of the volunteers. No soldier served under him who would not sacrifice his life for him. No commander was ever more beloved, honored or respected by his men. No braver soldier ever faced an enemy.

"To him the whirlwind of the charge seemed a joy and an inspiration, yet always cool, self-poised and determined. When off duty, gentle and lovable as a child, always genial and companionable, a lover of music, poetry and literature.

"In the jungles of the wilderness a bullet of the enemy ended his brilliant and glorious career. Peace to his ashes.

"His memory to me and all the survivors of the 111th New York will always be a sacred remembrance of all that was true, generous, manly and brave.

"No more gallant or knightly soldier sleeps among our slain.

" 'His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes.
He kept the whiteness of his soul
And thus men o'er him wept.' "

General MacDougall said years ago at Gettysburg, on the occasion of the dedication of the most beautiful monument to the 111th New York Regiment, and he spoke the sentiments of his heart then as now:

"Our division was commanded by Brigadier General Alexander Hays of Pennsylvania, than whom a braver man never drew a sword; himself a graduate of West Point and an officer of the old army, he had won distinction in the Mexican War and in the Peninsula campaign of the Army of the Potomac. Bluff, brave, generous, he was a great friend of the volunteer and deservedly popular."

General Jerome A. Watrous¹ of Milwaukee, who knew General Alexander Hays in the Army of the Potomac, wrote Mr. Gilbert A. Hays under date of March 16, 1911:

"While a young man, a soldier, and at the same time rather a close observer, probably because I was a printer and

¹ J. A. Watrous, private, Company E, 6th Wisconsin Volunteers, July, 1861; ordnance sergeant, sergeant major and adjutant general of the "Iron Brigade of the West" [First Brigade, First Division, First Corps; First Brigade, Fourth Division, Fifth Corps; First Brigade, Third Division, Fifth Corps]; mustered out May 15, 1865; editor and proprietor Fond-du-Lac "Commonwealth;" one of the editors and proprietors of the Milwaukee "Telegraph;" commander G. A. R., Department of Wisconsin; brigadier general staff Governor J. M. Rusk; major U. S. A., June 15, 1898; chief paymaster to June,

a young newspaper man when I enlisted, I very soon had my favorites in the army. Among them was your father. As the years have come and gone, and we reason along new lines, our estimates are readjusted, at least mine have been. Your father stood very high when I was a young man. I now see him in a very different light and estimate him much more highly.

"Personally, and in behalf of the thousands of other men of the Army of the Potomac who still live, I want to thank you for your decision to publish the book that is soon to appear. It will be a lesson in patriotism. No man, young or old, and indeed no woman, girl or boy will read it without having faith in the institutions of the country for which your father gave his life, increased and their love for it greatly added to. The plainest, simplest story of General Hays' life will be an inspiration to all who may read it.

"While it was not given to men in the ranks and officers of the lower grades to become acquainted with the higher officers outside of their own regiments, it is nevertheless true that in that old Union army which saved the nation there were tens of thousands of young men who read character carefully and correctly, and also estimated justly and with marked precision, colonels of regiments, generals of brigades, divisions, army corps and commanders of an army, even though they never had an opportunity to speak to them, and some of these estimates were made without an opportunity to personally see the officers.

"It was my good fortune, on a dozen or more different occasions, to take a good, square look at the late Major General Alexander Hays, a graduate of West Point, who, soon after the beginning of the war, led a Pennsylvania regiment to the field, and was in time made a brigadier general and breveted a major general. He was a commanding figure; he looked the soldier every minute he was on duty, and that is what he was, whether on duty or not—a real and great soldier of the Republic.

"I shall not take the time to explain how it came about that men in the ranks and officers of low grade became familiar with the lives and deeds of those who during the four years of war became more or less favorites with them. I remember why I began to admire General Hays. It was when I came to know of his great popularity with the men in his command

1899, Department of Columbia [Major General W. R. Shafter, commanding]; chief paymaster Department of the Visayas; chief paymaster Department of the South Philippines [Major General J. T. Wade, commanding]; lieutenant colonel U. S. A., September, 1904, and retired for age; associate editor of "The Union Army; A History of Military Affairs in the Loyal States, etc.;" author of "The History of Wisconsin" in that period, and "The Records of Wisconsin Regiments" in that work.

early in the war, his Pennsylvania regiment, every soldier of which seemed proud of him, glad to honor him, ready to cheer him and willing to fight under him. Not all regiments had such colonels, but it may safely be said that all regiments that had such colonels as General Hays proved to be depended upon in the line of battle to do their full share, and even more. They were not only fighting for their country, but they were fighting for the honor and glory of a commander who was near and dear to them.

"As the war progressed, Uncle Sam's soldiers, whether volunteers or regulars, in no sense machines, noted those officers who succeeded, those colonels and generals who knew how to fight, and did successfully fight. Alexander Hays was in that class from the time his fighting first began up to that fatal day in the Wilderness, when he and thousands of other brave American soldiers gave their lives. If it had been left to the rank and file General Hays would have been a major general in command of an army corps in time to lead his corps at the battle of Gettysburg, where, with a division, he contributed more than I shall now attempt to say toward the lasting and great victory on that never-to-be-forgotten field. He was one of the officers in the Army of the Potomac who never failed to meet the expectations of his superiors, who accomplished more than was expected of him. He committed no blunders. He always accomplished what he undertook. He was a man of dauntless courage, a natural leader, as genuine a patriot as ever wore the uniform.

"General Hays was in the class with Hancock and Warren, Reynolds, Sedgwick, McPherson, Gibbon, Griffin and Sumner, and, if the opportunity had offered, I am going to venture to say that he would also have been in a class with Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and Meade. He had received his education and early discipline in the same splendid institution, West Point, and he had had more years of service in the old army than either of the generals named, except Thomas and Meade. His command of his regiment, brigade and a division in battle, as well as elsewhere, was the equal of that of any regimental, brigade or division commander in the Army of the Potomac, which he helped to make famous.

"I rejoice to learn that a history, in book form, of this distinguished soldier and superb type of man is to be given to the public, and it would delight my heart to know that hundreds of thousands of young men would have an opportunity to peruse its pages, for I am confident that such a reading would add materially to their good citizenship, their faith in and love for the land which General Hays served so well and for which he died.

Some time I hope that one who was a volunteer soldier in the army will take it upon himself to write a book upon

the services of the trained soldiers, graduates of West Point, who had a part in the Civil War. Every year adds to my gratitude for the great leaders whom I believe made it possible that the armies of the North could achieve the victory that was won. All of the army commanders, with the exception of one who commanded an army only a short time towards the end of the war, were among those trained soldiers, graduates of West Point, as General Hays was. Nearly all of the corps commanders were from the same institution, well fitted for the great duties that devolved upon them. A large proportion of the division commanders and many of the brigade commanders were of the same class. Their influence, their example, their persistent efforts, made soldiers of other commanders, and fighting men of the mighty rank and file. History has never given them the credit that is their due, if we except Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and a few others. Thomas has never received his due, nor has Meade, Reynolds, Gibbon, Hays, Hancock, Merritt, Custer and a long, long line of men who did things—men who fought and won victories.”

The loyal, loving New York men who served under Alexander Hays have ever honored him in word and deed. In “The History of the 126th Regiment” is an extended obituary, prefaced with an elegant steel plate portrait of their deceased general, from which this extract is taken:

“General Hays led his command in the battle of the Wilderness, and on the 5th of May, while rallying his brigade to withstand the shock of Lee’s legions that came cheering down in superior numbers upon him, he was pierced by a Rebel bullet and fell with his face to the foe. The lowering clouds of battle threw a dark pall over the scene, and two hundred thousand muskets flashed their lurid fires in deadly defiance, and shook the deep forest, with their angry roar, honors befitting the death of the noblest chieftain. So died Hays the hero.

“The announcement of his death was a sad one to the old Third Brigade, and especially the 126th New York, to whom he was more than a friend in the day of their adversity, when perjured cowards had blackened their record; for he became their patron, believed in their innocence and virtue, and trusted in their bravery, a trust never betrayed.”¹

The pamphlet spoken of in the letter below was distributed at the semi-centennial celebration of the Battle of Gettysburg. Upon receiving one, Lieut. Warner wrote as follows:

¹ “Disaster, Struggle, Triumph,” Page 339.

"Quequechan Club,
"Fall River, Mass., September 21, 1913.

"Mr. Gilbert A. Hays:

"My Dear Sir:—The copies of the little booklet, 'General Alexander Hays at Gettysburg,' reached me safely a few days ago, and I have already distributed a few of them among old friends who would appreciate them—the Loyal Legion of Massachusetts for one.

"I am quite sure that the correspondent of a Buffalo paper [page 12] belonged to our brigade or division, for with trifling differences his account is as I saw it, and substantially as I wrote it down in a letter soon after. I said 'one aide,' but General Hays was the figure on which my attention was wrapt. I called him 'old Hays,' which I now see might seem strange, as he was only 44, but the year before, in May, 1862, I called General Hartsuff 'old Hartsuff,' and he celebrated his thirty-second birthday that month.

"I do not feel equal to writing, as you suggest, any elaboration of what I saw of your father. I find that I wrote then, 'General Hays, with his hands full of Rebel flags, which his division had captured, was trailing them in the dust, and riding his horse up and down the lines.' If anyone thinks he has the slightest glimmer of the depths of emotion a man can feel when he sees his own flag high up in the air, and the despised rag of his enemies brought down to the dirt, he has then but a slight realization of how we felt at that moment. It was a time of the wildest confusion and of the most intense feeling, yet with it came the sense to every Union soldier that at last the Battle of Gettysburg had been fought out, and had been won.

"Our division had been sent over on the rush from Cemetery Hill.

"I have somewhere some letters written by the color-bearer of our regiment [the 13th Massachusetts], in one of which he says something like this: 'Old Hays rode his horse until it was shot out from under him, and then he walked into our ranks as if he was on parade. Such a sight I never saw or ever expect to see again in this world, and such a cheer went up you would think the skies were breaking.'

"With some discrepancies of numbers of flags and of aides, you will see that all accounts substantially agree.

"Ever after I followed your father's career with interest. I sent to Brady and bought his photograph, which I still have, and also a lantern slide of the picture your sister owned of Grant and Hays [with horses] in Mexico.

"I find that I grow prolix and have not said all I wish, so I'll start another sheet.

"As a boy in the army I had a little literary taste, and kept some sort of a diary, beside writing home weekly letters

to my girl and to my mother, and I gathered photographs, views, etc., and sent them home. Also, twenty-five years later, during months of nervous illness, I got together four large quarto volumes of war diary—1861, 1862, 1863 and 1864—carefully typewritten, illustrated with several hundred photos and views, military orders issued to me as an official, etc. Whether valuable to my descendants or not, they represent much labor, and as men look at things, much money. Your father, with photo, is referred to in the Gettysburg account, and also in the 1864 volume at the Battle of the Wilderness.

"Many years ago I noted somewhere a letter written by your father the morning of the day he was killed. With a Yankee curiosity I queried over the quotation of poetry. I even wrote to Notes and Queries of the Boston 'Transcript,' which have more than a local reputation for solving and answering similar inquiries. I did not get a reply for over two years, and then, on May 1, 1912, a lady wrote me that the lines were from 'The Siege of Corinth' [Byron], so I wrote the lady the circumstances, etc., of your father, quoting them almost forty-eight years before. It seemed very strange that I had not recognized them, for, though I could not claim to be a Byron student, I had, twenty years ago, extra illustrated and extended to five volumes, a copy of Byron, with three hundred and eighty-five extra plates, including those in 'The Siege of Corvallis.'

"I recall vividly the day of your father's death, and the report as it came to us, a little later, to our point of the line.

* * * * *

"The next day we were moved down to that same road, and May 7th started on towards Spottsylvania. I was over the same ground a few years ago and saw your father's monument.

* * * * *

"Yours truly,

"William H. Warner,

"Late Lieutenant 13th Massachusetts Volunteers."

Lieut. Warner has forwarded Mr. Gilbert A. Hays a copy of the letter below written by Sergeant David Sloss of Company B, 13th Massachusetts Volunteers, written from the field of Gettysburg:

"Gettysburg Battlefield, July 5, 1863.

"Dear Mother:

"I wrote you a few lines about the first day's fight in which our corps was engaged, but could not get it off until yesterday, so I thought I might tell you some more about this battle, as it is ended now, the 'Rebs' having left last night.

After getting out of the fight the first day we were brought back of the town to support batteries in the cemetery until the 2nd day of July, when just about dark the Johnnies tried to turn the left, and came very near being successful, but our division—eight hundred men—were brought to bear on them and had a good effect by our presence. As we went down the line everything looked like Bull Run, and ‘Johnny Reb’ was trying his best to make it one by his fierce shelling. The regiment ahead of us had seven men taken out by a solid shot. Caissons and artillery stood out in bold relief against the sky, without a horse or man near them. The remnants of regiments were taking off disabled guns, and everything looked blue for our side, but the Rebels had been severely punished as well, and they could not follow up their advantages. Our presence had been sufficient, so we went back to the graveyard and laid near the town road. After night their pickets were very troublesome, but, as we were behind a stone wall, they did us no damage. In the morning they commenced on the right, and had some very hot work with the Twelfth Corps. About noon they commenced a terrible cannonading, and swept the hill upon which the graveyard was, so that our safest place was right in front of our batteries, and their batteries played on us and their sharpshooters troubled us from the tops of the houses in the town. We lost two men by them. Added to this the sun came out terribly hot, and a lot of the division were affected by it. They commenced a charge about this time, and we were ordered under their fire to double-quick, and away we went around the hill to help the Second Corps. Colonel Coulter was hit, but not bad. He is in command of our brigade since Paul was shot.¹ We just got in in time to see the ‘Rebs’ break. It was a glorious sight to see, even if the canister and shell were coming in thick, ‘old Hays,’ as his boys call him, ride up and down the lines in our front, with a Rebel flag trailing on the ground. Such a wild hurrah I never heard, nor saw such a sight, and never expect to see it again.

“We immediately threw out skirmishers to cover the field, but did not advance. We laid flat on our faces so that they could not trouble us. They tried to advance on our left after this, but succeeded no better, as our line was so short across that we could easily reinforce from left to right.

“Dave.”

Colonel William E. Potter of the 12th New Jersey, who served on General Hays’ staff, in his oration at the dedication

¹ Thirteen Massachusetts, First Brigade, Paul’s; Second Division, Robinson’s, of the First Corps.

of the regiment's battle monument on the field of Gettysburg, speaks of General Hays thus:

"General Alexander Hays was a soldier worthy of being a lieutenant of Hancock. In an army of brave men he was distinguished for courage. Brusque sometimes in manner, he was a man of considerable culture, and a warm heart beat in his breast. His faculties seem to have been elevated and strengthened in the presence of danger, and I have heard him say that he felt this to be so. Not without some faults, he had shining virtues both as a soldier and a man."—"South Jerseyman," Salem, N. J., June 1st, 1886.

William H. Smith¹ after the Gettysburg semi-centennial, receiving the pamphlet, "General Hays at Gettysburg," wrote Mr. Gilbert A. Hays as follows:

"Marysville, Kan., July 27, 1913.

"Mr. Gilbert A. Hays:

"Dear Sir:—I was a soldier in Company D, 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. I was severely wounded at the Battle of Malvern Hill, Va., July 1st, 1862, and was left on the field when the army marched away to Harrison's Landing.

"Suffering from my wound, tired, hungry and weak from loss of blood, I followed the army, making but a few steps between stops to rest. On the evening of July 4th I came in sight of the picket line, but was entirely exhausted and could not go any further. It had been raining, and I became stuck in the mud and fell down, and was not able to arise. If it had not been for your father I would have been there yet. He had been out along the picket line, and with his field glass discovered me. He rode out to where I was in the mire, and picked me up and put me on his horse, and carried me inside the lines and down to the landing, and put me on the Ocean Queen that was just ready to sail for New York.

"To that act of his I owe my life. He was killed before any opportunity came to me to meet him again and acknowledge the debt.

"You are a stranger to me and I a stranger to you, but I wanted you to know of this act of your father, because it is an evidence of the great heart of the man. He was the colonel of his regiment at the time, and could have detailed

¹ William H. Smith was mustered in July 24, 1861, in Company D, 62nd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry; promoted to sergeant March 21, 1862, and was severely wounded at the Battle of Malvern Hill, Va., July 1st, 1862; never served under General Alexander Hays, and his tribute is all the greater for that reason.

men to come to my relief, but he did not wait for that, he came promptly and alone, and performed the service himself. It was a rare thing for an officer of his rank to do, and I shall always feel very grateful to him for it.

"Trusting that the relation of this incident may be of interest to you, and that it may help you to appreciate more and more the great heart of your father, I have thus written to you.

"With grateful remembrance of him, and with kindest regards for you and for all who were near and dear to him, and all who are near and dear to you, his son, I subscribe myself,

"Your friend,

"W. H. Smith.

"P. S.—I was born and raised at Eldersridge, Indiana county, Pa., went to Kansas in 1865, after the close of the war, and have resided there ever since."

This correspondence speaks most eloquently the words of the private soldier:

"Philadelphia, Pa., April 28, 1896.

"Harry E. Woernlie, Esq.,

"15 Sheffield Street,

"Allegheny, Pa.:

"Dear Sir and Brother—While assisting Brother Server the past few months, I have had occasion several times to write the name of your council, and each time it has suggested the fondest recollections of that gallant and intrepid commander, General Alexander Hays. During the war I was a private in the 108th New York of the Third Division, Second Corps, and for more than a year General Hays commanded that division, and until General Grant assumed command of the Army of the Potomac in 1864, when General Hays returned to the command of his old brigade, and was killed on the evening of May 5th at the Wilderness. I can never forget his bravery at Gettysburg, where two horses were shot from under him, nor the charmed life he seemed to possess—always at the front, leading, not driving his men. I also remember a remark he made to his wife while visiting him at the winter quarters in 1864; it was on his return from the battle of Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan, on February 6th, and she had been watching the battle from Stoney Mountain, and, naturally, was in a state of anxiety until his return, when he said, 'The Rebel bullet is not yet moulded that will kill me,' but in the very beginning of the next fight, May 5th, he was killed. Allow me to say, Brother Woernlie, that councils of the O. U. A. M. may bear the name of the immortal Washington and other illustrious names, but not one in the entire

order can have more reason to feel proud of the name you bear than your own council.

"Will you kindly advise me if you can secure for me a good cabinet picture of General Hays and, if so, the cost, and I will remit you the amount?

"Fraternally yours,

"Charles S. Bailey,
"Of No. 52."

"Philadelphia, Pa., August 10th, 1896.

"Gilbert A. Hays, Esq.,

"Sewickley, Pa.:

"My dear Sir:—The business of the office incidental to the beginning of the month, and the excessively hot weather, must be my excuse for not replying earlier to your kind favor of the 31st ult. I little thought that my note to Brother Woernlie would result in the gratification of receiving a letter from one of the sons of my old commander, and to receive one, also, from your brother a few days later, has fairly overwhelmed me. I hardly know why I wrote that letter. In my capacity as assistant to Brother Server some dealings are had with that council, and the name has invariably been suggestive to me of the few months when, during the war, I served in the division commanded by General Alexander Hays. I have attended but one reunion of my regiment [108th New York], and very seldom visit my native place, Rochester, and, as you know, or perhaps you do not know, that here in Philadelphia no one did any fighting at Gettysburg except the Philadelphia Brigade [?], therefore, I have very seldom heard your father's name mentioned, and I must have been impressed with the idea that his name was as unhonored and unsung in Pittsburgh and vicinity as here, and I simply could not refrain from congratulating General Hays' council upon selecting that name; but, judging from the different societies that are named after him, I was 'carrying coals to New Castle.' I can assure you, however, that it is very gratifying to know that his name will go down to posterity at the head of so many patriotic societies organized for the preservation of the Union and flag for which he so nobly sacrificed his life.

"I have read the paper sent me, and was particularly interested in the article contributed by the Buffalo correspondent, which is correct beyond a doubt; he only saw General Hays as others saw him, and to give you another pen picture of him as he appeared to us then, and of his actions which caused such a wonderful love and admiration as was had by our regiment for your father, I will state that he selected us for the sole purpose of supporting Battery I, 1st U. S., commanded by Lieutenant Woodruff. We were brought up close to the guns stationed along the crest of the beautiful grove of oak trees back of the Bryan house, only two of

which now remain, the rest having been destroyed by the cannon-balls of the enemy. General Hays commanded the entire division, but it seems to me now as though he never left that battery but, riding his horse from one end to the other, spoke encouragingly, first to the artillerymen and then to the rest. 'Boys,' he says, 'I want to tell you something about this battery; this battery was formerly commanded by the Rebel general, Magruder, and when the war broke out he resigned command and took sides with the South; but he says it is his battery, and he wants it, and is going to have it; they tried to get it at Antietam and they will try here, and now I'll tell you, you are a little regiment, but I know you, and I have just picked you out to support the battery, and I want you to do so—don't let them have it;' and much more in the same strain. Well, of course, this sounded like taffy to some of the boys, but the rest thought his praise had been merited, and, to make a long story short, the battery was not taken, but your father long knew his thoughts when, on the third day, with fifty-two horses dead and so many of the artillerymen killed and disabled, that our men carried ammunition and did all but load and fire the guns, the ammunition gave out and the men were compelled to haul the guns back, and the Rebels coming across the plain. He must have thought the situation looked blue from other causes than smoke. Happily the ammunition wagon was just then coming up the Taneytown Road, and the boys met it, got ammunition, dragged the guns back, and none too soon, for the enemy were in close proximity to our lines—not one division of the three brigades, but two divisions of six brigades against one brigade of the Blue Division—14th Connecticut next to the Bloody Angle—then the little 1st Delaware, then the 12th New Jersey, with buck and ball between Bryan's house and barn, and then the 108th New York behind Woodruff's Battery; not a Rebel set foot inside our lines but as a prisoner, and no stone wall for our protection, either, as was the case with the Philadelphia Brigade who allowed the Rebels to get through. I do not care to speak disparagingly of other troops, but, as before stated, here in this town that one brigade did it all, but I believe that the blue trefoil division comprised one of the best divisions in the army, and did not have a Philadelphia regiment in it, nor any Pennsylvania regiments for that matter—the only one in the Army of the Potomac. After all, fighting qualities of this or that brigade are of small matter, as so much depends upon being properly officered; and, as for the bravery displayed by the Union troops at Gettysburg, it should never be questioned; it is one thing to be massed behind stone walls and guns, but another thing entirely to march over a mile of unbroken fields in the face

of a hundred guns—'e'en up to the cannon's mouth,' and drive the enemy from behind those walls.

"But I am afraid this letter will get tiresome, but you probably know how old soldiers are when they get to fighting battles over again; it is so much pleasanter now than then, they do not know when to stop.

"I would like to inquire if your mother is still living and, if so, would she care to be remembered by one of her husband's command. Please convey to her my kindest regards. I think I mentioned her in my letter to Brother Woernlie in connection with the incident of Morton's Ford. One Henry Nightingale, a member of my regiment, and an old school-mate, was an orderly for your father at that time, and my associations with him, perhaps, enabled me to know more of your father's civil side than some others. I remember one characteristic of your father—a private could always get a hearing and redress for grievances if he had any; so also with General French ['Blinky,' as he was sometimes irreverently called], while line officers never fared so well—this in itself would cause an universal respect among the rank and file.

"As regards a cabinet of your father, I should dearly love to have one, more especially for my family, and to show my friends that they may see a representation of the hero I talk about. But for myself, I want no better picture of him than the one so indelibly stamped on my mind as I saw him at Gettysburg on July 3rd as he sat upon his horse white with foam, and, notwithstanding his exposed position, watched his own and the enemy's troops, fearless even of life.

* * * * *

"Your sincere friend,

"Charles S. Bailey."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IMMORTELLES

MRS. ANNIE McFADDEN HAYS survived her husband many years. The government paid her the usual pension allowed in such cases [thirty dollars per month, which was later increased to fifty dollars]. She saw her little family grow to maturity, and grandchildren surround her, and much beloved passed away from the scenes of a happy life—happy before war came in 1861, as the obituaries below attest.

Mrs. Hays could justly appreciate the beautiful sentiment of the lines below written by Mrs. General C. J. Dickerson of Hillsdale, Mich., in a letter to General Negley announcing the death of her husband and daughter, and why an invitation to attend the seventh reunion of the Army of the Cumberland at Pittsburgh, September 17th and 18th, 1873, was not accepted:

"As you pledge each other with wine, and grow merry and brim over with pleasure; as you clasp each others' hands, and congratulations pass that you meet again, silently and reverently remember those whose song of patriotism is left unchanted, over whom laurels twine, and grief deepens in vain.

"The grass is green over your comrade."

When Mrs. Hays' end came the grass had been green on the general's grave for twenty-six years.

Daily papers of June 3, 1890, and the day following, contained the subjoined notices:

DIED

HAYS—On Monday, June 2, 1890, at 10:15 P. M., at her residence, Sewickley, Annie A., widow of General Alexander Hays, and daughter of the late John B. McFadden.

Funeral services at St. Stephen's Church, Sewickley, on Thursday morning, June 5, 1890, at 11 o'clock. Interment private. Train leaves Allegheny at 10 o'clock A. M., returning leaves Sewickley at 12:18 P. M.

"A woman of exceptional ability, force of character and possessed of rare mental gifts, passed away, when, at Sewickley, Monday evening, June 2, Mrs. Annie A. Hays, widow of General Alexander Hays, closed her eyes in her last sleep. Very few women have passed lives so identified with the social life in Pittsburgh during the past fifty years as was that of the subject of this brief tribute. She was the daughter of the late John B. McFadden, and in her earlier life was a leading belle of this city. In 1846 she became the wife of Alexander Hays, and as the wife of a brave soldier was conspicuous during the dark days of the war among the women of the time. The death of her gallant husband left Mrs. Hays a widow in 1864 with seven children. To the welfare of these she devoted the best years of her life, and passed away, leaving the deepest sorrow in a wide circle of relatives and friends. Her devotion to her church—the Episcopal—was a characteristic of the deceased, while in all charitable deeds she took a lively interest. Her surviving children are Mrs. George Gormly, Alden F. Hays, Mrs. John S. Sullivan [of Jefferson City, Mo.], Gilbert A. Hays, Mrs. Martha A. Black, A. Pearson Hays and James M. Hays. Her brother, James B. McFadden, and her sister, Mrs. George W. Murphy, also survive her. The funeral of this lamented woman took place on Thursday, and services were held at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Sewickley. The pallbearers were eight members of General Hays' regiment, the 63rd Pennsylvania."

Mr. Hepburn Johns, an editorial writer on the Pittsburgh "Dispatch," wrote the obituary below:

"ANNIE A. HAYS

The Great Soldier's Widow Ends a Life of Good Works and Brave.

"Mrs. Annie A. Hays, widow of General Alexander Hays, died on Monday at 10:15 P. M. at her home in Sewickley, as stated in the 'Dispatch' yesterday. Since last October Mrs. Hays had not left her room, yet her death was a surprise to many; so often had her indomitable will triumphed over the attacks which had made her an invalid since 1877. It was hoped that she might conquer again. It was not to be, however, and on Monday evening she passed away.

"Mrs. Hays was the daughter of John B. McFadden, a prominent man in Pittsburgh's young days. She was born in Pittsburgh, March 15, 1826. In her girlhood she was a noted belle, of whose beauty and wit reports have come down to this generation. She married Alexander Hays on February 19, 1846. Of him there is hardly need to speak; his brilliant

career as a soldier is known to everybody in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Hays accompanied her husband during the war whenever it was possible, passing the winters of 1861, 1862 and 1863 with him in the camp of the Army of the Potomac. General Hays was killed in the sanguinary contest in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and his widow was left to face the world with seven children. She did face the world with the courage of a lion. Her life until her health finally broke, thirteen years ago, was devoted entirely to them, and even as an invalid she was unremitting in her care of them.

* * * * *

"Mrs. Hays possessed wonderful mental gifts, and a dignity and graciousness, a courtly manner and readiness of wit that won her friends and admirers everywhere. Unquestionably she was the ablest woman of affairs, even in her sick room, that the writer has ever met. Her reading was large and various; her taste catholic. There was nothing she liked better than the study of men, and her judgment of them and the events which made them prominent showed remarkable discernment. She spoke French fluently, and everyone who has enjoyed her society knows with what skill she used her mother tongue. Beside possessing these great gifts and acquirements Mrs. Hays was big-hearted, courageous to the verge of heroism, patient and gentle, and a warm lover of her family and friends. Of the latter she had very many in Pittsburgh, in all parts of this country, and even in remote corners of the world. There seemed to be something in her of a magnetic quality which bound men and women to her; once admitted to her friendship there could be no leaving it. So her death comes as a grievous blow to hundreds who knew her simply as a friend not often seen. To those near her the loss is irreparable.

"The funeral services will take place in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Sewickley, at 11 A. M. Thursday, June 5. Mrs. Hays was a sturdy member of St. Stephen's congregation. Proceeding to Pittsburgh by the 12:18 train from Sewickley, the burial will follow in the Allegheny Cemetery, in the plot where General Alexander Hays now lies."

* * * * *

"Miss Rachel McFadden.

Miss Rachel McFadden, to whom General Hays wrote many letters from the front, and who visited his camp at Stevensburg, Va., did not long survive her illustrious brother-in-law. In the homely but well-understood phrase, she literally wore herself out in the service of love—love of the soldier, our common country, the flag and its defenders. The

editorial tributes from the Pittsburgh papers tell in brief but reverential words the pathetic story of her heroism and sacrifices:

"The death of Miss Rachel McFadden takes from our midst one whose virtues and whose works call for more than a mere conventional notice of the event. When the Pittsburgh Sanitary Committee organized a branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, in January, 1863, they selected Miss McFadden—whose zeal in behalf of the soldiers had already been manifested—to act as first directress of the ladies' branch. The position was one which required ability, perseverance and the spirit of true patriotism and self-sacrifice. Miss McFadden threw herself into the work of organizing, and, aided by hearts and hands like to her own, the depot on Fourth street soon began to pour forth a broad stream of help for the sick and wounded soldiers, which continued to increase in volume until the end of the war. The packages of sanitary stores sent from Pittsburgh were always so thoughtfully selected and skillfully arranged as to call forth more than the ordinary gratitude and commendation from their recipients, and made Miss McFadden's name a familiar and welcome sound in the hospitals at which they were received.

"When the Pittsburgh Sanitary Fair was being organized, the noble women with whom she was associated elected her to the presidency of the Ladies' Executive Committee. How efficiently she ministered to the success of the fair is fresh in the memory of all.

"Miss McFadden's labors in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers were incessant. Social enjoyment, personal comfort and the requirements of health were all secondary to the absorbing object; and when respite from work came at the end of the war, it found her with an impaired constitution as the result of the excitements and labors through which she had passed.

"Her faithfulness of purpose and life—her executive ability in labors of love—her genial and loving character, and her many Christian virtues, will cause her to be mourned by many friends. But besides these, there are hundreds of soldiers who will remember the kindly sympathy and substantial help given by her to the passing soldier in his need. No soldier was ever turned away by her unaided, and no soldier's wife ever failed to receive such help as was in her power to give."—Pittsburgh Commercial, June 12, 1867.

"This entire community will be pained to learn that Miss Rachel McFadden is no more. She died at the residence of her father, John B. McFadden, Esq., on Saturday morning last. Among the many ladies of this community who evinced self-sacrificing devotion to the relief and comfort of the

national soldiery, during the war, no one was more wholly given up or labored more judiciously and unceasingly than she did, or was more distinguished for superb energy and administrative ability. Thousands of soldiers will carry to their graves grateful memories of benefits and blessings received through her zealous efforts, and will lament with heartfelt emotions her untimely death as that of a dear friend.

"In society Miss McFadden was everywhere admired and loved for her lively and genial disposition and temper. Equally a favorite with old and young, rich and poor, her memory will linger sweetly in the hearts of all who knew her."—Pittsburgh Gazette, June 12, 1867.

John B. McFadden, the honored and much-loved father-in-law of General Alexander Hays, passed away suddenly, May 10, 1880, full of years and deeply lamented, his wife surviving a few years. The newspapers of Pittsburgh published feeling obituaries, and even noted his demise editorially. Witness the following:

"OBITUARY

Demise of Mr. John B. McFadden From Paralysis.

"Many of our old citizens, and in fact the entire community, will receive with sincere sorrow the announcement of the demise of Mr. John B. McFadden, whose life was ended at an early hour this morning, after a brief illness. As one of the most enterprising jewelers of the city, conducting the business with success for upward of half a century, he was widely known and highly esteemed for straightforwardness and strict integrity. In later years he was engaged in the insurance business, and was brought more directly in contact with the mercantile community, in which he was regarded as among the most honorable of men. He was born in Ireland, April 15, 1800, and came to Washington, Pa., with his parents when only three years of age. He was in his eighty-first year, and up to Saturday appeared to be in the enjoyment of his usual health. He was at his office on Friday. He suffered a stroke of paralysis, the effects of which was his death this morning at the family residence on Fourth street. He learned the watch-making business with Mr. Reed, father of the Messrs. Reed, jewelers, on Market street, having located in Pittsburgh in 1823. He quit the jewelry business in 1859, when he engaged in the insurance business, to which he has since devoted his attention. His memory was keen, and he possessed an extensive fund of information relative to Pittsburgh in its earlier days and the citizens of sixty and seventy years ago. Indeed, when searching for old-time facts and history, Mr. McFadden was almost always called upon for

information, and the applicant was seldom disappointed. Although quite prominent in business circles, he never held any public position, but was connected with several moneyed institutions—notably the Dollar Savings Bank. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and upright and pure in all the relations of life. His wife, now in her eighty-third year, and four children survive him. The latter are Mrs. General Alexander Hays, Mr. James B. McFadden, fire marshal; Mrs. George W. Murphy and Mrs. Joseph Bushnell of Titusville. Miss Rachel McFadden, another daughter, died some years ago. Her memory will ever be cherished by the soldiers, for whom she manifested such deep interest during the late Civil War, and subsequently during the Sanitary Fair, in which undertaking she labored assiduously to procure funds for the furtherance of that movement.”—Pittsburgh Chronicle, May 10, 1880.

“In the death of Mr. John B. McFadden Pittsburgh loses one of its oldest and most widely-respected citizens. Mr. McFadden had a notably active and inquisitive mind, prompt to sympathize with those who pursue knowledge in the most diverse paths, while his own taste and habits of thought and reading led him to take particular interest in local history. He might be justly described as one of the few antiquarians of this section, and by reason of his tenacious memory and alert attention he had become a living lexicon of facts of greater or less interest pertaining to the older generations of the population of these cities.”—Pittsburgh Times.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION

NOW that the reader has reached these pages, let him not smile and say the editors have been ever mindful of the adage, "*Nil mortuis nisi bonum.*" Alexander Hays was endued with our common humanity. There has been no occasion and no intention to divest it and no desire to deify. In the plain language of General Watrous, the simplest story of Alexander Hays' life is the best story. As indicated in the introduction, the general has been followed through an exciting and adventurous career—through two wars—one of the greatest in history¹—and his deeds and his thoughts have been given publicity in these pages. His own words tell the feelings of his heart, and often under the many and diverse phases of active warfare. Others who have been close to him have written and spoken of him, and their words of love and regard have been given place also. Alexander Hays' life was not a long one. It was a most eventful one, and who shall say that it was not glorious?

"He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm,
And loved peace best when he was forced to arm."

In the lapse of years the memory of Alexander Hays has but brightened. His superb manhood, his commanding presence, his dashing leadership, his utter fearlessness, the inspiration of the man, and the general in memory's stirring reviews, come trooping past in striking realism, vivid even among the shadowy vistas of the five decades that have intervened. Such an individuality cannot soon pass away.

Alexander Hays was an affectionate husband and father. He was most loyal in allegiance to country, home and friends. We hear him sigh in our country's darkest hour, but he sighed only in sorrow and anxiety. He saw men die almost daily. He knew his own end was ever imminent. He saw his friends,

¹ Up to the time this Chapter was written.

his loving, obedient subordinates, the humble privates even he had trained and drilled and loved—all these he saw stricken in the battle crash and the mortal combat. What more pathetic than his story of the suffering, dying Boisol, and the grief of the brave soldier's devoted young wife and orphaned little son? Gallant, noble Boisol! a lingering agony, a fortnight of torture, and then grief and tears for those who loved him. Likewise Willard—Sherrill—Woodruff—Cushing—who died but to make the glory of the old Third Division and the Second Corps more glorious and Gettysburg more decisive. Shall we pass by Kearney, the knightliest soldier that ever drew an American sword, who honored and revered Alexander Hays as Alexander Hays did him? Shall we forget Jameson, who early perished by the fell hand of disease—Berry, who sank in the heroic struggle to hold the wavering lines at Chancellorsville? Shall we forget the dear boys of the old 63rd Pennsylvania—Kirkwood, McGranahan, Maynard, Chapman, Lysle, Fulton?—for all these and all the fallen brave there came into the gentle heart of Alexander Hays the tremor of grief and the sadness of that longing that comes for the departed, and in the irony of the battle fate, let us lift the years and see the heroic Major McCullough in command of the old regiment, looking upon the dead face of his old colonel and its open ghastly wound, and drawing his hand across his brow to stop the oncoming tears—and let us see the boys of the 63rd—those who were left—the very next day look upon the slain McCullough who fell in the same battle line as their brigade commander in the most awful battle in history—in the Wilderness of Virginia—such is the pathos of war—such is but part of the price of peace—such the deeds that have made and continued our country a nation.

It is well to draw now the concluding words. Any painter will tell you to beware of an excess of color; a proper blending, a nicety of shade, a master touch here and there, a lifelike cast of feature and expression, and the painting is finished or the portrait complete. So, too, a plethora of words may spoil the ensemble of even a biography. The recital here is sincere. It seems complete. It is sufficient.

When the last gasp of the dying Lincoln had passed so quickly away in the bedchamber where they who loved our

great President were watching, awaiting his dissolution in gaunt and silent awe, in the hush, in the anguish of that moment, it was Edwin M. Stanton who broke the stillness: "Now, he belongs to the ages."

Anyone who has lived for the right—who has died for the right—belongs to the ages—"the eternal years of God are his." Alexander Hays, too, belongs to the ages. Too oft had he heard—

"The death shot hissing from afar,
The shock, the shout, the groan of war."

And he passed to the keeping of the ages from where—

"Death spoke in every booming shot that knelled upon the ear."

One can appropriately conclude with the sombre lines that grace the title page hereto, and the remainder of that beautiful stanza of John E. Barrett:

"Above the dust of the beloved dead,
Who passed to immortality this way,
We bare our heads and reverently tread,
And tenderly our heartfelt homage pay.
The days were dark when duty called him hence,
And darker passions clouded all the land,
But we who live behold their recompense—
A nation grander than its founders planned."

THE END

APPENDIX A

SAMUEL HAYS' BIOGRAPHY

Samuel Hays, father of General Alexander Hays, was born in County Donegal, Ireland, September 10, 1783. With his mother he emigrated to the United States at the early age of nine, in 1792, and located in Venango county, Pennsylvania, where his mother, Eleanor Hays, died in 1822. Samuel Hays was for a long series of years regarded as one of the most popular, prominent and successful citizens of this section of the state. In 1808 he was treasurer of Venango county, and was four times elected sheriff of the county—in 1808, 1820, 1829 and 1833; served four terms in the House of Representative of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania—1813, 1816, 1823 and 1825; two terms as state senator—1822 and 1839; and was elected to Congress in 1842. In 1856 he was chosen associate judge of Venango county, and received the appointment of marshal of the Western District of Pennsylvania in 1847 from President Polk. He also held several minor offices and positions of emolument and trust within the gift of his fellow-citizens, and served as brigadier general, commanding the First Brigade, Seventeenth Division, of the state militia, from 1841 to 1843.

Samuel Hays was identified with the Presbyterian Church, and was one of the founders and most liberal contributors to the erection of the first church edifice in Franklin.

He was also a member of the board of trustees of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., from 1837 to 1861, which famous educational institution Alexander Hays attended nearly four years, and also from its walls graduated several of Samuel Hays' sons.

He was for many years prominent in the Masonic fraternity, having been initiated by dispensation into Pennsylvania Lodge No. 21, Free and Accepted Masons, at Harrisburg, Pa., January 29, 1814. He was also a charter member of Myrtle Lodge No. 316, F. & A. M., of Franklin, Pa., instituted February 22, 1858.

Samuel Hays was married March 30, 1809, to Agnes, second daughter of John and Barbara Broadfoot, to whom were born six children, viz.: Eleanor, John Broadfoot, David Brown, Samuel B., Alexander [subject of this memoir] and James P. Agnes, his first wife, died in November, 1839.

Samuel Hays died at his home in Franklin, July 1, 1868, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and was first interred in the old town graveyard. On May 7, 1892, his dust, with that of his first wife, Agnes, was reinterred in the new Franklin Cemetery.

The Broadfoot family in Western Pennsylvania in the early part of the last century was very numerous and proud of its descent from an eminent Scottish ancestry. The family name in the old country is chiefly known and localized in Wigtonshire, although it is frequently met with in other portions of Scotland, in the form of "Bradfute" and "Braidfute." One of the name, Gulielmies Braidfute, entered the University of St. Andrews the same year and time as the celebrated Andrew Melville in 1559. Tradition connects Sir William Wallace with Marion Broadfoot of Farmington, and after their marriage her slaughter by the English for assisting him to escape; also with the Kerlies and Cruggleston Castle. For centuries the different branches of the family have lived near and been buried in the "Auld Kirk of Cruggleston," and it is claimed that one of the number was with Sir William Wallace when he took the Castle of Cruggleston and settled in the neighborhood.

APPENDIX B

OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY 1840-1844

Inspector.

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| ¹ Colonel Joseph G. Totten, | Term Began. Dec. 7, 1838. |
|--|------------------------------|

Superintendent.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ¹ Major Richard Delafield, | Sept. 1, 1838, to Aug. 15, 1845. |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|

MILITARY STAFF

Adjutants.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| ¹ 1st Lieut. George G. Waggaman, | Feb. 17, 1839. |
| ² 1st Lieut. Joseph Hooker, | July 1, 1841. |
| ² 2nd Lieut. Irwin McDowell, | |
| ¹ Corps of engineers. ² Artillery. | Nov. 11, 1841, to Oct. 8, 1845. |

Quartermasters.

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| ² 2nd Lieut. Henry Swartout, | May 18, 1837. |
| ³ 1st Lieut. Isaac S. K. Reeves, | Sept. 1, 1842. |
| ³ 2nd Lieut. Henry C. Wayne, | July 1, 1843. |

Chief Medical Officers.

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| ⁵ Surgeon Walter W. Wheaton, | Nov. 10, 1826. |
|---|----------------|

Assistant Medical Officers.

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| ⁶ Asst. Surgeon Joseph K. Barnes, | July 10, 1840. |
| ⁵ Asst. Surgeon Charles M. Hitchcock, | Dec. 14, 1840. |

Treasurers.

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Thomas I. Leslie, | Oct. 31, 1816. |
| ⁴ Major Charles Davies, | Dec. 11, 1841. |

DEPARTMENT OF TACTICS

Commandant of Cadets.

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| ³ 1st Lieut. Charles F. Smith, | April 1, 1838. |
| ³ 1st Lieut. J. Addison Thomas, | Sept. 1, 1842. |

Instructors of Infantry.

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| ³ 1st Lieut. Charles F. Smith, | April 1, 1838. |
| ³ 1st Lieut. J. Addison Thomas, | Sept. 1, 1842. |

Assistant Instructors of Infantry.

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| ² 1st Lieut. Joseph H. Eaton, | Feb. 17, 1839, to June 20, 1843. |
| ² 1st Lieut. Thomas Johns, | June 24, 1839, to Nov. 12, 1839. |
| ² 1st Lieut. Bradford R. Alden, | Feb. 17, 1840, to Sept. 14, 1841. |
| ³ 1st Lieut. William G. Freeman, | Feb. 18, 1840, to Aug. 6, 1841. |
| ⁶ 1st Lieut. William N. Grier, | Sept. 14, 1840, to June 20, 1841. |
| ⁶ Dragoons (transferred to Adjutant). | |

¹ Not a graduate of the academy. ² Infantry. ³ Artillery. ⁴ Staff paymasters' department. ⁵ Corps of engineers. ⁶ Dragoons.

| | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| ² 2nd Lieut. Garrett Barry, | June 20, 1841, to Sept. 30, 1842. |
| ³ 2nd Lieut. Lucius H. Alden, | Aug. 6, 1841, to Aug. 31, 1844. |
| ³ 2nd Lieut. Irwin McDowell, | Sept. 4, 1841, to Nov. 11, 1841. |
| ³ 1st Lieut. Henry C. Wayne, | Dec. 12, 1841, to July 1, 1843. |
| (Transferred to quartermaster) | |
| ³ 1st Lieut. Edward J. Steptoe, | Sept. 30, 1842, to July 5, 1843. |
| ³ 1st Lieut. Henry S. Burton, | June 16, 1843, to Dec. 6, 1845. |
| ³ 2nd Lieut. Robert S. Garnett, | July 5, 1843, to Oct. 17, 1844. |
| ² 1st Lieut. Robert S. Granger, | July 6, 1843, to Aug. 18, 1844. |
| Note: Granger, followed by 2nd Lieut. Allen H. Norton to his death, November, 1846. | |

Instructors of Artillery.

| | |
|---|---------------|
| ³ 1st Lieut. Miner Knowlton, | Nov. 9, 1837. |
|---|---------------|

Assistant Instructors of Artillery.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| ³ 1st Lieut. William G. Freeman, | Feb. 8, 1840. |
| ³ 2nd Lieut. Lucius H. Allen, | Aug. 6, 1841. |
| ³ 2nd Lieut. Henry C. Wayne, | Dec. 12, 1841. |
| (Transferred to quartermaster) | |

Instructors of Cavalry.

| | |
|---|---------------|
| ³ 1st Lieut. Miner Knowlton, | Nov. 9, 1837. |
| (First incumbent) | |

Assistant Instructors of Cavalry.

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| ⁶ 1st Lieut. William N. Grier, | Sept. 14, 1840. |
| ³ 2nd Lieut. Henry C. Wayne, | Dec. 12, 1841. |

Riding Masters.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| ⁵ James McAuley, | June 11, 1839. |
| ⁵ Frank B. Hershberger, | Jan. 6, 1842. |
| ⁵ Not graduates of the academy. | |

DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL AND MILITARY ENGINEERS

| | |
|--|---------------|
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Dennis H. Mahan, | Jan. 1, 1832. |
|--|---------------|

Principal Assistant Professors.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| ¹ 1st Lieut. Jeremiah M. Scarritt, | Sept. 1, 1839. |
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Robert Q. Butler, | Sept. 1, 1841. |
| (Died April 3, 1843) | |
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Zealous B. Tower, | April 4, 1843. |
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Horatio G. Wright, | Aug. 29, 1843. |

Assistant Professors.

| | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Robert Q. Butler, | Sept. 2, 1840. |
| (Transferred, see above) | |
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Paul O. Hebert, | Aug. 30, 1841, to July 21, 1842. |
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Zealous B. Tower, | Aug. 31, 1842, to April 4, 1843. |
| (Transferred, see above) | |
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. Horatio G. Wright, | Jan. 20, 1843, to Aug. 29, 1843. |
| (Transferred, see above) | |
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. William S. Rosecrans, | Sept. 8, 1843, to Aug. 28, 1844. |
| ¹ 2nd Lieut. John Newton, | Oct. 18, 1843, to Aug. 31, 1844. |
| ¹ Corps of engineers. | |

DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING

Instructors.

¹ Capt. Alexander J. Swift, June 30, 1841.

Assistant Instructors.

(None until 1852)

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY

Professor.

¹ 2nd Lieut. William H. C. Bartlett, From April 20, 1836.

Principal Assistant Professor.

³ 1st Lieut. Joseph Roberts, Sept. 1, 1832, to Aug. 17, 1849.

Assistant Professors.

³ 2nd Lieut. Thomas L. Ringgold, Aug. 28, 1839, to July 19, 1841.

³ 2nd Lieut. William Gilham, Sept. 1, 1841, to Aug. 31, 1844.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

Professor.

³ 1st Lieut. Albert E. Church, March 13, 1838.

Principal Assistant Professors.

³ 1st Lieut. Alexander E. Shiras, Jan. 4, 1840, to Aug. 29, 1843.

³ 1st Lieut. Israel Vogdes, Aug. 29, 1843.

Assistant Professors.

³ 1st Lieut. John M. Harvie, Feb. 4, 1840, to Jan. 25, 1841.

³ 2nd Lieut. Thomas Williams, March 1, 1840, to June 26, 1841.

³ 1st Lieut. Isaac V. K. Reeves, Jan. 20, 1841, to Sept. 1, 1842.

(Transferred to Assistant Professor Geography, etc.)

² Brevet Capt. William K. Hanson, Nov. 15, 1841, to July 21, 1844.

³ 2nd Lieut. Stewart Van Vliet, Sept. 20, 1841, to Nov. 15, 1841.

³ 2nd Lieut. Francis N. Clarke, Sept. 27, 1841.

³ 1st Lieut. George Taylor, April 4, 1842, to Aug. 31, 1843.

³ 1st Lieut. William R. Blair, Aug. 31, 1842, to Aug. 31, 1843.

³ 2nd Lieut. Albion P. Howe, Aug. 29, 1843, to June 1, 1846.

³ 2nd Lieut. Harvey A. Allen, Aug. 29, 1843, to Aug. 29, 1845.

³ 2nd Lieut. Alexander P. Stewart, Aug. 29, 1843, to Aug. 29, 1845.

DEPARTMENT OF DRAWING

Teacher.

⁵ Robert W. Wier, May 8, 1834, to Aug. 8, 1846.

(Professor from August 8, 1846)

Assistant Teacher.

² 2nd Lieut. Richard S. Smith, Feb. 20, 1840, to Aug. 8, 1846.

(Assistant Professor August 8, 1846)

³ Artillery. ¹ Corps of engineers.

⁵ Not a graduate of the academy.

Principal Assistant Professor.
(None to 1852)

DEPARTMENT OF SPANISH
(None to 1857)

DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH
First Teacher.

⁵ Claudius Berard, From Jan. 3, 1815.
(Transferred to Professor August 3, 1844)

Second Teacher.

⁵ Hyacinth R. Agnel, Feb. 4, 1840.

Assistant Teachers.

⁵ T. D'Oremieulx, From Aug. 28, 1839, to Aug. 8, 1846.

¹ 2nd Lieut. Horatio G. Wright, From Aug. 31, 1842, to Jan. 20, 1843.

(No Professor until 1846)

DEPARTMENT OF GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY AND ETHICS

⁵ Rev. Jasper Adams, Sept. 1, 1838, to Nov. 15, 1840.

⁵ Chaplain, Rev. Martin P. Parks, Dec. 5, 1840, to Dec. 31, 1846.

Principal Assistant Professors.

³ 1st Lieut. J. Addison Thomas, July 21, 1840, to Dec. 31, 1846

⁵ 2nd Lieut. E. Parker Scammon, Sept. 26, 1841, to July 13, 1846.

⁵ Not a graduate of the academy.

Assistant Professors.

³ 1st Lieut. Isaac V. K. Reeves, Oct. 27, 1840, to Jan. 20, 1841.
(Transferred, see Page 684.)

Assistant Professors Geography, History and Ethics.

¹ 2nd Lieut. E. Parker Scammon, Aug. 30, 1841, to Sept. 26, 1841
(Transferred, see above)

³ 1st Lieut. Isaac V. K. Reeves, Sept. 1, 1842, to July 1, 1843.

³ Brevet 2nd Lieut. R. W. Johnson, Aug. 30, 1843, to Aug. 31, 1844.

DEPARTMENT OF SMALL ARMS AND MILITARY GYMNASTICS
(None to February 28, 1858)

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY

Professor.

³ 1st Lieut. Jacob W. Bailey, July 8, 1838.

Principal Assistant Professor.

³ 1st Lieut. Henry L. Kendrick, July 8, 1838, to Jan. 18, 1847.

Assistant Professors.

Bailey and Kendrick promoted. No incumbent in interim until October, 1844.

DEPARTMENT OF ORDNANCE AND GUNNERY

(None to February 27, 1857)

APPENDIX C.

ROSTER OF WEST POINT GRADUATES DURING ALEXANDER HAYS' FOUR YEARS THERE

Explanation: d, died before Civil War; C, Confederate; k-c, killed in Civil War; k-M, killed in Mexico; r, resigned before Civil War; no Civil War record; R, retired; D, dismissed.

Class of 1841.

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Zealous B. Tower | 27. Robert S. Garnett (C, k-c) |
| 2. Horatio G. Wright | 28. Robert B. Parker (d) |
| 3. Massilon Harrison (d) | 29. Robert B. Garnett (C, k-c) |
| 4. Smith Stansbury (r) | 30. Richard H. Bacot (d) |
| 5. Amiel W. Whipple (k-c) | 31. Claudius W. Sears (C) |
| 6. Josias Gorgas (C) | 32. Don Carlos Buell |
| 7. Thomas J. Rodman | 33. John G. Burbank (k-M) |
| 8. Albion P. Howe | 34. Alfred Sully |
| 9. Phillip W. McDonald (d) | 35. Franklin F. Flint |
| 10. George W. Ayers (k-M) | 36. John Beardsley |
| 11. Nathaniel Lyon (k-c) | 37. Patrick Calhoun |
| 12. Joseph F. Irons (k-M) | 38. Israel B. Richardson (k-c) |
| 13. Leonidas Jenkins (d) | 39. John M. Jones (C, k-c) |
| 14. John Love | 40. Andrew W. Bowman |
| 15. Harvey A. Allen | 41. Edward Murray (C) |
| 16. Julius P. Garesche (k-c) | 42. Francis N. Page (d) |
| 17. Sewall L. Fremont (r) | 43. Anderson D. Nelson |
| 18. Samuel S. Anderson (C) | 44. Benjamin A. Berry (d) |
| 19. Samuel Jones (C) | 45. Alexander C. H. Darne (r) |
| 20. Simon S. Fahnestock (r) | 46. William T. H. Brooks |
| 21. Richard P. Hammond (r) | 47. Elias K. Kane (d) |
| 22. Joseph B. Plummer | 48. Levi Gantt (k-M) |
| 23. John M. Brannan | 49. Mortimer Rosecrants (d) |
| 24. Schuyler Hamilton | 50. Rudolph F. Ernst (k-M) |
| 25. James Totten | 51. Abraham Buford (C) |
| 26. John F. Reynolds (k-c) | 52. Charles F. Morris (k-M) |

Class of 1842.

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Henry L. Eustis | 14. Henry W. Whiting (d) |
| 2. John Newton | 15. Isaac Bowen (d) |
| 3. George W. Rains (C) | 16. Martin L. Smith (C) |
| 4. John D. Kurtz | 17. John Pope |
| 5. William S. Rosecrantz | 18. Joseph Stewart |
| 6. Theodore T. S. Laidley | 19. Richard W. Johnston (d) |
| 7. Barton S. Alexander | 20. John Hillhouse |
| 8. Gustavus W. Smith (C) | 21. David Gibson (d) |
| 9. Mansfield Lovell (C) | 22. Charles L. Kilburn |
| 10. Calvin Benjamin (k-M) | 23. Seth Williams |
| 11. James B. Benton | 24. Abner Boubleday |
| 12. Alexander P. Stewart (C) | 25. Hachaliah Brown (d) |
| 13. Edward G. Beckwith | 26. Lucien Loeser (r) |

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 27. Frederick J. Denman (d) | 42. James W. Schureman (d) |
| 28. Daniel H. Hill (C) | 43. George T. Mason (k-M) |
| 29. Napoleon J. T. Dana | 44. Charles D. Jordan |
| 30. Allen H. Norton (d) | 45. Henry W. Stanton (d) |
| 31. Armistead T. M. Rust (C) | 46. Andrew J. Williamson (r) |
| 32. John S. McCalmont | 47. Eugene E. McLean (C) |
| 33. Patrick Noble (d) | 48. Lafayette McLaws (C) |
| 34. Henry C. Story (r) | 49. Thomas C. Hammond (k-M) |
| 35. Jenks Beaman (d) | 50. Charles T. Baker (r) |
| 36. John B. Clark (d) | 51. Samuel B. Hayman |
| 37. Ralph W. Kirkham | 52. Earl Van Dorn (C) |
| 38. Cyrus Hall (d) | 53. Christopher R. Perry (d) |
| 39. George Sykes | 54. James Longstreet (C) |
| 40. Richard H. Anderson (C) | 55. James W. Abert |
| 41. George W. Lay (C) | 56. James O. Handy (d) |

Class of 1843.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. William B. Franklin | 21. Ulysses S. Grant |
| 2. George Deshon (r) | 22. Joseph H. Potter |
| 3. Thomas J. Brereton (r) | 23. Robert Hazlitt (k-M) |
| 4. John H. Grelaud (d) | 24. Edwin Howe (d) |
| 5. William F. Reynolds | 25. Lafayette B. Wood (d) |
| 6. Isaac F. Quinby | 26. Charles S. Hamilton |
| 7. Roswell S. Ripley (C) | 27. William K. Van Bokelen (D) |
| 8. John J. Peck | 28. A. St. Amand Crozet (d) |
| 9. John P. Johnstone (k-M) | 29. Charles E. Jarvis (d) |
| 10. Joseph J. Reynolds | 30. Frederick Steele |
| 11. James A. Hardie | 31. Henry R. Selden |
| 12. Henry F. Clarke | 32. Rufus Ingalls |
| 13. Jacob J. Booker (d) | 33. Frederick T. Dent |
| 14. Samuel G. French (C) | 34. John C. McFerran |
| 15. Theo. L. Chadbourne (k-M) | 35. Henry M. Judah |
| 16. Christopher C. Augur | 36. Norman Elting (r) |
| 17. Franklin Gardner (C) | 37. Cave J. Coutts (r) |
| 18. George Stevens (d) | 38. Charles G. Merchant (d) |
| 19. Edmunds B. Holloway (C, k-c) | 39. George C. McClelland (D) |
| 20. Lewis Neill (d) | |

Class of 1844.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. William G. Peck (r) | 14. Erastus B. Strong (k-M) |
| 2. Joseph H. Whittlesey | 15. William T. Burwell (k-M) |
| 3. Samuel Gill (r) | 16. William Read (r) |
| 4. Daniel M. Frost (C) | 17. James S. Woods (k-M) |
| 5. Asher R. Eddy | 18. Winfield S. Hancock |
| 6. Francis J. Thomas (C, k-c) | 19. James M. Lake Henry (r) |
| 7. Alfred Pleasonton | 20. Alexander Hays (k-c) |
| 8. Thomas J. Curd (d) | 21. George Wainwright (d) |
| 9. Augustus Cook (d) | 22. Henry B. Schroeder (r) |
| 10. John Y. Bicknell (d) | 23. Joseph P. Smith (k-M) |
| 11. Simon B. Buckner (C) | 24. John J. C. Bibb (d) |
| 12. John Trevitt (r) | 25. George W. Hawkins (D, d) |
| 13. Rankin Dilworth (k-M) | |

Class of 1845.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. William H. C. Whiting (C) | 9. Josiah H. Carlisle |
| 2. Edward B. Hunt | 10. George Edwards (r) |
| 3. Louis Hebert (C) | 11. Henry Coppee (r) |
| 4. William F. Smith | 12. Francis Collins (r) |
| 5. Thomas J. Wood | 13. Joseph F. Farry (k-M) |
| 6. Thomas G. Rhett (C) | 14. Lewis D. Welch (d) |
| 7. Charles P. Stone | 15. George P. Andrews |
| 8. Fitz John Porter | 16. Thomas B. J. Weld (d) |

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 17. John P. Hatch | 30. Newton C. Givens (d) |
| 18. John A. Richey (k-M) | 31. Richard C. W. Radford (C) |
| 19. Henry Merrill (d) | 32. Delos B. Sockett |
| 20. Patrick A. Farrelly (d) | 33. Bernard E. Bee (C, k-c) |
| 21. Abram B. Lincoln (d) | 34. William Rhea (d) |
| 22. Bezaleel W. Armstrong (d) | 35. Gordon Granger |
| 23. William A. Allen (d) | 36. Henry B. Clitz |
| 24. James G. S. Snelling (d) | 37. William H. Wood |
| 25. Edmund K. Smith (C) | 38. David A. Russell (k-c) |
| 26. Thomas J. Montgomery (d) | 39. Joseph McElvain (d) |
| 27. John W. Davidson | 40. Thomas G. Pitcher |
| 28. James N. Ward (d) | 41. William L. Crittenden (d) |
| 29. James M. Hawes (C) | |

Class of 1846.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. C. Seaforth Stewart | 31. Oliver H. P. Taylor (d) |
| 2. George B. McClelland | 32. Samuel D. Sturgis |
| 3. Charles E. Blunt | 33. George Stoneman |
| 4. John G. Foster | 34. James Oakes |
| 5. Edmund L. F. Hardcastle (r) | 35. William D. Smith (C) |
| 6. Francis T. Bryan (r) | 36. George F. Evans (d) |
| 7. George H. Derby (d) | 37. Dabney H. Maury (C) |
| 8. Jesse L. Reno (k-c) | 38. Innis N. Palmer |
| 9. Clarendon J. L. Wilson (d) | 39. James Stuart (d) |
| 10. Thomas M. Whedbee (d) | 40. Permenas T. Turnley |
| 11. Edmund Hayes (d) | 41. David R. Jones (C) |
| 12. Edward C. Boynton | 42. Alfred Gibbs |
| 13. Darius N. Couch | 43. George H. Gordon |
| 14. Henry B. Sears (r) | 44. Frederick Myers |
| 15. William Dutton | 45. DeLamcey Floyd-Jones |
| 16. John A. Brown (C) | 46. John D. Wilkins |
| 17. Thomas J. Jackson (C, k-c) | 47. Joseph N. G. Whistler |
| 18. Albert L. Magilton | 48. Thomas Easley (k-M) |
| 19. Truman Seymour | 49. Nelson H. Davis |
| 20. Colville J. Minor (d) | 50. Thomas R. McConnell (d) |
| 21. Charles C. Gilbert | 51. Matthew R. Stevenson |
| 22. Marcus D. L. Simpson | 52. George B. Humphreys (d) |
| 23. Rufus J. Bacon (d) | 53. William H. Tyler (d) |
| 24. Hamilton L. Shields (r) | 54. Cadmus M. Wilcox (C) |
| 25. John Adams (C, k-c) | 55. William M. Gardner (C) |
| 26. Richard H. Rush | 56. Edmund Russell (d) |
| 27. Henry A. Ehninger (r) | 57. Archibald B. Botts (d) |
| 28. Thomas F. Castor (d) | 58. Samuel B. Maxey (C) |
| 29. Orren Chapman (d) | 59. George E. Pickett (C) |
| 30. Alexander P. Rodgers (k-M) | |

Class of 1847.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. John C. Symmes (R) | 15. Ambrose P. Hill (C, k-c) |
| 2. John Hamilton | 16. Anson J. Cook (d) |
| 3. Joseph J. Woods (r) | 17. Horatio G. Gibson |
| 4. Julian McAllister | 18. Ambrose E. Burnside |
| 5. George W. Hazzard (k-c) | 19. Richard H. Long (d) |
| 6. Daniel T. Van Buren | 20. John Gibbon |
| 7. Samuel F. Chalfin | 21. Clermont L. Best |
| 8. Orlando B. Willcox | 22. Romeyn B. Ayres |
| 9. John S. Mason | 23. Charles Griffin |
| 10. George Patten (r) | 24. Henry M. Black |
| 11. John H. Dickerson | 25. Henry B. Hendershott |
| 12. Daniel M. Beltzhoover (C) | 26. Tredwell Moore |
| 13. Otis H. Tillinghast (k-c) | 27. Thomas N. Neill |
| 14. James B. Fry | 28. William W. Burns |

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 29. Edward F. Abbott (r) | 34. Augustus H. Seward |
| 30. Egbert L. Viele | 35. Peter W. L. Plympton |
| 31. Washington P. Street (d) | 36. John De Russey (d) |
| 32. Mont. P. Harrison (d) | 37. Edward D. Blake (C) |
| 33. Lewis C. Hunt | 38. Henry Heth (C) |

APPENDIX D

LIEUT. PATRICK A. FARRELLY, U. S. A.

A most lovable character was Patrick Alden Farrelly, step-brother of Mrs. Annie McFadden Hays. General Hays had known him well, for the lieutenant had graduated at Allegheny College in the class of 1839, and the general was in the class of 1840. Lieut. Farrelly, however, came to West Point a year later than the general, viz., 1841, and graduated a year later than Alexander Hays, in 1845.

It was through his college and West Point acquaintance with Farrelly that Alexander Hays met his future wife.

Martha Alden, the mother of Lieut. Farrelly, was a direct descendant of John Alden of Mayflower fame. Her first husband was a member of Congress from Western Pennsylvania, and was otherwise a man of distinction. The couple had but one child, the subject of this sketch. When a widow Mrs. Farrelly married a second time, to John B. McFadden, but no children blessed this union. Hence the connection between the McFadden-Hays families and the line of John Alden. The names Farrelly and Alden have been preserved in Alexander Hays' family—in Alden Farrelly Hays, Martha Alden Hays [Mrs. Black] and John Alden Hays, eighth son of Gilbert A. Hays. Mrs. Martha McFadden is the loving "mother" so often spoken of by the general in his letters.

At the time of Lieut. Farrelly's death and interment in the National Cemetery at Fort Washita the following obituaries were published in the Pittsburgh papers:

"Died.

"August, 1851.

"Near Fort Washita, suddenly, on Sunday, the 3d inst., Lieut. P. A. Farrelly, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A. On Thursday before his death Lieut. Farrelly was thrown from a horse, his head striking a stump, which affected the skull and brain, which is supposed by the physician to have caused his death.

"Death is every day busy in his work of destruction; and however familiar the fact, we seldom feel its force until his rude hand tears from our hearts some object upon which the tendrils of affection entwined themselves in all the deep and close devotion of love and truth. The toll of the funeral bell seldom stirs the depths of our hearts unless it rings the requiem of some dear departed friend. None feel the impressive teachings of the stern and relentless philosopher until the silver cord of deep and kindred affection is severed, and we are left to wail the unexpected departure of the 'loved and lost.' None can feel more poignantly than we do these solemn

truths as we are called upon to record the death of Lieut. Patrick Alden Farrelly of the Fifth United States Infantry. Silence, perhaps, would be the most eloquent tribute we could pay his memory, for silence is the true expression of woe, and the accepted councillor of the soul's deep grief. Lieut. Farrelly was a graduate of West Point, joined the army of invasion at Corpus Christi, and served with honor and distinction through all the battles of Mexico save that of Buena Vista. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Cherebusco, and lingered for many months, after the termination of the war, between life and death. He finally recovered his health, and resumed his post in his regiment, since which time he has been on duty on our western frontiers. He was a young man whose life gave promise of a brilliant career. Talented and accomplished, both as a scholar and a soldier; kind, affectionate and unwavering in his attachment, with a spirit in keeping with the chivalry of the profession to which he belonged,

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

"The hearts of his many relatives and friends will feel a void which nothing can supply, and a desolation over which the spirit will mourn when the melancholy thought recurs to their mind and whispers, 'Alas! he is no more!' The virtues of his character will remain to his family as sacred recollections. It is not for us to pass them in review, or disturb, for a moment the melancholy but sweet satisfaction the memory of them must necessarily inspire in the bruised and bereaved heart of a devoted mother. We would not intrude upon the sanctuary of maternal grief by any poor offering of sympathy. Death has set his seal upon the loved, and in our hearts canonized the memory of the departed one. Holy and forever cherished be that memory embalmed in the sunlight of a blessed immortality."

"Lieut. Farrelly.

"The death of this brilliant young officer was announced on Saturday. We knew him slightly, but well enough to appreciate the veracity of the subjoined beautiful tribute to his worth from the pen of a brother soldier. Those who knew him by the watch-fire, and served with him in the campaign and in the crisis of the field, enable us to realize how great a loss the service sustains in the sudden extinguishment of a life as full of glorious promise as it had been singularly fruitful of brilliant deeds."

"Died.

"Near Fort Washita, 3rd ult., suddenly, Lieut. P. A. Farrelly, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A. On the Thursday before his death Lieut. Farrelly was thrown from a horse, his head striking a stump, which affected the skull and brain, which is supposed by the physician to have caused his death.

"Lieut. Farrelly was the son of Hon. Patrick Farrelly, deceased, formerly an eminent representative in Congress from Pennsylvania. On the maternal side he was a lineal descendant from one of the most notable of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower.

"In 1841 he entered the United States Military Academy, where he distinguished himself as a cadet, and in 1845 received a commission in the United States army.

"Joining the 4th Regiment of Infantry, then at Corpus Christi, Texas, he participated in the opening scenes of that campaign, which, under the direction of General Taylor, terminated so triumphantly to our arms; transferred afterward to the 5th Regiment of Infantry, and to the southern line of operation, under General Scott, he ac-

companied the army to the City of Mexico.

"Thoroughly versed in the Spanish language, and possessing an extensive knowledge of ancient and modern literature, he enjoyed many advantages over his less favored countrymen. Frequent suspensions of hostilities enabled him to cultivate the acquaintance of and exchange courtesies with many of the most conspicuous citizens of the Republic of Mexico—both civil and military—producing mutual acknowledgments of consideration and esteem.

"To a total disregard of personal danger he joined the magnanimity of a true soldier, and ever tempered victory with mercy. Many a matron and maid have cause to remember their unknown preserver from the rudeness of a lawless soldiery. These qualities, together with a native gentleness of manner, endeared him to his enemies, and regrets will follow the announcement of his demise, even in the capital where he once triumphed.

"Though a brief one, a more brilliant career rarely falls to the lot of a soldier. His name is identified with Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Cherubusco. In the latter engagement, in the language of his commanding officer, although 'suffering from indisposition and exhaustion, he was shot down at the end of the ditch, whilst leading his company to the assault of the "tete du pont."'

"Suffering from many and severe wounds, he entered the City of Mexico with our victorious army; and was permitted to return to Pittsburgh to recruit his shattered constitution. Enjoying the society of his home for a few months only—his wounds still open—he again joined his regiment, in the Cherokee Nation, and died as he had lived, devoted to the service of his country.

"His native state, through her Legislature, has appreciated and acknowledged his worth by enrolling his name among those of the many heroes of Pennsylvania.

"Beloved by all who knew him, both in public and private life, regrets for his untimely decease will be mingled with the memories of his many virtues and accomplishments. His brethren in arms, as they 'fight their battles o'er again,' will recall the name of Farrelly with pride as one of the 'tried and true.' Farrelly, whose life was without reproach, and whose memory they will delight to honor.
H."

APPENDIX E

ROSTERS

FIELD AND COMPANY OFFICERS FOURTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, JULY 1, 1844, TO JUNE 18, 1846

This roster embraces the period of General Alexander Hays' service with the Fourth Infantry:

Colonel—J. H. Vose, Jan. 31, 1842, to July 15, 1846.

Colonel—William Whistler, July 15, 1846, to Oct. 9, 1861.

Lieutenant Colonel—John Garland, Nov. 27, 1839, to May 7, 1849.

Major—Thomas Staniford, Dec. 1, 1839, to Oct. 22, 1845.

Major—William H. Cobbs, Oct. 22, 1845, to Jan. 1, 1848.

Adjutant—Granville O. Haller, Jan. 1, 1843, to Sept. 10, 1845.

Adjutant—Charles Hoskins, Sept. 10, 1845, to Sept. 21, 1846.

Quartermaster—No R. Q. M. between July 1, 1844, to July, 1846.

Company A.

Captain—Charles H. Larnard, July 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.

1st Lieutenant—Robert M. Cochran, July 1, 1844, to Nov. 24, 1844.

1st Lieutenant—Edward G. Elliott, Nov. 24, 1844, to June 18, 1846.

Brevet 2nd Lieut.—Ulysses S. Grant, July 1, 1844, to Sept. 30, 1845.

692 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

Company B.

Captain—Robert C. Buchanan, July 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—Henry L. Scott, July 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—Sidney Smith, July 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.

Company C.

Captain—George A. McCall, July 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—Charles Hoskins, July 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—B. A. Barry, July 1, 1844, to Sept. 12, 1845.
2nd Lieutenant—Franklin Gardner, Sept. 12, 1845, to Nov. 15, 1845.
2nd Lieutenant—Ulysses S. Grant, Nov. 15, 1845, to June 18, 1846.
Brevet 2nd Lieutenant—Edmunds B. Holloway, July 1, 1844, to Sept. 26, 1845.

Company D.

Captain—William M. Graham, June 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—R. E. Cochrane, July 1, 1844, to May 9, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—Allen H. Norton, July 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.

Company E.

Captain—Bradford R. Alden, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—R. H. Graham, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—Jenks Beaman, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.

Company F.

Captain—John Page, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—Henry Prince, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—Henry D. Wallen, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
Brevet 2nd Lieut.—James Longstreet, July 1, 1844, to Mar. 4, 1845.

Company G.

Captain—Pitcairn Morrison, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—Abraham Myers, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—Thaddeus Higgins, July 1, 1844, to Sept. 12, 1845.
2nd Lieutenant—Christ. Augur, Sept. 12, 1845, to June 16, 1846.
Brevet 2nd Lieut.—Robert Hazlit, July 1, 1844, to Nov. 3, 1845.

Company H.

Captain—Gouverneur Morris, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—Wm. W. S. Bliss, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—T. H. Porter, July 1, 1844, to April 19, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—Henry M. Judah, April 19, 1846, to June 16, 1846.

Company I.

Captain—Lorenzo Thomas, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—Benjamin Alvord, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—E. G. Elliott, July 1, 1844, to Nov. 29, 1844.
2nd Lieutenant—Christ. R. Perry, Nov. 29, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
Brevet 2nd Lieut.—James S. Woods, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.

Company K.

Captain—George W. Allen, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
1st Lieutenant—J. H. Gore, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—Henderson Ridgley, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.
Brevet 2nd Lieut.—Alexander Hays, July 1, 1844, to June 16, 1846.

EIGHTH INFANTRY, JUNE, 1846, TO JULY, 1848

Colonel—William J. Worth, July 7, 1838, to May 7, 1849.
Lieutenant Colonel—N. S. Clarke, July 7, 1838, to June 29, 1846.

Major—W. G. Belknap, Jan. 31, 1842, to Sept. 26, 1847.
Adjutant—J. T. Sprague, Nov. 1, 1843, to Sept. 1, 1845.
Adjutant—Larkin Smith, Sept. 1, 1845, to Feb. 18, 1846.
Adjutant—John D. Clark, Feb. 18, 1846, to May 20, 1847.
Adjutant—James Longstreet, June 8, 1847, to July, 1848.

Company A.

Captain—Thomas P. Gwynne, June 16, 1846, to Dec. 26, 1846.
Captain—George Wright, Dec. 26, 1846, to Aug. 7, 1847.
Captain—Larkin Smith, Aug. 7, 1847, to July, 1848.
1st Lieutenant—Arthur T. Lee, June 16, 1846, to Jan. 30, 1847.
1st Lieutenant—Joseph Selden, Jan. 30, 1847, to Jan. 1, 1848.
1st Lieutenant—Lafayette B. Wood, Jan. 1, 1848, to July, 1848.
2nd Lieutenant—James Longstreet, June 16, 1846, to Feb. 23, 1847.
2nd Lieutenant—George E. Pickett, July 18, 1847, to July, 1848.
Brevet 2nd Lieut.—Geo. Wainwright, July 1, 1844, to June 18, 1846.
Brevet 2nd Lieut.—Jos. N. G. Whistler, July 1, 1846, to Jan., 1847.

Company B.

Captain—Edmund A. Ogden, Dec. 1, 1839, to June, 1846.
Captain—Isaac V. D. Reeve, June 18, 1846, to July, 1848.
1st Lieutenant—George Lincoln, June 16, 1846, to Feb. 16, 1847.
Captain—G. D. Hanson, March 2, 1847, to July, 1848.
2nd Lieutenant—E. B. Holloway, June 16, 1846, to Sept. 17, 1847.
2nd Lieutenant—Edward D. Blake, Sept. 17, 1847, to July, 1848.
Brevet 2nd Lieut.—Thomas Easley, July 1, 1846, to Feb. 16, 1847.

Company C.

Captain—William O. Kello, June 16, 1846, to Jan. 27, 1848. (Died)
Captain—Arthur T. Lee, Jan. 27, 1848, to July, 1848.
1st Lieutenant—John G. Burbank, June 16, 1846, to Sept. 10, 1847.
1st Lieutenant—John D. Clark, Sept. 10, 1847, to July 4, 1848.
2nd Lieutenant—Charles F. Morris, June 16, 1846, to June 18, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—George Wainwright, June 18, 1846, to July, 1848.

Company D.

Captain—Richard B. Screven, June 16, 1846, to July, 1848.
1st Lieutenant—Robert P. Maclay, June 16, 1846, to July, 1848.
2nd Lieutenant—Lafayette B. Wood, June 16, 1846, to Jan. 1, 1848.
2nd Lieutenant—J. A. Deane, March 20, 1848, to July, 1848.

Company E.

Captain—Henry McKavett, June 16, 1846, to Sept. 21, 1846.
Captain—J. T. Sprague, Sept. 21, 1846, to July, 1848.
1st Lieutenant—A. L. Sheppard, June 16, 1846, to Jan. 30, 1847.
1st Lieutenant—John Beardsley, Jan. 30, 1847, to July, 1848.
2nd Lieutenant—John D. Clark, June 16, 1846, to July 21, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—James G. S. Snelling, July 21, 1846, to July, 1848.

Company F.

Captain—George Wright, June 16, 1846, to Dec. 26, 1846.
Captain—Thomas P. Gwynne, Dec. 26, 1846, to Feb. 16, 1847.
Captain—George Lincoln, Feb. 16, 1847, to Feb. 23, 1847.
Captain—Aug. L. Sheppard, Feb. 23, 1847, to July, 1848.
1st Lieutenant—Isaac V. D. Reeve, July 7, 1838, to June 18, 1847.
1st Lieutenant—John Beardsley, June 18, 1846, to Jan. 30, 1847.
1st Lieutenant—James Longstreet, Feb. 23, 1847, to July, 1848.
2nd Lieutenant—John Beardsley, June 16, 1846, to June 18, 1846.
2nd Lieutenant—Alexander Hays, June 18, 1846, to April 12, 1848.

Company G.

Captain—Joseph S. Worth, June 16, 1846, to July 21, 1846. (Died)
 Captain—Larkin Smith, July 21, 1846, to Aug. 7, 1847.
 Captain—George Wright, Aug. 7, 1847, to Jan., 1848.
 Captain—Joseph Seldon, Jan. 1, 1848, to July, 1848.
 1st Lieutenant—Larkin Smith, June 16, 1846, to July 21, 1846.
 1st Lieutenant—J. D. Clark, July 21, 1846, to July 12, 1847.
 1st Lieutenant—J. G. Burbank, July 12, 1847, to Sept. 10, 1847.
 1st Lieutenant—Jacob J. Booker, Sept. 10, 1847, to July, 1848.
 2nd Lieutenant—Charles D. Jordon, June 16, 1846, to Sept. 21, 1846.
 2nd Lieutenant—Thomas G. Pitcher, Sept. 21, 1846, to July, 1848.

Company H.

Captain—James V. Bomford, June 16, 1846, to July, 1848.
 1st Lieutenant—J. T. Sprague, June 16, 1846, to Sept. 21, 1846.
 1st Lieutenant—C. D. Jordon, Sept. 21, 1846, to July, 1848.
 2nd Lieutenant—J. J. Booker, June 16, 1846, to Sept. 10, 1847.
 2nd Lieutenant—Washington P. Street, Sept. 10, 1847, to July, 1848.

Company I.

Captain—James M. Hill, Sept. 28, 1840, to June 18, 1846.
 Captain—Collinson R. Gates, June 18, 1846, to Jan. 12, 1847.
 Captain—William R. Montgomery, Jan. 12, 1847, to July, 1848.
 1st Lieutenant—Joseph Selden, June 16, 1846, to Jan. 30, 1847.
 1st Lieutenant—A. T. Lee, Jan. 30, 1847, to Jan. 27, 1848.
 1st Lieutenant—A. St. Amand Crozet, Jan. 27, 1848, to July, 1848.
 2nd Lieutenant—A. St. Amand Crozet, June 16, 1846, to Jan. 27 '48.

Company K.

Captain—William R. Montgomery, June 16, 1846, to Jan. 12, 1847.
 Captain—C. R. Gates, Jan. 12, 1847, to July, 1848.
 1st Lieutenant—C. R. Gates, June 16, 1846, to June 18, 1846.
 1st Lieutenant—C. F. Morris, June 18, 1846, to Sept. 17, 1847.
 1st Lieutenant—E. B. Holloway, Sept. 17, 1847, to July, 1848.
 2nd Lieutenant—Charles G. Merchant, June 16, 1846 to July, 1848.

Note.

Alexander Hays was transferred to the Eighth Infantry as 2nd lieutenant June 18, 1846. The date June, 1846, in the above rosters is not to be taken as indicating the date of the beginning of any officer's service. It means that the officers were serving at that date in the regiment when Alexander Hays' service began.

RECORDS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE FOURTH AND EIGHTH INFANTRY IN MEXICO

(From Wilcox's History of the Mexican War)

FOURTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY

Lieutenant Colonel.

John Garland, brevet colonel and brigadier general. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Conteras and Churubusco. Died June 5, 1861.

Majors.

- *Francis Lee, brevet lieutenant colonel and colonel. Conteras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Died January 19, 1859, at St. Louis, Mo.
George Wright. (See Eighth Infantry).

Captains.

- George W. Allen. (See Second Infantry).
*Benjamin Alvord, brevet captain and major. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Paso Ovejas; brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Died October 16, 1884, at Washington, D. C.
*Robert C. Buchanan, brevet major and lieutenant colonel. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Molino del Rey; brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Died November 29, 1878, at Washington, D. C.
William M. Graham. (See Eleventh Infantry).
Charles H. Larnard, brevet major. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Drowned May 27, 1854, in Puget Sound.
George A. McCall. (See assistant adjutants general).
*Gouverneur Morris, brevet major. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Died October 18, 1868.
Pitcairn Morrison, brevet major. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Died October 5, 1887.
John Page. Died July 12, 1846, of wounds received at the Battle of Palo Alto, Texas.
*Henry L. Scott, brevet major and lieutenant colonel. Conteras, Churubusco and Chapultepec. Died January 6, 1886, at New York City.

First Lieutenants.

- *Jenks Beaman. Died May 6, 1848, at Tampico, Mexico.
Richard E. Cochrane. Killed May 9, 1846, at the Battle of Resaca de la Palma.
John H. Gore, brevet captain and major. Conteras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Died August 1, 1852.
*Richard H. Graham. Died October 12, 1846, of wounds received at the Battle of Monterey, Mexico.
Granville O. Haller, brevet captain and major. Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. Colonel United States army late war.
*Charles Hoskins. Killed September 21, 1846, at the Battle of Monterey, Mexico.
*Theodric H. Porter. Killed April 19, 1846, near the Rio Grande.
*Henry Prince, brevet captain and major. Conteras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Severely wounded at Molino del Rey. Brigadier General United States Volunteers late war.
Henderson Ridgely. Killed November 24, 1847, in action at Pass Guadalajara, Mexico.
Sidney Smith. Wounded at Molino del Rey. Died September 16, 1847, of wounds received in action at City of Mexico.
*Henry D. Wallen, lieutenant colonel United States army late war. Died December 2, 1886, at New York City.

Second Lieutenants.

- *Christopher C. Augur, major general United States Volunteers late war.
*Archibald B. Botts. Died January 1, 1847, at Carmargo, Mexico.
*Delancey Floyd-Jones, brevet 1st lieutenant. Molino del Rey. colonel United States army late war.
* Graduate United States Military Academy.

- *Ulysses S. Grant, brevet first lieutenant and captain. Molino del Rey and Chapultepec; commander United States army late war. Died July 23, 1885, at Mount Gregor, N. Y.
- *Alexander Hays, brevet first lieutenant. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Killed May 5, 1864, at the Battle of the Wilderness, Va.
- *Henry M. Judah, brevet first lieutenant and captain. Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. Brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Died January 14, 1866, at Plattsburg, N. Y.
- *Abram B. Lincoln, brevet first lieutenant. Wounded at Molino del Rey. Died April 15, 1852, at Palatka, Fla.
- Maurice Maloney, brevet first lieutenant and captain. Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. Wounded at San Cosme Gate. Major United States army late war. Died January 8, 1872.
- *Thomas R. McConnell, brevet first lieutenant and captain. Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. Died April 20, 1861, at Mobile, Ala.
- *Thomas J. Montgomery. Died November 22, 1854, at Fort Steila-coom, Wash.
- *Christopher R. Perry. Died October 8, 1848, at sea.
- *Alexander P. Rodgers. Killed September 13, 1847, at the Battle of Chapultepec Mexico.
- *David A. Russell, brevet first lieutenant. National Bridge and Cerro Gordo. Brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Killed September 19, 1864, at the Battle of Opequan, Va.
- *Edmund Russell, brevet first lieutenant. Molino del Rey. Wounded at Churubusco. Killed March 24, 1853, in action with Indians at Red Bluff, Cal.
- Cadmus M. Wilcox, brevet first lieutenant. Chapultepec. Major general Confederate States army late war. Died December 2, 1890, at Washington, D. C. (Transferred to Seventh Infantry).
- *James S. Woods, brevet first lieutenant. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. (Transferred to Second Infantry). Killed September 1, 1846, at the Battle of Monterey, Mexico.
- *Capt. William M. Graham. Promoted lieutenant colonel and transferred to Eleven Infantry. Killed September 8, 1847, at the Battle of Molino del Rey, Mexico.
- George W. Allen. Promoted major and transferred to Second Infantry. Brevet lieutenant colonel. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Died March 15, 1848.
- George Wright. Transferred from Eighth Infantry as captain. Promoted major, brevet major, lieutenant colonel and colonel. Conteras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Wounded at Molino del Rey. Brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Drowned July 30, 1864, in the wreck of the steamer Brother Jonathan.
- *Capt. George A. McCall. Promoted to assistant adjutant general. Brevet rank of major and lieutenant colonel. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Major general United States Volunteers late war. Died February 25, 1868, at West Chester, Pa.

EIGHTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY

Lieutenant Colonel.

Thomas Staniford, brevet colonel. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey. Died February 3, 1855.

* Graduate United States Military Academy.

Majors.

- *William G. Belknap, brevet colonel and brigadier general. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Buena Vista. Died November 10, 1851.
- Carlos A. Waite, brevet lieutenant colonel and colonel. Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Colonel United States army late war. Died May 7, 1866.

Captains.

- *James V. Bomford, brevet major and lieutenant colonel. Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Colonel United States army late war. Brevet brigadier general volunteers.
- George Lincoln, brevet captain. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Killed February 23, 1847, at the Battle of Buena Vista, Mexico.
- *William R. Montgomery, brevet major and lieutenant colonel. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Molino del Rey. Wounded at Resaca and Molino. brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Died May 31, 1871, at Bristol, Pa.
- *Isaac V. D. Reeve, brevet major and lieutenant colonel. Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Colonel United States army late war. Brevet brigadier general volunteers. Died December 31, 1890, at New York City.
- *Richard B. Screven, brevet major and lieutenant colonel. Monterey and Molino del Rey. Died May 15, 1851, at New Orleans, La.
- Augustus L. Sheppard. Died January 22, 1849.
- *Larkin Smith, brevet major. Contreras and Churubusco. Severely wounded at Molino del Rey. Lieutenant colonel Confederate States army late war. Died December 3, 1884, at San Antonio, Texas.
- *George Wright, brevet major, lieutenant colonel and colonel. Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Wounded at Molino del Rey. Brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Drowned July 30, 1864, in the wreck of the steamer Brother Palma.
- *Henry McKavett: Killed September 21, 1846, at the Battle of Monterey, Mexico.
Jonathan.

First Lieutenants.

- *John Beardsley, brevet captain. Severely wounded at Molino del Rey. Colonel United States Volunteers late war.
- *John G. Burbank. Wounded at Resaca de la Palma. Died September 10, 1847, of wounds received at the Battle of Molino del Rey, Mexico.
- *John D. Clark, brevet captain. Severely wounded at Molino del Rey. Drowned September 2, 1848, near Helena, Ark.
- *Collinson R. Gates, brevet captain and major. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Molino del Rey. Wounded at Resaca de la Palma. Died June 28, 1849, at Fredericksburg, Texas.
- Arthur T. Lee, major United States army late war. Died December 29, 1879.
- *James Longstreet, brevet captain and major. Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Severely wounded at Chapultepec. Lieutenant general Confederate States army late war.
- *Robert P. Maclay. Wounded at Resaca de la Palma. Brigadier general Confederate States army late war.
- *Charles F. Morris. Wounded at Resaca de la Palma. Died September 17, 1847, of wounds received at the Battle of Molino del Rey, Mexico.

- * Graduate United States Military Academy.

Joseph Selden, brevet captain and major. Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec. Severely wounded at Chapultepec. Colonel Confederate States army late war.

*Edward D. Blake, lieutenant colonel Confederate States army late war. Died November 29, 1882, at Charleston, S. C.

*Jacob J. Booker. Died June 26, 1849, at San Antonio, Texas.

*Theodore L. Chadbourne. Killed May 9, 1846, at the Battle of Resaca de la Palma.

*Alfred St. A. Crozet. Died April 23, 1855, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Alexander Hays, brevet first lieutenant. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Brigadier general United States Volunteers late war. Killed May 5, 1864, at the Battle of the Wilderness, Va.

*Edmunds B. Holloway, brevet first lieutenant. Contreras and Churubusco. Severely wounded at Churubusco. Colonel Confederate States army late war. Died May 16, 1861, at Independence, Mo., of wounds received from his own men.

*Charles D. Jordon, brevet first lieutenant. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Wounded at Resaca de la Palma. Major United States army late war. Died January 5, 1876, at Canton, Mass.

*George E. Pickett, brevet first lieutenant and captain. Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec. Major general Confederate States army late war. Died July 30, 1875, at Norfolk, Va.

*Thomas G. Pitcher, brevet first lieutenant. Contreras and Churubusco. Brigadier general United States Volunteers late war.

*James G. S. Snelling, brevet first lieutenant and captain. Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. Severely wounded at Molino del Rey. Died August 25, 1855, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

*George Wainwright. Severely wounded at Monterey and Molino del Rey. Died August 2, 1848, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Lafayette B. Wood, brevet first lieutenant and captain. Monterey, Contreras and Churubusco. Died August 19, 1858, at Washington, D. C.

APPENDIX F

ROSTERS

TWELFTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS

The 12th Regiment's companies were lettered and numbered as follows:

Company A.

"The Jackson Independent Blues of Pittsburgh." Captain, Samuel A. McKee; 1st lieutenant, James Chalfant; 2nd lieutenant, Samuel Dobbins.

Company B.

"The Duquesne Grays of Pittsburgh." Captain, John S. Kennedy; 1st lieutenant, William Bennett; 2nd lieutenant, Robert L. Coltart.

Company C.

"The Firemen's Legion of Pittsburgh." Captain, John H. Stewart; 1st lieutenant, Charles F. Porter; 2nd lieutenant, William S. Collier.

Company D.

"The Union Guards of Pittsburgh." Captain, William L. Tomlinson; 1st lieutenant, Matthew Graff; 2nd lieutenant, William F. Ferguson.

Company E.

"The Washington Invincibles of Washington, Pa." Captain, James Armstrong; 1st lieutenant, William F. Templeton; 2nd lieutenant, Samuel F. Griffith.

* Graduate United States Military Academy.

Company F.

Recruited in New Castle, Pa. Captain, Edward O'Brien; 1st lieutenant, James R. Shaw; 2nd lieutenant, John P. Blair.

Company G.

"The Monongahela Artillery of Monongahela City." Captain, Robert F. Cooper; 1st lieutenant, John S. McBride; 2nd lieutenant, Jesse C. Taylor.

Company H.

"The Lawrence Guards of New Castle." Captain, Daniel Leasure; 1st lieutenant, James J. Cook; 2nd lieutenant, John S. King.

Company I.

"The Zouave Cadets of Pittsburgh." Captain, George W. Tanner; 1st lieutenant, Henry O. Ormsbee; 2nd lieutenant, William G. McCreary.

Company K.

"The City Guards of Pittsburgh." Mustered into the United States service April 25, 1861, as Company K, 12th Pennsylvania Volunteers, for three months. Captain, Alexander Hays, promoted major; captain, William C. Denny; 1st lieutenant, James H. Childs; 2nd lieutenant, Algernon S. M. Morgan; 1st sergeant, Benjamin Bakewell; 2nd sergeant, Charles W. Chapman; 3rd sergeant, John O. Phillips; 4th sergeant, Augustus B. Bonafon; 1st corporal, Weston Roan; 2nd corporal, George Miltenberger; 3rd corporal, John T. Denniston; 4th corporal, George P. Corts; musicians, William Jones and John Speer.

Privates:

Atwell, Charles A.
Adams, Benjamin C.
Anderson, Thomas
Anderson, Henry L.
Anderson, Henry H.
Bagaley, Theodore
Black, Andrew P.
Brown, James J.
Bown, Samuel E.
Cummings, Jacob B.
Crummie, John
Chalmers, George B.
Cain, John H.
Creighton, James
Cook, Grant F.
Dalzell, Alexander F.
(A. Filson Dalzell)
Dyer, William H.
Dilworth, George
Dixon, James
Fleming, James P.
Fritz, George S.
Grace, James
Gray, Alexander
Herron, David R.
Hughey, Julian H.
Hurley, Patrick
Husk, Henry W.
Holliday, David
Hanna, George
Harlan, William
Irwin, John
Johns, David

Jones, George W.
Kingsland, George
Kelly, Edward
Kiddoo, Joseph B.
Lefevre, John
Logan, William
Mowry, Robert G.
Moots, Augustus J.
Madeira, William D.
Mackey, David
Mallow, John
Moreland, Joseph
McKee, Alexander
McClintock, Walter S.
McKnight, William
McClure, William G.
McCandless, William G.
McManus, Alexander
Oliver, Henry W., Jr.
Parke, Frank H.
Robinson, Robert A.
Sinclair, William H.
Stanford, Robert
Spang, Charles
Speer, William H.
Scott, William
Temple, Robert
Vaught, Henry
Whitesides, Robert P.
Walker, Alexander
Weisel, Alfred
Young, Samuel B. M.

APPENDIX G

EPITOME OF SERVICE, HAYS' FIRST BRIGADE

Below is the well-condensed and proper chronological narrative of the service of the original Hays Brigade, Casey's Division, Twenty-second Army Corps, Heintzelman's, in the defenses of Washington, at Union Mills, Centreville and other places in the vicinity of Bull Run; and in the Third Division, Second Corps, at Gettysburg, Colonel Willard in command of the brigade until his death in that battle, and then Brigadier General Joshua T. Owen. This epitome is fully explicit and correct, and is given from the date that General Alexander Hays assumed command until May 5, 1864, the day of the general's death in the Wilderness, although General Hays had been assigned to another brigade in Birney's Division in the reorganization of the corps:

1863.

- Friday, January 9th—General Alexander Hays took command of the brigade.
- Wednesday, January 17th—Colonel Sherrill (who has been absent from wounds, rejoined the regiment for duty.
- Tuesday, March 24th—Regiment moved to Centreville.
- Sunday, June 14th—The advance of the Army of the Potomac, moving toward Pennsylvania, reached Centreville.
- Wednesday, June 24th—The Third Brigade of Abercrombie's Division, Twenty-second Army Corps, ordered to march.
- Thursday, June 25th—Brigade broke camp and joined the Third Division, Second Army Corps, and encamped at Gum Springs, Va. Colonel Willard of the 125th New York Volunteers commanded the brigade, and Brigadier General Hays the division.
- Friday, June 26th—Crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry and went into camp the next morning.
- Saturday, June 27th—Marched to Sugar Loaf Mountain, Md., and encamped for the night.
- Sunday, June 28th—Marched to Monocacy and encamped for the night.
- Monday, June 29th—Marched to Uniontown, Md., via Liberty, Johnsville and Union Bridge, thirty-three miles, and encamped for the night.
- Tuesday, June 30th—Remained in camp with the entire corps.
- Wednesday, July 1st—Marched via Taneytown to within six miles of Gettysburg, and halted until daylight on the morning of the 2nd.
- Thursday, July 2nd—Marched to Gettysburg and went into position in line of battle at 8 o'clock A. M. In action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2nd and 3rd, and engaged as skirmishers July 4th.
- Sunday, July 5th—Left Gettysburg in the afternoon and moved to Two Taverns.
- Tuesday, July 7th—Marched to Taneytown.
- Wednesday, July 8th—Marched to within five miles of Frederick.
- Thursday, July 9th—Marched through Frederick on the way to Williamsport, Md.
- Friday, July 10th—Passed Crampton's Gap, South Mountain.
- Saturday, July 11th—Crossed Antietam Creek and battlefield.
- Sunday, July 12th—Went with entire army into line of battle before the enemy near Williamsport, Md.
- Monday, July 13th—Entrenched in line of battle.
- Tuesday, July 14th—Advanced and found that the enemy had crossed the Potomac.
- Wednesday, July 15th—Marched to Harper's Ferry along the east bank of the Potomac.

- Thursday, July 16th—Passed Harper's Ferry around Maryland Heights, and went into camp at Sandy Hook.
- Friday, July 17th—Army supplied with clothing and munitions.
- Saturday, July 18th—Marched into Loudon Valley, crossing the Potomac and Shenandoah via Harper's Ferry.
- Sunday, July 19th—March continued, arriving at Manassas Gap July 23rd.
- Friday, July 24th—Marched through Manassas Gap and encamped for the night.
- Saturday, July 25th—Marched to White Plains, where rations were issued. Several men captured by guerrillas.
- Sunday, July 26th—Marched through Warrenton and encamped near Warrenton Junction, twenty-five miles. Hot and dry; many fatal cases of sunstroke. Remained in camp three days, received mail, and sent the sick to general hospital.
- Thursday, July 30th—Marched to Elk Run and remained there on picket duty. Weather oppressive and much sickness.
- Saturday, August 8th—Brigadier General Joshua T. Owen assumed command of the brigade.
- Monday, August 31st—Moved with the division to Hartwood Church to support cavalry reconnoissance, and returned September 2nd.
- Saturday, September 12th—Broke camp and marched to Rappahannock Station. Sick sent to general hospital.
- Sunday, September 13th—Crossed the Rappahannock and supported the cavalry, who met the enemy at Brandy Station, and drove them to near Cedar Mountain. Encamped at Culpepper Court House.
- Wednesday, September 16th—Marched to Cedar Mountain and encamped for the night.
- Thursday, September 17th—Marched to Robinson's River and went on picket, and remained there on that duty till relieved by the Sixth Corps, October 5th.
- Tuesday, October 6th—Marched to Culpepper Court House and went into camp.
- Saturday, October 10th—Broke camp and went into line of battle west of Culpepper, facing the Blue Ridge, and bivouacked for the night. The Army of the Potomac in retreat.
- Sunday, October 11th—Marched to Bealton via Rappahannock Station.
- Monday, October 12th—The trains of the army parked at Bealton Station. Brigade on picket.
- Tuesday, October 13th—Marched to Auburn Ford via Warrenton Junction and Warrenton Railroad to Three Mile Station and encamped for the night.
- Wednesday, October 14th—Engaged in action at Auburn Ford in the morning, and marched via Catlett's Station to Bristoe Station, and engaged there in action until dark. At 9 P. M. resumed march for the heights of Centreville, arriving there at 3 A. M. on the 15th, crossing Bull Run at Mitchell's Ford. Went into position to meet an attack from the enemy's cavalry.
- Monday, October 19th—Recrossed Bull Run and marched to Bristoe Station.
- Tuesday, October 20th—Marched to near Auburn and encamped.
- Friday, October 23rd—Marched to the railroad near Warrenton and went into camp.
- Saturday, November 7th—Broke camp and marched to Kelly's Ford, the whole army advancing upon the enemy on the Rappahannock. Men with eight days' rations, sixty rounds of cartridges, and full supply of winter clothing. Fifth and Sixth Corps surprise the enemy at Rappahannock Station, capture four pieces of artillery and one thousand one hundred prisoners, and cross

702 Life and Letters of General Alexander Hays

- the river. The Third Corps, being in advance, cross at Kelly's Ford and capture eight hundred prisoners.
- Sunday, November 8th—Cross the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and moved with the entire army, supporting the cavalry, which, with sharp fighting, drove the enemy past Culpepper Court House. Encamped at Brandy Station. This is the third crossing of the Rappahannock on Sunday by the corps, with intervals of four weeks each.
- Tuesday, November 10th—Marched to Milton's Mills and went into camp.
- Tuesday, November 24th—Orders received last night to advance with the army across the Rapidan, but, rain setting in, the orders were countermanded.
- Thursday, November 26th (Thanksgiving Day)—Marched at 6:30 A. M. to cross the Rapidan. At sunrise General Grant's announcement of the great victories at Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge were read to the army. Cross the Rapidan at Germania Ford on a pontoon bridge; advanced four miles on plank road, and bivouacked for the night.
- Friday, November 27th—Marched at sunrise, along a by-road, through a dense pine thicket, to the Fredericksburg and Orange Court House Plank Road; then rapidly to Robinson's Tavern at 10 A. M., where skirmishing with the enemy at once commenced and continued all day.
- Saturday, November 28th—Advanced two miles in line of battle; found the enemy along a ridge across Mine Run. Heavy cannonading and sharp skirmishing through the day. Regiment goes on picket along the run at night.
- Sunday, November 29th—Relieved by the Fifth Corps. The Second Corps, the Third Division of the Sixth Corps, under General Warren, moved to the left, and took position on the enemy's right, under an artillery fire, and lay in line for the night.
- Monday, November 30th—Reinforced by Third Division, Third Corps; moved forward and massed in column by regiment under orders to charge the enemy's right. The enemy being found in a position strongly entrenched, the order to charge was countermanded. Cannonading along the entire line. Remained in position till night, when the regiment was moved to the left on picket. The night was intensely cold.
- Tuesday, December 1st—On picket till 4 P. M., when relieved by details from the other regiments of the brigade. At 8 P. M. took line of march to recross the Rapidan via New Hope Church and Parker's Store, and through the Wilderness, marching all night.
- Wednesday, December 2nd—Recrossed the Rapidan at Culpepper or Gold Mine Ford at 8 A. M., and halted at 8:30 for breakfast and rest. Resumed march at 1:30 P. M., and at 7 P. M. arrived at the old camp at Milton's Ford.
- Thursday, December 3rd—Entire army in camp as before the advance.
- Saturday, December 5th—Broke camp and moved to Stevensburg.
- Monday, December 7th—Broke camp at 8 A. M., and moved to Dumping Mountain, three miles east of Culpepper Court House, and three miles south of Brandy Station, and went into winter quarters.

1864.

- Friday, January 1st—Regiment comfortably quartered in log huts; in good health, and engaged in heavy fatigue and picket duty.
- Saturday, February 6th—Advanced with the corps, on a reconnaissance in force, across the Rapidan, at Morton's Ford, and

sharply engaged with the enemy during the day. Retired across the river after dark and bivouacked on the left bank.

Sunday, February 7th—Returned to camp at night.

Monday, February 22nd (Washington's Birthday)—One-half of the regiment's term of service expired this day. Day spent as a holiday. Brigadier General Owen delivered an address to the brigade.

Tuesday, February 23rd—The Second Corps and cavalry reviewed by Major General Meade, accompanied by Vice President Hamlin, Secretary Welles and other distinguished officers and citizens.

Thursday, March 24th—General Grant arrived and took up his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac at Culpepper Court House. The army reorganized and consolidated into three corps. The three divisions of the Second Corps consolidated into two divisions, and the First and Second Divisions of the Third Corps transferred to the Second Corps as the Third and Fourth Divisions of this corps, Major General Hancock commanding. The "Old Brigade," consisting of the 39th, the 111th, the 125th and 126th New York Volunteers, was assigned to the First Division as the Third Brigade, and increased by the addition of the 7th, 52nd and 57th New York Volunteers, and commanded by Colonel Paul Frank, 52nd New York; Brigadier General Francis Barlow commanding the division.

Monday, March 28th—The army reinforced by ten thousand heavy artillery from the defenses of Washington.

Friday, April 4th—One hundred enlisted men and two officers detailed from the regiment as provost guard at corps headquarters.

Saturday, April 16th—Brigade reviewed by Brigadier General Barlow.

Tuesday, April 19th—Division reviewed by Major General Hancock.

Friday, April 22nd—The corps reviewed by Lieutenant General Grant.

Tuesday, May 3rd—Orders to move received at 2 P. M. Broke camp and took up line of march at 10 P. M.

Wednesday, May 4th—Crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford at daylight; marched to Chancellorsville and encamped at 10 A. M.

Thursday, May 5th—Marched at 6 A. M. to Todd's Tavern, and the regiment, with a part of the brigade, was detached and went into line of battle 12 M., supporting the cavalry, which was engaged with the enemy. The balance of the brigade, with the corps, moved to the right in the Wilderness. At midnight the detachment rejoined the corps.

APPENDIX H

EFFORTS FOR PROMOTION

Copies of the following documents are appended by reason of their historical value:

"Camp Near Stevensburg, Va.,
"December 15th, 1863.

"To His Excellency,

"Abraham Lincoln,

"President of the United States:

"Sir:—We, the undersigned field and line officers of the Third Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, most respectfully call your excellency's attention to the claims of Brigadier General Alexander Hays, our commander, to receive promotion at your hand.

"The long and valuable services of General Hays are known to us all. With a longer experience in the field than most of the

officers who received promotion to the highest rank; possessed of practical good sense in the management of troops, both in camp and in action; having distinguished himself in every action in which he has been engaged, and having been engaged in most of the actions of this army, and severely wounded at the Battle of the Second Bull Run; having commanded this division at Gettysburg, Auburn and Bristoe Station, and by his heroic conduct in each of these contributed largely to the success of the corps and the army, we think he is eminently entitled to promotion to the highest rank. His devotion to the cause, and his superior military education especially mark him as a fit person to be entrusted with the command of a corps or even an army.

"We have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

"Joshua T. Owen, brigadier general, Third Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps.

S. S. Carroll, colonel, commanding First Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps.

Thomas A. Smyth, colonel, commanding Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps.

John Coons, colonel, commanding 14th Indiana Volunteers.

E. H. Cavins, lieutenant colonel, 14th Indiana Volunteers.

Peter Grubb, major, commanding 4th Ohio Volunteers.

Franklin Sawyer, lieutenant colonel, commanding 8th Ohio Volunteers.

F. E. Pierce, lieutenant colonel, commanding 108th New York Volunteers.

Thomas H. Davis, lieutenant colonel, commanding 12th New Jersey Volunteers.

Daniel Woodall, lieutenant colonel, commanding 1st Delaware Volunteers.

Levin Crandall, colonel, 125th New York Volunteers.

S. A. Moore, lieutenant colonel, commanding 14th Connecticut Volunteers.

James H. Hinman, major, commanding 111th New York Volunteers.

B. Baer, major, commanding 39th New York Volunteers.

A. B. Myer, lieutenant colonel, commanding 125th New York Volunteers.

Ira Smith Brown, major, commanding 126th New York Volunteers.

William H. Baird, lieutenant colonel, 126th New York Volunteers.

James M. Bull, colonel, 126th New York Volunteers.

William F. Smith, major, commanding 1st Delaware.

George M. Dewey, captain, commanding 10th New York Battalion.

George P. Corts, captain, assistant adjutant general, Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps.

C. J. Queen, captain and C. S., Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps.

Isaac Scott, surgeon-in-chief, Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps."

"April 12, 1864.

"To the Senators and Representatives of Allegheny County, in the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania:

"Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, citizens of the city of Pittsburgh, and of Western Pennsylvania, having learned that an application has been made by all the principal field and line officers of the Third Division, Second Corps, of the Army of the Potomac, to the President of the United States, calling his attention to the claims of Brigadier General Alexander Hays, of that division, to promotion in the army; and having also been informed that many members of your honorable body have interested themselves in

behalf of General Hays, and are about to lay before the President an expression of their desire for his promotion, we deem this the proper time and the only mode that suggests itself to second your efforts, by expressing to you and through you to the President, our ardent desire to see General Hays occupying that position in the army to which we believe him entitled, by his well-known and indomitable courage, as displayed on many a battlefield, and by his untiring energy, by his military education, by his long services, by his honorable wounds, and by his unswerving devotion and unquestioned fidelity to the government and to the Union.

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| "John Harper | Joseph Albree | John Hunnings |
| John B. Butler, U.S.A. | J. P. Diehl | J. C. Boyd |
| William H. Smith | Harry C. Campbell | W. Hamilton |
| J. R. Hunter | Whitmore, Wolff, Duff & Co. | |
| Robert P. Nevin | R. H. Hartley | W. W. Ward |
| J. K. Finley | Isaac Whittier | C. T. Johnson |
| John Watt | Beckham & Long | Charles L. Caldwell |
| H. Perry | James McElroy | Thomas J. Hoskinson |
| Robert Woods | Moore & Chambers | William A. Herron |
| Dill A. Smith | Frank Van Gorder | John S. Irwin |
| J. McM. King | John McD. Crossan | Lippincott & Co. |
| J. H. McKelvy | Alexander King | Chess, Smythe & Co. |
| George Ogden | William Roseburg | Means & Coffin |
| White, Orr & Co. | William H. Williams | Knox & Parker |
| Campbell B. Herron | Walter P. Marshall | James M. Cooper |
| Isaac Jones | John Rebman | Adam Trinkle |
| M. McCullough | F. G. Sheibler | J. J. Gillespie |
| Thomas B. McMillan | R. H. Palmer | Joshua Rhodes |
| Leonard S. Johns | B. F. Jones | M. J. Henderson |
| Arthur Hobson | William Holmes | Robert G. Bushnell |
| Joseph Knox | William Cargo | William McCully & Co. |
| John H. Ebbert | John J. McDermott | Charles H. Paulson |
| Ormsby Phillips | James Robb | M. W. McMillan |
| W. H. Bodenhamer, A. A. S. | | Harry Shirls |
| James H. Wright | Charles A. Super | Samuel Fahnestock |
| W. McClintock | William Phillips | David McCandless |
| Thomas L. Shields | James D. Donnell | W. P. Thomson |
| M. W. Beltzhoover | George W. Weyman | W. A. Reed |
| James B. Lyon | J. C. Mattern | Christopher Zug |
| J. B. Canfield | Alexander Nimick | William Bagaley |
| William F. Johnston | William K. Nimick | James Frazier |
| Robert M. Cust | Thomas M. Marshall | John B. Ingham" |

"His Excellency,

"Abraham Lincoln,

"President of the United States:

"The undersigned members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania having a just pride in the brave and chivalric achievements in the field of their fellow-citizen, Brigadier General Alexander Hays, and believing that his merits as an officer and gentleman, as displayed in almost all of the bloody engagements in Virginia, commend him to deserve promotion, we cordially join in urging his appointment as a major general in the army of the United States:

"Henry C. Johnson, Speaker of the House of Representatives

John P. Penney, Speaker of the Senate

| | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| William J. Smull | James R. Kelly | S. S. Pancoast |
| W. B. Long | B. S. Hill | William Burgwin |
| Jacob E. Ridgeway | Robert L. McClelland | R. F. McMurtrie |

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Wilmer Worthington | Elias Billingsfelt | J. A. Miller |
| B. Champneys | J. W. Huston | William Windle |
| George Connell | Charles Koonce | H. B. Bowman |
| Charles McCandless | Charles A. Burnett | N. Mayer |
| David Fleming | N. Weiser | Edw. K. Smith |
| Henry Johnson | F. B. Searight | C. C. Stanbarger |
| S. F. Wilson | John B. Beck | R. R. Reed |
| J. B. Stark | James L. Graham | David Etnier |
| George W. Stein | Thomas St. Clair | William Foster |
| William M. McSherry | J. M. Dunlap | John D. Watson |
| Bernard Reilly | George W. Householder | Thomas Cochran |
| William A. Wallace | Thomas Hoge | J. W. McKee |
| William Kinney | William D. Brown | A. M. Benton |
| Heister Clymer | H. B. Beardsley | Thomas J. Boyer |
| George H. Bucher | C. M. Donovan | Jacob Robinson |
| C. L. Lamberton | Jeremiah Nichols | A. C. Noyes |
| D. B. Montgomery | John Latta | C. S. Alexander |
| John C. Smith | William F. Smith | J. C. Ellis |
| A. Hiestand Glatz | W. W. Watt | J. H. Marshall |
| Edw. A. Price | William Henry | H. C. Hoover |
| James N. Kerns | J. R. Cochran | Edward Kerns |
| Thomas J. Bigham | J. H. Negley | M. Weaver |
| Edward G. Lee | H. B. Herron | T. J. Barger |
| Alfred Slack | John P. Glass | Samuel Josephs |
| William H. Denniston | William Haslett | J. McD. Sharpe |
| Isaac H. Hanna | Isaiah White | William T. Alexander |
| D. Lilley | Luke Sutphin | J. R. Boileau |
| Samuel H. Orwig | J. H. Marsh | John Hargnett |
| J. Balsbach | A. G. Olmstead | J. Missimer |
| John W. Riddle | Francis McManus | C. A. Kline |
| Z. H. Long | B. F. Meyers | W. N. Pottinger |
| Peter Gilbert | Cyrus L. Pershing | G. W. Winsley |
| A. Patton | George A. Quigley | G. Dawson Coleman |
| Albert Schofield | William Horton | Daniel Keipp" |

APPENDIX I

ROSTERS

**TROOPS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON, MAJOR
GENERAL S. P. HEINTZELMAN COMMANDING,
MAY 31, 1863**

The rosters of the Department of Washington for Casey's Division is the same for March 31, 1863, except that the 9th Massachusetts Battery was in Abercrombie's then division.

ABERCROMBIE'S DIVISION¹

(Formerly Casey's Division.)

Brigadier General J. J. Abercrombie.¹

General Abercrombie had previously been in command of a division stationed near Fort Albany, and at Arlington, Cloud's Mills, Forts Ethan Allen and Marcy, Minor's Hill, Upton's Hill and Vienna, all in the Department of Washington. Abercrombie assumed command April 17, 1863.¹

First Brigade.

Colonel Frank Fessenden.

25th Maine—Lieut. Colonel C. E. Shaw.

27th Maine—Colonel M. F. Wentworth.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier General George J. Stannard.

12th Vermont—Colonel Asa P. Blunt.

13th Vermont—Colonel Francis V. Randall.

14th Vermont—Colonel William T. Nichols.

15th Vermont—Colonel Redfield Proctor.

16th Vermont—Colonel Wheelock G. Veazey.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier General Alexander Hays.

39th New York—Lieut. Colonel Charles Schwarz.

111th New York—Colonel Clinton D. MacDougall.

125th New York—Colonel George L. Willard.

126th New York—Colonel Eliakim Sherrill.

Artillery.

2nd Connecticut Battery—Capt. John W. Sterling.⁴

9th Massachusetts Battery—Capt. John Bigelow.

Keystone Pennsylvania Battery—Capt. Matthew Hastings.

1st Rhode Island Artillery, Battery H—Capt. Jeffrey Hazzard.

CAVALRY DIVISION

Major General Julius Stahel.

First Brigade—Brigadier General Joseph T. Copeland.

5th Michigan—Lieut. Colonel Ebenezer Gould.

6th Michigan—Colonel George Gray.

7th Michigan—Colonel W. D. Mann.

9th Michigan Battery—Capt. J. T. Daniels.

Second Brigade.

Colonel R. Butler Price.

1st Michigan—Colonel C. H. Town.

2nd Pennsylvania—Lieut. Colonel Joseph P. Brinton.

18th Pennsylvania—Colonel Timothy M. Bryan, Jr.

(Also 1st Ohio, two companies, on March 31, 1863).

Third Brigade.

Colonel Ethneil DeForest.

5th New York—Lieut. Colonel Robert Johnstone.

1st Vermont—Colonel E. B. Sawyer.

1st West Virginia—Major Benjamin F. Chamberlain.

**ABSTRACT TRI-MONTHLY RETURN FOR MAY 31, 1863,
DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON****Abercrombie's Division.**

Present for duty: Officers, 369; men, 6,954. Aggregate present: 8,133. Aggregate present and absent: 9,295. Pieces of artillery: 24.

⁴ Relieving 11th Massachusetts Battery, Capt. E. J. Jones.

¹ At and about Fairfax Court House, Va.

APPENDIX J

PROVOST MARSHAL'S REPORT

"Provost Marshal's Office,

"Fairfax C. H., Va., March 10, 1863.

"Colonel Wyndham, Commanding Cavalry Brigade and Post:

"Sir:—On the night of the 8th instant, say about 2 or 2:30 A. M., Capt. Mosby, with his command, entered this village by an easterly direction, then advanced upon my outer vedette, when he challenged (no countersign out). The Rebel picket or scout advanced, presenting at the same time two revolvers to his head and threatening to blow his brains out if he said a word, demanding his arms, etc., when the force came up and captured every man on patrol, with horses, equipments, etc., until reaching the provost marshal's stables, when they halted and entered the stables, taking every horse available with them. They then proceeded to Colonel Stoughton's stables, captured his guard, took his horses and those of his aides; they then proceeded to Colonel Wyndham's headquarters, and took all the movable property with them. In the meantime others of Capt. Mosby's command were dispatched to all quarters where officers were lodged, taking them out of their beds, together with the telegraph operator, assistant, etc., etc.

They searched the provost marshal's office, and, finding him absent, went to the post hospital, and there made diligent search for him, offering a reward for him. The provost marshal had just left the street, say ten minutes before they entered, and went across some vacant lots to ascertain from one of his vedettes if he had caught any horses or horse thieves. Another party, ten in number, proceeded to Colonel Stoughton's headquarters, taking him and one of his aides named Prentiss, who afterwards escaped, prisoners. They then proceeded to Colonel Wyndham's quarters, and took Capt. Barker of the 5th New York Cavalry, and also Baron Vardner, who was stopping at the colonel's. In the meantime, another party of them entered the residence of Colonel Johnstone and searched the house for him. He had, previous to their entering the town, heard of their movements, and, believing them to be the patrol, went out to halt them, but soon found out his mistake. He then entered the house again, he being in a nude state, and got out backwards, they in hot pursuit of him. He, however, evaded them by getting under a barn, and had scarcely concealed himself when a guard of three men were placed upon it. It is supposed that they entered our lines between Frying Pan and Herndon Station, taking a diagonal course to come in at the lower end of the village. On leaving they went out by way of Colonel Wyndham's stables (southwest), and proceeded towards Centreville, cutting telegraph wires as they went along. I am told by parties who had seen them that they were some three hundred strong.

"I have the honor to remain,

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"Lieut. D. L. O'Connor,

"Provost Marshal."

Index

- Abbott, John S. C. quoted....598
- Academies
 West Point, q. v.
 Venango 4
 Mercer 5
- Action of City Councils
 Pittsburgh618
- Allegheny College.....5, 23, 99
 Class of 1840..... 6
- Alexander, Gen., quoted.437, 465
- Allison, Rev. Dr.....239
- "All Quiet on the Potomac".....550
- Ames (a guerrilla).....325, 326
- Army Correspondence
 "Pittsburgh Post".....250
- Armies
 Observation 53
 Occupation 41
 Potomac48, 49, 56, 65,
 397, 401, 420, 508, 596 et seq
- Army of Cumberland
 Reunion672
- Anderson, Robert..67, 73, 74, 78
- Appleton's Biog. Ency. quoted 656
- Authorities, Mexican War,
 quoted94, 95
- Babcock, Louis H.....448
- Bacon, Madam.....315, 317
- Badeau, Gen., quoted ...557, 599
- Badges
 Kearney, Red Patch.....569
- Bakewell, Ben.122, 142, 150, 699
- Bailey's Tribute to Alex Hays
 669-671
 Balaclava271
- Bancroft, H. H., quoted, 77, 78, 90
- Barrett, J. E., quoted.....679
- Battine, Cecil, quoted.....458
- "Battles and Leaders of the
 Civil War," quoted.....
 326, 437, 440
- Beauregard's and Johnston's
 chair378
- Beckham, Mr. and Mrs.....564
- Bethune, Rev. Dr., quoted...494
- Bibliography, Mexican War.. 94
- Bicknell, Lieut, quoted.....438
- Bigham, T. J.....576, 580, 584
- Biographies
 Col. Sherril.....422
 Col. Willard.....405
- Bingham, Gen. H. H.
 Describes battle of Gettys-
 burg443, 444
- Black, Col. Sam'l W.....73,
 81, et seq., 155, 200, 221, 620
- Blackwood's Magazine, quoted,
 437, 438
- Bliss Buildings.411, 412, 431, 434
- "Blue Birds".....418, 421, 470, 491
- Board of Enrollment.....477
- "Boston Transcript," quoted..665
- Boynton, E. C.....26
- Brackett, "With Lane in Cen-
 tral Mexico," quoted.....
 67, 75, 87, 94
- Brereton, Capt.....121, 124
- Brown, M. B.....153, 157
 165, 174, 175, 181, 195, 214
- Brown, Rev. N. L.....648
- Browne, Dunn, quoted...415, 416
- Brown's Hotel265, 272, 282
 ..432, 433, 439, 453, 460, 463
- "Buffalo Commercial," quoted.614
- Bryan House.....
- "Bugle Echoes".....176
- "Bullet Sicknes".....262
- Burnett, Ward281, 304
- Burnside, Gen., biog., quoted. 11
- Burke (a guerrilla).....192
- Bushnell, "Joe".....533
- BATTERIES—CIVIL WAR.
 Arnold's
 ..403, 440, 449, 452, 504, 553
- Brown's440
- Cushing's...402, 403, 440, 452
- ReRussey's224
- Hampton's125
- Hasting's (Keystone).....
 ..305, 314, 315, 371, 396, 397
- Hay's Railroad.....301
- Kirby's474
- Leppine's596
- Ricketts'425, 491
- Rorty's440
- Thompson's (Pa.).....254
- Woodruff's403,
 425, 450, 451, 474, 669, 670
- Whitworth's (Conf.)462
- United States
 I, 1st.....403, 442, 450, 451
 A, 4th.....403 440
 G, 2nd.....254
 Thompson's
 240, 242, 243, 253, 254
- 9th Mass.....371
- 11th Mass.....367
- 17th N. Y.....367
- BATTERIES—MEXICAN WAR.
 Kendrick's80, 82, 84
- Miller's80
- Ridgley's45- 48
- Taylor's29, 66, 96
- BATTLES—CIVIL WAR.
 Antietam149, 409
- Auburn496, 498, 501
- Ball's Bluff, Va.....402
- Bristoe434, 499, 500 636
- Brock Road.....30, 556,
 596, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602
- Bull Run.....81, 266, 270, 271
- Carrick's Ford.....17
- Chancellorsville
 258, 268, 596, 597, 646
- Chantilly265, 298, 326
- Fair Oaks.....81,232,253
- Fredericksburg
 283 285, 287, 288, 320

Index

Gettysburg (Vide)
 Glendale66, 242
 Harper's Ferry.293, 306, 338, 422
 Hawes' Shop.....120
 Malvern Hill.....667
 Morton's Ford.....
470, 539, 548, 552, 671
 Nelson's Farm.240, 253, 254, 262
 Opequan24
 Peach Orchard.....207
 Seven Pines.....118, 224, 236
 South Mountain.....26
 Wilderness..30, 95, 336, 665, 679

BATTLES IN MEXICO.

Atlixco.....29, 82, 83, 437, 644
 Buena Vista.....117
 Cerro Gordo.....118
 Chapultepec....17, 118, 405, 406
 Cordova90
 Galaxara86
 Huamantla
24, 29, 75, 96, 259, 437
 Molino del Rey.....20, 36, 52
 Palo Alto.....17, 24, 38, 42
 44 et seq., 60, 117, 134, 549
 Paso Oejas.....24
 Resaca215
 Sequeltilplan or Zacultiplan...
91, 95

BRIGADES—UNION.

Berry's225, 243
 Baxter's462
 Birney's243
 Carroll's
 415, 453, 486, 505, 581, 600
 Custer's314
 De Trobriand's.....514
 Farnsworth's311
 Fessenden's.....352, 379, 707
 Frank's.....581, 600
 Franklin's.....144, 146
 Graham's.....186, 331
 Harrow's440
 Hay's; 22nd Corps...274, 296,
 305, 333, 347, 351, 353, 358
 360, 361, 370, 384, 387, 392,
 401, 402, 426, 431, 470, 700, 703
 Hay's; 2nd Corps.....574,
 575, 589, 597 et seq., 600, 601
 Jameson's....162, 179, 224, 243
 Kearney's562
 Miles'581
 Owen's.....486 505, 543, 599
 Poe's270
 Proctor's378
 Richardson's149, 157, 194
 Robinson's270
 Rowley's427
 Smyth's401, 402
 412, 440, 453, 505, 581, 600
 Stahl's328
 Stannard's.....426, 427, 440
 Stoughton's.306, 323 et seq.327
 Van Valkenburg's.....312

Ward's.....558, 559
 Webb's403, 414
 427, 432, 451, 453, 541, 635
 Wheaton's.....601, 602
 Willard's..338, 402, 412, 426,
 432, 439, 445, 446, 454, 460
 Wyndham's329
 Zook's581

BRIGADES—CONFEDERATE.

Armistead's427, 459
 Brockenbrough's435, 436
 Davis'.....435, 436, 601
 Garnett's427
 Hatton's436
 Hoke's436
 Kemper's427
 Kershaw's421
 Lane's435
 Archer's436
 Scales'.....435, 436
 Wilcox's.....435, 459, 602
 Calver, Dr. Thos.....631
 Cameron, Simon, Sec'y..130, 132
 Campaigns
 Gettysburg401 et seq.
 Mine Run.....532 et seq.
 Peninsula198 et seq.
 Wilderness596 et seq.
 Camps

Birney570, 578 et seq.
 Bullock569
 Culpepper573
 Curtin.....124, 125
 Douglass306, 338
 Duquesne120
 Fair Oaks.....232, 233
 Johnston149
 151 et seq., 179, 184, 264
 Hamilton199, 201, 203
 Harper207
 Hays.....140, 143, 638
 Howe621
 "Pennyroyal"179
 Reynolds616, 617
 Pitchers319
 Salubrity....38, 41, 42, 44, 65
 Scott.....123, 126, 210
 Shields143, 148
 Terry220
 Union Mills.....293 et seq.
 Whitesell240
 Wilkins139
 Winfield Scott.....208-214
 Carrol, Mrs. Col....540, 553, 563
 Cary, Constance, see Harrison, Mrs.
 Casualties
 Hays' Division.....432
 Lane's Brigade.....97
 Webb's Division.....432
 Willard's Brigade.....432
 9th Reserves.....269
 63rd Pa.....267-271
 "B" 63rd Pa....227, 245, 360
 "F" 63rd Pa.....224, 225

Index

- "G" 63rd Pa.....236, 382
 "H" 63rd Pa.....398
 "I" 63rd Pa.....224, 226, 228
 "K" 63rd Pa.....228, 634, 639
 105th Pa.....267
 Cemeteries
 Allegheny
 . 616, 633, 640, 641, 643, 674
 Uniondale246
 Christmas (1862).....286, 287
 Church, Prof. A. E.....645
 Circular, Battle Monument...644
 Cist, Gen. H. M., quoted....546

 CIVIL WAR—TOWNS AND
 LOCALITIES.
 Accotink, Va.....162
 Alexandria
 263, 364, 393, 398, 400
 Auburn636
 Barnesville, Md.....402
 Bellevue, Va.....144
 Bermuda Hundred.....562
 Blackburn's Ford, Va.....496
 Brandy Station, Va.....557, 597
 Brandywine Station.....513
 Bottom's Bridge, Va.....221
 Broad Run.....501, 503
 Bull Run, Va.....
 293, 297, 314, 315, 316,
 330, 339, 362, 397, 497 et seq.
 Catharpin Furnace.....597
 Catlett's Station.....505
 Cedar Mountain, Va., 485, et seq.
 Cemetery Hill.....463, 664
 Centreville266, 269,
 292, 298, 304, 306, 309, 310,
 313, 323, 326, 328, 339, 340,
 343, 347, 351, 353, 354, 355,
 356, 357, 358, 361, 368, 369,
 370, 371, 372, 375, 376, 383,
 384, 387, 388, 391, 392, 393,
 396, 397, 399, 400, 401, 496,
 497, 498, 499, 500, 503, 700
 Chickahominy River.....
 223, 224, 252
 Clark Mountain596
 Cockeysville, Md.....123, 127,
 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133
 Cole's Hill, Va.....577
 Cub Run.....325, 328
 Culp's Hill.....455
 Culpepper Court House.....
 325, 332, 361,
 483, 492 et seq., 548, 562, 597
 Elktown, Va.....471 et seq.
 Ely's Ford.....596, 497
 Emmitsburg Road.....
 403, 439, 440, 461, 463
 Fairfax Court House.....
 298, 309, 323 et seq., 398
 Fairfax Station...325, 330, 400
 Fair Oaks Station.....114, 236
 Falmouth, Va.....319
 Fredericksburg, Va.....512, 649
 Gainesville, Va.....400
 Georgetown, D. C.....286, 287
 Germania Ford.....522
 Gordonsville261
 Gum Springs, Va.....401, 402
 Gunpowder River.....127
 Hagerstown409
 Harrison's Bar, Va.....260
 Harrison's Landing.245, 247, 250
 Harpers Ferry.....
 128, 129, 361, 401, 418
 Hunting Creek.....178
 Jones' Cross Roads.....409, 417
 Keedysville, Md.....409
 Kelly's Ford.....471, 514
 Leesburg Pike.....178
 Locust Grove.....532
 Manassas, Va.....343
 Manassas Junction.....266, 293
 Milton Mills.514, 516 et seq., 536
 Monocacy Junction.....402
 Morton's Ford.....636
 Mountain Run, Va.....514, 517
 Occoquan170, 330
 Orange Plank Road.....
 596, 597, 601, 602
 Orange Turnpike.....523
 Pohick Church.....185-190-192
 Poolesville, Md.....402
 Port Royal.....187
 Rapidan River.....485,
 486 et seq., 507, 522, 523, 551
 Rapidan Station.....483
 Rappahannock River.....507
 Rappahannock Station.....514
 Robertson's Old Tavern.....523
 Round Top.....459
 Plymouth, N. C.....593
 Sangster's Station.....400
 Shady Grove Church.....596
 Slaughter Mountain.....
 (See Cedar Mt.).....519
 Spring Bank, Va.....117
 Stony Mountain.....553
 Taneytown403
 Taneytown Road.....
 403, 411, 440, 451, 670
 Thoroughfare Gap.....400
 Todd's Tavern.....596, 597, 609
 Upton's Hill.....356, 357
 Union Mills, Va.....
 322 et seq., 293 et seq.,
 339, 342, 343, 345, 347, 349,
 352, 353, 355, 356, 358, 364,
 365, 367, 368, 393, 400, 497
 Uniontown, Md.....403, 404
 Wapping Heights.....413, 415
 Warrenton Junction.....
 265, 415, 420, 508
 Westover Landing, Va.....240
 Williamsport.....420
 Woodgrove, Va.....416
 Woodyard Ford.....330, 332

Index

Wynn's Mills.....207
 York, Pa.126 et seq
 Yorktown.....207, 264

COMMANDERS—MEXICAN.

Arista, Gen.59
 Gaona, Gen.87
 Iterbide, Maj.80
 Jarauta, Padre.....92, 94
 Martinez, Padre.....93
 Paredes, Gen.92
 Rea, Gen.97, 83
 Santa Anna74, 78, 88, 90

COMPANIES.

City Guards....121, 124, 125,
 126, 130, 132, 133, 634, 699
 Duquesne Greys.80, 121, 122, 698
 Firemen's Legion ..129, 130, 698
 Hibernian Greens.....82
 Jackson Blues.....81, 698
 Pittsburgh Rifles.....269
 Washington County Companies
 (12th Reg.).....129
 Washington Infantry.....120
 Zouave Cadets....128, 129, 699
 Contra Guerrillas.....87
 Coppee, Henry.8, 10, 13, 22, 603
 Corts, Capt. G. P.....
 138, 144, 148, 155,
 165, 167, 174, 208, 211, 215,
 233, 237, 240, 247, 253, 267,
 271, 279, 282, 323, 337, 342,
 344, 346, 353, 355, 357, 359,
 369, 370, 373, 383, 387, 393,
 394, 395, 404, 406, 411, 414,
 417, 424, 425, 434, 436, 464,
 465, 506, 546, 550, 568, 569
 Court Martial service.....578
 Cowan, Edgar.285, 360, 478, 528
 Crittenden, W. L.
 Fights with Alex. Hays....15
 In Mexico.....91
 Record and fate.....24
 Crossman, Col. and Mrs.....567
 Cullum Hall.....655
 Cullum's Register of West
 Point.....14, 18, 19, 25
 Curtin, Gov.....125 et seq.,
 193, 215, 311, 318, 355, 494

CORPS—CONFEDERATE.

Ewell's.....455, 502, 601
 Hill's.....435, 601, 602
 Jackson's436
 Stuart's (Cav.).....327

CORPS—UNION.

1st.....82, 558
 2nd.....228, 330, 338, 399,
 400, 401, 402, 451 et seq.,
 484, 497, 498, 502 et seq.,
 541, 552, 558, 596, 597, 602
 3rd.....17, 258, 271, 398,
 426, 514, 520, 541, 557, 560
 4th237

5th.18, 47, 237, 411, 415, 438,
 441, 484, 503, 525, 558, 596
 6th17
 30, 387, 441, 446, 558, 598
 9th.....557, 558, 651
 11th403
 413, 440, 445, 471, 557, 597
 12th383, 471, 557
 22nd274, 275, 342

Dale, Dr. T. F.....155
 Dalzell, A. F.....125, 698
 Davis, Jefferson.....119, 344
 Davis Star Camp S. V.....648
 Dent, Frederick.....9
 Derby, Geo. H.....26
 Dickerson, Mrs. Gen.....672
 Dickson, Dr. John.....245
 "Dispatch" Articles....621, 659
 Doubleday, Abner
 Misstatements of.....426-428
 Revised statements.....430
 Dravo, John F.....6
 D'Utassy, Col...293, 295, 299,
 306, 312, 315, 316, 317, 336,
 337, 339-342, 351-355, 359,
 363, 367, 368, 373, 376, 394

DIVISIONS—CONFEDERATE.

Early's463
 Ewell's50
 Heth's...422, 430, 435, 599, 602
 Hill's436
 Johnston's455
 Pender's....422, 435, 459, 461
 Pettigrew's
 422, 426, 430, 435, 458, 461
 Pickett's....422, 428, 459, 461
 Trimble's438, 439
 Wilcox's603

DIVISIONS—UNION.

Abercrombie's.....361, 384, 706
 Barlow's.....558, 600
 Berry's258
 Birney's.389, 558, 596, 599, 600
 Blenker's338
 Caldwell's
 487, 492, 501 et seq., 505
 Casey's
 4th Corps.....225, 228, 230
 22nd Corps
 76, 274, 333, 336, 339,
 342, 345, 351, 353, 358, 360
 Couch's237, 244
 Crawford's558
 Doubleday's.....403, 404, 427
 French's287
 Geary's383
 Getty's...596, 599, 600, 601, 602
 Gibbon's402, 403, 404,
 427, 430, 440, 451, 581, 635
 Gregg's (Cav.).....486
 Griffin's558
 Hamilton's202

Index

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Harrow's | 487 | Emerick, Mrs..... | 193 |
| Heinzelman's | 150 | Episcopal Church..... | 397 |
| Hooker's..... | 228, 237 | "Evening Chronicle" | |
| Hunter's | 136 | Pittsburgh in the war.. | 633-637 |
| Kearney's..... | 224, 237, 240, 270, 271 | Anniversary Tribute..... | 637 |
| Mott's..... | 561, 599, 601 | Fair Oaks, Pa..... | 277, 335 |
| Porter's..... | 200, 203 | Farley, Gen., quoted..... | 10 |
| Prince's | 541 | Farrelly, Patrick A..... | |
| Richardson's | 228, 237 |6, 23, 146, 278, 689, 691 | |
| Ricketts' | 254, 558 | Faulk, Phil K., quoted..... | 605 |
| Robinson's | | Field Correspondence | |
| 403, 410, 440, 451, 462, 558 | | "New York Herald"..... | 604 |
| Sedgwick's | 228 | 108th N. Y..... | 421 |
| Stahel's (Cav.)..... | 311 | "Pittsburgh Commercial" | |
| Steinwehr's | 451 |548, 564 | |
| Webb's..... | 411, 505 | Fitzhugh House | |
| | |520, 522, 526, 536, 516 | |
| HAYS' | | Flags, Invoices of cap'd..... | |
| Alex Hays takes command.... | 401 |467, 468, 469 | |
| At Uniontown, Md..... | 403 | Fontaine, Lamar..... | 176 |
| At Taneytown..... | 403 | Ford, Miss—a spy..... | 324, 329 |
| Gettysburg | | Forts | |
| On March to..... | 403, 431 | Brown..... | 62, 90 |
| 1st Position..... | 403 | Darling | 222 |
| 2nd Position..... | 412 | Donelson | 187 |
| 3rd Position..... | 452, 460 | Hays | 310, 626 |
| In action...406, 407, 410, 426 | | LaFayette | 394 |
| Casualties..... | 409, 414, 418 | Jessup..... | 49, 65 |
| Captures flags...409, 410, | | Loretta..... | 79, 80 |
| 413, 422, 433, 461, 467-469 | | Lyon..... | 149, 150, 154, 178 |
| Captures arms | 413 | McHenry..... | 128, 129, 130 |
| Staff | 413, 414 | Pillow | 583 |
| Report of..... | 411, 414, 415 | Wadsworth | 321 |
| Hancock's statements..... | 429 | Foster, J. Herron..... | 244 |
| Swinton's account..... | 435 | Franklin, Pa..... | 28 |
| Demonstration on front line | | Frew, Maj. Wm..... | 659 |
|437, 458 | | Fry, J. Reese, quoted...47 et seq. | |
| Conf. Brigades in front of.435 | | | |
| Line at Bryan House..... | 439 | GENERALS—CONFEDERATE. | |
| Young's account of..... | 443 | Alexander | 437 |
| Gen. Bingham's account...443 | | Anderson, Geo. T..... | 96 |
| 126th N. Y. account..... | 444 | Armistead..... | 435, 436 |
| Itinerary, March from.414, 415 | | Buckner..... | 15, 36, 657 |
| Back in Virginia...471 et seq. | | Ewell | 31, 51, 350 |
| At Cedar Mt..... | 487 | Field | 436 |
| At Auburn..... | 497, 505 | Garnett, R..... | 436 |
| At the Rappahannock..... | 520 | Hampton | 359 |
| At Mine Run..... | 523 | Hays, H. T..... | 525 |
| Roster of Officers..... | 535 | Heth | 29 |
| At Morton's Ford..... | 539-545 | Hill, A. P..... | 29, 96, 422, 437 |
| Reduced in numbers..... | 547 | Jackson, T. J..... | 27 |
| Signal Station of..... | 548 | Johnston | 223 |
| Broken up..... | 562, 703 | Lee, Fitzhugh..... | |
| Banner and Staff..... | 577 | 325, 327, 346, 347, 350, 359 | |
| Brigades of..... | 600 | Lee, R. E..... | 18, 401, 437 |
| In the Wilderness..... | 600 | Longstreet..9, 10, 401, 440, 600 | |
| Official orders..... | 549 | McLaws | 19 |
| Farewell Addresses.569, 570, 572 | | Pettigrew | 29 |
| Economites | 142, 145 | Pickett..... | 27, 402, 424, 428 |
| Efforts for Promotion | | Stuart, J. E. B.... | 329, 359, 471 |
| Officers' petition..... | | Twiggs | 90 |
|554, 573, 575, 576 | | Wheeler | 331 |
| Elections (1863)..... | 496, 507 | Wilcox, Cadmus M..... | 22 |
| Elliot, Chas. Jr..... | 158 | | |
| Elliott, David..... | 360 | | |

Index

- GENERALS—UNION.
 Abercrombie
 361, 362, 365, 370, 371, 376,
 379, 380, 381, 383, 386, 388
 393, 395, 397, 399, 404, 707
 Augur.....21, 44, 46, 47
 Barlow558
 Berry.....
 241, 242, 248, 249, 257, 272
 Birney, D. B.....248, 272,
 298, 344, 558, 564, 569, 581
 Brooks.....17, 264
 Burnside.....
 11, 27, 28, 279, 280, 285, 309
 Caldwell.....447, 522, 546, 563
 Carr....405, 559, 560, 561, 562
 Casey.....31, 223, 228,
 301, 302, 304, 307, 310, 361
 Clitz.....23, 644
 Comstock480
 Couch223 228, 400
 Doubleday.....18, 398, 426-430
 Franklin.....9, 20, 124
 Fremont338
 French, W. H.....401, 514
 Geary82, 383
 Getty30
 Gibbon, John.....28
 Graham398
 Grant, see under.
 Griffin558
 Halleck.....97, 99, 230, 273
 Hamilton, C. S.16, 21, 91,202, 214
 Hancock
 264, 339, 399, 400, 402, 403,
 405, 428, 558, 559, 562, 599
 Classmate of Hays.....
 9, 14, 32, 38, 40
 Life of.....14
 Anecdote of.....14
 Hartranft638
 Hartsuff664
 Hays, Wm.....30, 401,
 418, 419, 420, 447, 448, 512
 Heintzelman...16, 31, 42, 66,
 75, 148, 170, 178, 187, 188,
 202, 220, 243, 258, 274, 277,
 293, 302, 304, 307, 310, 312,
 338, 339, 344, 373, 383, 560
 Herron334
 Hooker.....
 16, 31, 188, 228, 270, 309,
 370, 372, 393, 398, 402, 682
 Howard398
 Humphreys.....541, 558
 Hunt452
 Ingalls9, 534
 Jameson137, 155, 163,
 181, 214, 225, 226, 358, 679
 Kearney.....137, 214, 224,
 228, 235, 241, 243, 249, 265
 Kilpatrick563
 McCall42, 44
 McClellan25,
 170, 234, 237, 245, 247, 248,
 249, 251, 252, 253, 258, 264,
 267, 272, 273 279, 392, 398
 McDowell237
 Meade...398, 402, 420, 437,
 438, 445, 547, 557, 581, 587
 Mott557, 561
 Negley
 ...81, 120, 122, 546, 620, 672
 Owen.....402, 486, 492, 538
 Patrick31
 Pleasanton.....14, 35, 483
 Pope.....254, 338
 Porter, F. J...151, 202, 237, 279
 Quinby.....9, 16, 17, 21
 Reno.....26, 651
 Reynolds.....17, 577
 Rice627
 Richardson149
 Robinson
 236, 248, 261, 272, 398, 403
 Rowley.....82, 200
 Russell.....24, 71, 564
 Schurz398
 Sedgwick.....17, 564
 Sheridan558
 Sherman.....52, 99
 Slocum455
 Smith, Chas. F.....46, 349
 Smyth, T. A.....
 ...401, 412, 413, 554, 703
 Stabel396
 Stoughton, E. H.....
 ...298, 310, 330, 332, 359
 Sumner242, 304
 Sykes.....18, 205, 484, 558
 Wadsworth558, 627
 Walker, F. A.....
 ...402, 436, 440, 503, 504, 598
 Ward, J. H. H.....
 ...398, 558, 561, 569, 586
 Warren, G. K.....
 478, 480, 484, 492, 498, 499,
 501, 506, 524, 641, 558, 559
 Webb.....402, 451, 452, 559
 Williams, Seth.....18, 140
 Wright186
 GRANT, U. S.
 At West Point.....8 et seq.
 His Rommates9
 Garland's Life of.....9, 11, 12
 Letters of.....12
 Graduates.....21
 Friendship with Buckner..36
 In 4th Inf'y.....40
 "Memoirs," quoted.....
 10 et seq., 41, 42
 At Palo Alto.....42
 Intimates, 4th Inf'y.....44
 Grant-Hays daguerrotype..65
 Sobriquet, "Sam".....11, 96
 On Pacific Coast.....99

Index

- Seeks Command.....132
 Picture sent Hays.....205
 Victory392
 Comes East.....547
 Visits Army of the Potomac.....549
 Lieutenant-General.....557
 Commander-In-Chief 557
 Reorganizes Army of the
 Potomac557
 Establishes Headquarters at
 Culpepper559
 Hears of Hay's Death.....603
 At Hays' grave.....659
 "Garibaldi Guard".....
 337, 338, 354, 562, 546
 (See Regiments, 39th N. Y.)
 Garland, Hamlin, quoted.....
 9, 10, 11, 12, 42
 Gettysburg, Semi-Centennial.....667
 Goolrick, Judge J. T.....649
 Grant, "Personal Memoirs,"
 (references)41, 42
 Grant and Hays Picture.....664
 Gray's "Elegy," quoted.....502
 "Green Springs".....404
 Guerrillas191
- HAYS, ALEX**
 Boyhood 2
 At School..... 5
 At Allegheny College.... 5
 At West Point.....8 et seq.
 Fellow Cadets.....16-40
 Classmates32-40
 At Camp Salubrity..... 41
 At Corpus Christi..... 42
 At Palo Alto..... 42
 At Resaca.....45 et seq.
 First to cross Rio Grande.. 48
 On Recruiting Service..... 49
 Transferred to 8th Inf'y... 52
 Describes army service.... 53
 Marriage61, 62
 At Fort Brown..... 62
 Writes of Texas service.63, 64
 Joins Lane's Brigade..... 66
 On Lane's Staff..... 67
 Meets Friends in Mexico.71, 81
 At Huamantla 75
 At Puebla..... 81
 At Atlixco..... 83
 At Tlascala..... 84
 "Jack" Hays' Rangers :
 Present sword..... 85
 At Galaxara..... 86
 At Tehaucan.....88-90
 Pursues Santa Anna....88-90
 At Orizaba..... 90
 At Cordova..... 90
 Meets Crittendon..... 91
 At Sequatiplan 91
 Mention in Orders.....93, 94
 Longstreet's Reminiscences. 95
 Resigns from Army..... 95
- Crosses Plains..... 98
 En route.....100-104
 In California.....104-111
 Mem'a Cal'a Trip.....112
 Returns to Franklin.....113
 In Iron Business.....113
 Removes to Pittsburgh....113
 Civil Engineer.....113
 Lays Out Sewickley.....114
 Essay, "U. S. vs. Europe"....
 115-118
 Appointed Capt. U. S. A....119
 In Militia Service.....119
 Organizes City Guards.....121
 Major; 12th Pa.....122
 In Three Months Service..
 120-133
 Letters Home.....125 et seq.
 Writes McClellan.....133
 Advertises for Recruits...135
 Appointed Col. Vols.....135
 Organizes 63rd Reg.....138
 Arrival at Washington....139
 In Camp near Washington
 140 et seq.
 Letters from Washington..
 139 et seq.
 In Franklin's Brigade....144
 At Camp Hays.....139, 140
 At Camp Shields.....143-148
 At Camp Johnston..149 et seq.
 In Heintzelman's Division..150
 Mason Correspondence....177
 At Alexandria.....190, 198
 At Fortress Monroe.200 et seq.
 At Yorktown.....204 et seq.
 At Williamsburg.....215
 Reports, Peach Orchard...207
 Near Richmond.216, 221, 219
 At Cumberland Landing...
 219, 220
 At Fair Oaks.....223
 Leads companies.....226
 At Kearney's Headquarters
 228
 Writes from Fair Oaks.....
 229 et seq.
 Kearney's Tribute...242, 250
 Berry's Tribute.....243
 Report, Fair Oaks....243, 244
 Commands 63rd and 57th
 Regts.244
 Receives Dr. Whitesell....245
 Tribute to Dr. Whitesell..246
 At Harrison's Landing....247
 Generals' Recommendation
 to Lincoln.....271, 273
 Wounded...267, 268, 269, 272
 Appointed Brigadier..273, 635
 Gets leave of absence....274
 In Washington....277 et seq.
 At Centreville.....292 et seq.
 Kindheartedness of.....300
 Promotions, U. S. A.....335

Index

- Visits Gen. Stoughton....330
 Reorganizes 39th N. Y....338
 "Knocks Out Ideas".....229
 Courtmartial d'Utassy....
341, 373, 376
 Entertains Southern ladies
345 et seq.
 Prisoners of War sent to...247
 Rides to Centreville.....254
 Reviews Brigade.....371
 Suffers with eyes.....398
 Commands Third Division,
 Second Corps.....
 401, 402, 439, 442
 Orders to Brigade.....401
 Disciplines Second Corps...399
 Opposed by old friends....
 406, 464, 635
 Rides battle front.....410
 Supplemental Report.....415
 Meets Sullivan.....416
 Favors attack.....429
 Buffalo newspaper describes.423
 423
 Drags captured flags.424, 425
 Converses with Webb.....
 427, 462, 635
 Report, Battle of Gettysburg.433
 Present Webb captured flags 433
 Escapes death Gettysburg..436
 Oliphant's story of Gettys-
 burg.....432
 Sends flowers from Bliss
 House.....434
 Drills troops under arms...439
 Commended in letter.....442
 Correspondence with Gen.
 Williams.....447, 448
 Babcock's letter to.....448
 Concerned about Webb's
 line.....451
 Sends Shields to Webb....451
 Sends Shields to Hancock
 and Meade.....452
 Hays and Aids remain
 mounted.....452
 Trails Confederate colors..
 (See above).....464, 666
 Rides his line.....465
 Confederates note demon-
 stration.....465
 Masonic Record.....476
 Kennedy's Letter to.478 et seq.
 Efforts for promotion....
 479, 554, 703, 704
 Leave of absence.....481
 Reports, Auburn and Bristoe
 504
 Sword presented.....508, 530
 Letter accepting sword...532
 Tribute of 126th N. Y....538
 At Morton's Ford.....
 539 et seq., 544
 Official Report of.....543
- Eulogized549
 "His Shotted Coat"...547, 552
 Reviews Second Division...
 552, 553, 554, 703, 704
 Correspondence with Gen.
 Williams559
 Calls on Grant.....563, 580
 Mrs. Rickard's account.567, 568
 On Court Martial Service..
 570, 571, 578, 586
 Attends Gibbon's Review..581
 Offered Command Pa. Re-
 serves587
 Meets Grant587
 In Battle of Wilderness...598
 Killed598
 Abbott's tribute.....599
 Humphrey's account of
 death600
 Swinton's account.....601
 Schaff's account.....602
 Gen. Porters' account of...602
 Copee's tribute.....603
 Grant's tribute.....603
 N. Y. Herald account.....604
 Faulk's tribute.....605
 "Pittsburgh Chronicle's" ac-
 count of.....605
 "Butler Times" account of
 a sword.....605
 Hays' swords...605, 609, 615
 Sullivan's account of.....609
 First news of death in Pitts-
 burgh610
 Obsequies.....610, 611-625
 Ceremonies.....610, 611-625
 Officers attending funeral
 616 et seq.
 Funeral cortege616, 617
 "Buffalo Commercial" ac-
 count.....616
 Pallbearers616
 Newspaper accounts of
 funeral617 et seq.
 Editorial tributes.....612-625
 In Story and Song....626-629
 Commemorations626
 His Motto.....631, 648
 "Chronicle's" account of...
 633-636
 Kearney's embrace637
 Monument at West Point..640
 Monument at Franklin, Pa.640
 Contributes to West Point
 Monument644
 McCalmont's tribute.....651
 Testimonials652
 Pearson's tribute.....563
 Biog. mention.....656
 Grant at Hays' grave.....659
 MacDougall's tribute.....660
 Watrous' tribute.....660-663
 Mrs. Wilson's tribute.....663
 Warner's tribute.....664, 665

Index

- Sloss', Sergeant, tribute....666
 Col. Potter's tribute.....667
 Saves Serg. Smith.....667
 Bailey's tribute.....668
 Editor's tribute.....678, 680
 Captain699
 Associates, 4th and 8th Inf'y
696-698
 Officers' Testimonial..704, 705
 Pa. Legislature Memorial..
705, 706
- HAYS FAMILY**
 Gen. Samuel.....
1, 119, 134, 201, 681
 Mrs. Agnes Hays.....1
 Mrs. Eleanor.....1
 David B. Hays.....6, 148
 James P. Hays.....63
 Eleanor Hays Pearson....5
- GEN. ALEX. HAYS' FAMILY**
 Mrs. Annie A....61, 63, 378
 Passed by War Department.292
 Arm Broken537
 Death of672
 (See also under letters)
 Agnes Hays.168, 201, 375,
 420, 566, 580, 585, 595, 607
 Alden
 149, 184, 219, 275, 276,
 289, 304, 399, 405, 407,
 408, 420, 545, 565, 579, 648
 Alfred Pearson.....368, 576
 Gilbert A.....64,
 149, 204, 308, 407, 430, 607
 "Little Jim"
184, 204, 368, 510, 585
 Martha.289, 290, 291, 295, 369
 Rachel173,
 175, 181, 563, 570, 578, 580
 Hager, Louis342
 Hale, Susan, quoted.....90
 Harrison, Mrs. Burton...342,
 343, 344, 345, 346, 349, 350
 quoted346
 Haskell, Col., quoted.....455
 Hay, Alexander (not Hays)..81
 Hays-Crittendon difficulty..656
 Hays Post No. 3, G. A. R....125
 Hays, Samuel.134, 551, 634, 622
 Henry, Thomas, M. C.....8
 Herron, Wm. A.....396
 "High School Days," quoted..
190, 191
 "High Water Mark".....402, 460
 Hepburn, Judge and Mrs.408
 History, 126th N. Y. Vols.
 quoted.....67, 324, 503, 504
 Holmes, John K., poem.....627
 Holt, Judge.....351
 Horses.105, 126, 141, 164, 194,
 266, 278, 282, 288, 289, 297,
 299, 303, 314, 315, 317, 337,
 356, 372, 383, 384, 387, 389,
 399, 406, 409, 410, 471, 472,
 473, 474, 475, 477, 486, 488,
 489, 490, 508, 539, 550, 552,
 564-566, 576, 578, 591, 594
 Howard, Gen., quoted.....47
 Howe, Thos. M.....610
 Hoyt, Surg. Chas. S.....371
 Humphreys, Gen., quoted.95, 599
 Hyde, Eugenia C.....
342, 345, 349, 350
- Inscriptions**
 On Rebel flags.....461, 463
 Itinerary, Gettysburg Cam-
 paign.....414, 415, 700-702
 Jameson, Mrs.....
 159, 170, 182, 184, 192, 214
 Kane, Elisha Kent.....86
 Kennedy, Jos. C. G.....351
 King, Gen. Chas., quoted....23
 "Kilmansegg, Miss"; quotation
152, 170, 577, 585
 Kennedy, Lieut. T. R.....
7, 284, 287,
 289, 290, 313, 344, 355, 358,
 359, 361 et seq., 369, 371,
 383, 285, 393, 395, 407, 411,
 475, 477, 478, 480, 491, 529
 "Kenridge" (Hays home)....
308, 360, 475, 536
 Knap, Capt. J. M.....620
 Knox, Thos. W., quoted.....430
 Kosciusko Monument....15, 31
 Ladd, H. O., quoted.....78
 "Lady of the Lake"; quoted..
582, 476
 Lee's Invasion, Pa.....401
 Leet, Daniel.....590
 Lincoln, President.....402, 679
 "Lincoln and Stanton".....
554, 555, 585
 Linton....61, 164, 183, 203,
 204, 275, 295, 301, 303, 307
 Little, Geo. W.....533
 "Littell's Living Age"; quoted.628
 Lodge, H. G., quoted.....83
 Longstreet's Assault.....
27, 416, 424,
 425, 427, 433, 436, 462, 635
 Longstreet, Helen D., quoted
43, 44
 Longstreet, James, quoted....
10, 42, 43, 44, 52, 65, 95
 Lopez, Expedition.....24
 "Lorena".....171, 293
 Lowry, Mayor.....618
- LETTERS—HAYS, ALEX**
 To Mrs. Hays.....
 104, 108, 125-132, 139-
 142, 144, 148-152, 154,
 156, 159-161, 163, 167-
 171, 183, 186, 189, 192,
 195, 196, 199, 203, 204,
 206, 208, 211-214, 215,
 219, 221, 222, 229, 231,

Index

| | |
|---|--|
| 233, 238, 239, 254, 255, 264, 265, 272, 276, 277, 280, 281, 284, 285, 286, 289, 290, 310, 312, 314, 316, 323, 335, 353, 354, 356, 358, 360, 361, 369, 371, 372, 375, 383, 384, 388, 391, 392, 404, 406, 409, 416, 419, 471, 472, 475, 480, 481, 482, 485, 487, 492, et seq., 502, 508, 510, 512 - 514, 515 - 517, 521 - 527, 539, 546, 550, 553, 559, 562, 563, 564, 565, 569, 570, 573, 575, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 585, 586, 587, 593 - 595 | 233, 238, 239, 254, 255, 264, 265, 272, 276, 277, 280, 281, 284, 285, 286, 289, 290, 310, 312, 314, 316, 323, 335, 353, 354, 356, 358, 360, 361, 369, 371, 372, 375, 383, 384, 388, 391, 392, 404, 406, 409, 416, 419, 471, 472, 475, 480, 481, 482, 485, 487, 492, et seq., 502, 508, 510, 512 - 514, 515 - 517, 521 - 527, 539, 546, 550, 553, 559, 562, 563, 564, 565, 569, 570, 573, 575, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 585, 586, 587, 593 - 595 |
| To John B. McFadden..... | Hunter, Jos. R. to Alex Hays.529 |
|146, 150, 157, 162, 165, 167, 171, 173, 179, 182, 185, 187, 198, 201, 209, 210, 214, 215, 217, 218, 221, 229, 232, 233, 234, 240, 287, 297, 304, 305, 317, 333, 356, 368, 370, 386, 387, 391, 404, 409, 418, 471, 473, 476, 498, 500, 506, 511, 514, 517, 533, 547, 582, 590 | Kennedy, Capt., to Mrs. Hays351, 361, 375 Kirkwood, Col., to J. B. Mc- Fadden311, 321 MacDougall, Gen., to Gilbert A. Hays430, 660 McCalmont, Judge J. S., to Alden Hays.....654 To Gilbert A. Hays.....561 Dougall, Gen., to Gilbert A. Hays430 McGranahan to Alex. Hays...260 To Mrs. Hays.....236, 249 To J. M. McGranahan.....389 To J. B. McFadden.....319 Marks, Rev. to R. H. Millar.655 Meade, Gen., to Gen Halleck..420 Meade, Gen., to his son.....438 North, G. H., to Mrs. Hays...638 Pearson to Alden Hays.....653 Shields, Thos. L., to Alex Hays.588 Stanton, E. L., to Mrs. Hays..555 Tod, Gov., to Alex Hays....482 Warner, Wm. H. to Gilbert A. Hays664, 665 Watrous, Gen., to Gilbert A. Hays660-663 McDonald, Mrs. J. Sharp; and Quartette647 648 McCalmont, Judge J. S.....6, 18 McCulley, John W.....620 McFadden Family Annie (See Mrs. Hays also)61, 62, 63 Dr. James A.....150 James B. 149, 173, 369, 397, 554, 609 John B..61, 63, 128, 177, 190, 277, 610, 611, 676, 678 Thomas215 Lieut. "Tom"369 Rachel142, 152, 154, 160, 172, 180, 181, 196, 197, 213, 214, 216, 219, 231, 317, 357, 358, 360, 371, 395, 675, 676, 337 McGranahan, Adj. W. M....138, 198, 203, 208, 213, 236, 237, 238, 241, 247, 249, 257, 321, 389, 679 McMillen, Wm.....369, 496 Marcey, Sec'y; Report of..... 95 Mann, W. B.....154 Mason, George..175, 176, 178, 179 Mayer, Brantz, quoted.77, 83, 87 Meade, Gen., quoted.....16, 41 Meade's Headquarters403, 452, 453 MEXICAN WAR, TOWNS, ETC. Alcancingo 90 Amasoque 91 Convent, Guadelope 82 |
| To John B. McFadden..... | |
|146, 150, 157, 162, 165, 167, 171, 173, 179, 182, 185, 187, 198, 201, 209, 210, 214, 215, 217, 218, 221, 229, 232, 233, 234, 240, 287, 297, 304, 305, 317, 333, 356, 368, 370, 386, 387, 391, 404, 409, 418, 471, 473, 476, 498, 500, 506, 511, 514, 517, 533, 547, 582, 590 | |
| To Rachel McFadden..... | |
|196, 197, 358, 359, 393 | |
| To Mrs. McFadden....420, 499 | |
| To Gov. Curtin.....588 | |
| To Mrs. Crosman.....567 | |
| To Gen. Sam'l Hays.....551 | |
| To John P. Penney.....573 | |
| To Capt. Porter.....332 | |
| To P. C. Shannon.....575 | |
| To G. W. Murphy.....100 | |
| Hays, Mrs. | |
| To Agnes183, 294, 397 | |
| To John B. McFadden..... | |
|394, 397, 399, 405, 407, 536, 539, 545, 547 | |
| To Mrs. McFadden..... | |
|173, 174, 180, 307, 528 | |
| To Rachel McFadden..... | |
|293, 301, 395, 407, 534 | |
| To Sec'y Cameron.....134 | |
| To Col. North.....638 | |
| Bailey, C. S., to Gilbert A. Hays669-671 To H. E. Woernlie.....668 Berry to Alex Hays....242, 243 Birney to Alex Hays.....335 Buckner to Gilbert A. Hays...657 Corts to Mrs. Hays....333, 343 To J. B. McFadden.....143, 265, 385 Curtin, Gov., to Alex Hays...555 Hancock to Alex Hays..560, 568 To Mrs. Hays65, 426 Heinzelman to Gov. Curtin...260 | |

Index

- Corpus Christi..... 56, 65
 Cuartel San Jose..... 80
 El Pinel..... 78
 Hacienda, San Antonia Ta-
 maris74, 77
 Jalapa70-72
 La Hoya..... 72
 Matamoras 85, 86
 Medelin River..... 68
 Monterey46, 47, 51
 National Bridge 69
 Napoloucan74, 78
 Perote 73
 Orizaba..... 70, 72, 89, 90
 Plan Del Rio..... 70
 Puebla
 42, 79 et seq., 87, 90, 91, 95
 Puente Del Rey 69
 Resaca.....17, 42, 117, 215
 Rio Frio..... 92
 Santa Clara..... 88
 Santa Fe 68
 Sequahtiplan (see Zacultoplan)
 Tehaucan.....76, 88, 90
 Tepiacuala 73
 Tlascala84, 83
 Tulancingo 92
 Vera Cruz.....66, 71, 90, 118
 "Monitor," The.205, 209, 213, 307
 Monuments
 Hays', In Allegheny Cemetery
 1st (1866)641
 Rebuilt (1901).....643
 Ceremonies at642, 643
 Inscriptions on642-644
 Wilderness645
 Soldiers' at Franklin, Pa...651
 Pittsburgh Gazette's ac-
 count of.....646-651
 Ceremonies at.....647-649
 Moorhead, J. K.....163
 Munson, J. W., quoted.....325
 Murphy, Francis659
 Murphy, Geo. W.100, 111, 167,
 209, 255, 477, 502, 525, 577
 Mrs. Geo. W.....100 369
 Murphy, Sydney.....209
 Mutiny in Co. C, 12th Pa.129-130
 Natchitoches, La19, 38
 Norton, Allen H.....9, 19
 Nightengale, Henry.....671
 OFFICERS—CONFEDERATE.
 Colston, Lieut.....437
 Embrey, Maj.....647
 Fairfax, Lieut.....346
 Gregory, Adj.....606, 607
 Mosby, Col.....324 et seq., 359
 Prentiss, Lieut.....327
 Ruffin, Col...499, 501, 502, 505
 OFFICERS—UNION, CIVIL WAR.
 Officers, Companies, U. S.
 4th Inf'y.....43 52, 691, 692
 8th Inf'y.....693, 694 et seq.
 Of Third Division, 2nd Corps,
 535, 704
 Of 9th Pa. Res.....81, 268, 269
 Of 11th Pa. Vols.....287
 Allen, Col. Harrison....303, 306
 Allen, Col. E. J.....303
 Arnold, Capt553, 577
 Averill, Col.....244
 Bachia, Lt. Col.....244, 245
 Baker, Lieut. A. W.....349
 Baker, Col. L. C.....362, 364
 Bacon, Capt.....316
 Baird, Lt. Col.....554, 704
 Berdan, Col. Hiram.....589
 Barker, Capt.....325, 326
 Bicknell, Lieut.....428
 Biddle, Maj. W.....398
 Biscaccianti, Capt.....
 293, 314, 316, 322
 Boisol, Capt. D.....
 286, 288, 289, 290, 678, 679
 Brown, Capt. Morris Jr....425
 Brown, Adj. I. S.....425
 Brownson, Capt. A. A. G....
 414, 463, 468, 469
 Bull, Lt. Col.....
 412, 444, 496, 499, 505
 Campbell, Col. Chas. T....188,
 208, 226, 228, 288, 289, 589
 Campbell, Col. David.....
 121, 129, 132, 133, 146
 Carroll, Col. S. S.....
 412, 417, 466, 553, 600, 704
 Childs, Col. James H.....
 ..42, 121, 124, 131, 150, 699
 Crawford, Div'n Surg.139,142,
 147, 160, 161, 163, 166, 181
 Crandell, Lt. Col.....419, 704
 Creely, Lieut305, 314
 Coons, Col. John...419, 554, 704
 Coulter, Col. R.....
 287, 288, 398, 410
 Dale, Lt. Col.....420, 587
 Davis, Lt. Col. T. H....554, 704
 Frank, Col.....581
 Egan, Col.....263
 Ekin, Col.....122, 135
 Ellsworth, Col....122, 178, 180
 Fessenden, Col....352, 379, 707
 Fogg, Lieut.....544
 Foulk, Lt. Col.....616, 619
 Hardie, A. A. G.....372
 Gazzam, Maj.....529
 Geddis, Lieut.....444
 Harper, Lt. A. M.....
 507, 512, 525, 587
 Hastings, Capt.....305, 314,
 367, 377, 378, 379, 380 385
 Haskell, Col.....450, 454, 455
 Hildebrandt, Maj.....
 241, 317, 338, 413
 Hopper, Maj.....453
 Houghton, Lieut. Col....596, 630
 Huston, Lieut.414

Index

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------|--------------------------------|----------------|
| Johnston, Capt. | 569 | Todd, Capt. | 349 |
| Johnstone, Lieut. Col. | 326 | Warner, Lieut. | 665 |
| Jones, Capt. | 367 | Waterbury, Lieut. | 379 |
| Judkins, Lieut. | 577 | Whyte, Lieut. | 577 |
| Kane, Capt. | 120 | Williams, Col. D. H. | 399 |
| Lansing, Col. | 214 | Willard, Col. | 305, |
| Leasure, Adj. | 122, 270 | 402, 404, 405, 416, 466, | 679 |
| Lincoln, Lieut. | 538, 542 | Woodruff, Lieut. | 678 |
| Lockwood, Col. | | | |
|540, 544, 586, | 704 | OFFICERS: | |
| Lynch, Col. James C. | 496, 506, | 12th Pa. Vols., 63rd Pa. Vols. | |
| Lujeane, Col. | 144, 149 | (See under Regiments.) | |
| Ludington, Capt. | 414 | OFFICERS—MEXICAN WAR. | |
| MacDougall, Col. | | Allen, Capt. Geo. W. | 43 |
|332, 412, 430 et seq., | 460, 463 | Alvord, Capt. | 71 |
| McCalmont, Col. A. B. | 13, 398, 566 | Anderson, Maj. R. | 67 et seq., 74 |
| McKnight, Col. | 143, 144, 185 | Barbour, Lieut. | 45, 47 |
| Maxwell, Col. Wm. | 185, 186, 188 | Beardsley, Col. | 20, 50, 51, 52 |
| Meyer, Lt. Col. | 554, 704 | Besancon, Capt. | 76 |
| Miles, Col. D. S. | 90, 306 | Bowman, Maj. | 73 |
| Negley, Capt. W. B. | 120 | Brackett, Lieut. | 67, 68 |
| O'Connor, Lieut. provost mar. | 708 | Brough, Col. | 66 |
| Oliphant, Lt. Col. | | Brown, Maj. Jacob. | 44 |
|280, 281, 287, 289, | 423 | Buchanan, Capt. | 45, 47 |
| Patterson, Col. J. W. | 602 | Butler, Gen. W. | 87, 92 |
|66, 413, 506, 539, | 544 | Cadwallader, Gen. | 69 |
| Porter, Col. A. | 136 | Charlton, Capt. | 81 |
| Potter, Capt. C. H. | 243 | Childs, Col. Thomas | 42, 71, 80 |
| Potter, Col. W. E. | | Cochrane, Lieut. | 46, 48 |
|413, 506, 539, 544, | 66 | Daggett, Capt. | 92 |
| Proctor, Col. R. | 379, 707 | Dominguez, Capt. | 87, 92 |
| Puleston, Col. | 370, 566 | Dumont, Lieut. Col. | 75, 79, 86, 87 |
| Queen, Capt. | 414, 546, 569 | Field, Lieut. | 66, 84, 96 |
| Riddle, Maj. W. H. | 577 | Guthrie, Capt. | 82 |
| Rippey, Col. | | Harney, Gen. | 68 |
|81, 146, 153, 154, 200, | 620 | Gorman, Col. | 67 |
| Roberts, Col. R. B. | | Herron, Capt. John | 80 |
|128, 172, 173, | | Hays, Col. John Coffee (Jack) | |
|314, 315, 336, 373, 374, | 387 |85, 87, 90, 92, 108 | |
| Rowley, Gen. | 200 | Hughes, Col. | 70 |
| Sailer, Lieut. | | Kendrick, Capt. | 80 |
|305, 316, 322, 337, | | Kessler, Capt. | 91 |
|352, 353, 354, 359, 361, 363, | | Lally, Major | 70, 71, 79 |
|364, 371, 373, 376, 383, 385 | | Lane, Gen. Jos. | 42, |
| Sawyer, Lt. Col. | 440, 461, 462 |49, 50, 66-97, 119, 437, | 634 |
| Schreiber, Capt. R. | | Lewis, Capt. | 66, 86 |
|293, 295, 302, 310, | | Lucas, Lt. Col. | 66 |
|313, 316, 322, 336, 351, 352, | | McIntosh, Lt. Col. | 44, 45 |
|353, 355, 359, 367, 388, 394 | | Marshall, Gen. | 90 |
| Scott, Brig. Surg. | 413, 609 | May, Capt. | 44, 45 |
| Sherburne, A. A. G. | 349 | Moor, Lt. Col. | 66, 91 |
| Sherrill, Col. | | Morehead, Capt. | 82, 163 |
|179, 378, 412, 422, 423 | | Patterson, Gen. | 87 |
| Simons, Chap. | 447 | Pierce, Gen Franklin | 69, 90, 119 |
| Slipper, Capt. | | Polk, Maj. | 87, 90 |
|366, 377, 378, 380, 381 | | Porter, Capt. | 82 |
| Smith, Maj. W. F. | 554, 704 | Pratt, Lieut. | 66 |
| Stagg, Col. | 314, 322 | Pugh, Capt. | 66, 88, 94 |
| Sterling, Maj. | 398 | Quitman, Gen. | 50 |
| Stockton, Col. | 369 | Reeve, Col. | 50, 51 |
| Sweeney, Col. T. W. | 144 | Richey, Lieut. J. A. | 46 |
| Thompson, Capt. Jas. | | Ridgeley, Lt. Henderson | 43, 86 |
|254, 472, 489, 521 | | Ridgeley, Lt. Randolph | 71 |
| Thomson, Capt. Wm. | 360, 363 | Ringgold, Capt. | 44 |

Index

- Roberts, Capt. 86
 Scott, Gen. Winfield. 43, 84, 94, 131
 Simmons, Col. 66
 Stevens, Lieut. (drowned)... 49
 Taylor, Gen. Zachary. 30, 46, 47, 48, 50, 59, 65
 Taylor, Capt. George 66, 96
 Vose, Col. 41
 Walker, Capt. 48, 73, 74, 76
 Walker, Capt. 48, 73, 74, 76
 Wynkoop, Col. 74, 77
 Worth, Gen. 32, 43
 Officers, Invalided home from Mexico 50
 Obituaries:
 Mrs. Hays 673, 676
 John B. McFadden... 676, 677
 Rachel McFadden... 675, 676
 Official Correspondence, Regarding rank 559, 562
 Official Notification of Precedence 372
 Official Orders, War Dept. 273
 Official Records, quoted. 329, 332
 Official Reports
 Hays at Gettysburg... 370, 411
 Gettysburg 411, 415
 Oliver, H. W., Jr. 125, 699
 Oswandel, J. J., quoted. 67, 74, 83, 95, 97

 ORGANIZATIONS—MEXICAN.
 WAR.
 U. S.
 1st Infantry 90
 2nd Infantry 66
 3rd Infantry 44, 45
 4th Infantry 8, 19, 21, 27, 39, 42, 43, 52, 694, 696
 5th Infantry 44, 45, 50, 90
 7th Infantry 44, 66
 8th Infantry 19, 28, 43, 51, 52, 405, 691, 696, 698
 9th Infantry 71, 81
 11th Infantry 82
 19th Infantry 405
 Dragoons
 1st 44
 2nd 44, 49
 3rd 80
 Regiments
 4th Indiana. 66, 67, 70, 79, 84
 4th Ohio. 66, 68, 70, 79, 84
 1st Pa. 73, 82
 2nd Pa. 82
 Cavalry
 Besancon's Troop 76
 Lewis' Troop 69
 Mounted Rifles. 76, 78
 Battalions
 Lally's 75, 79
 Simmon's 74
 Painter, Jacob 387
 Paxton, Rev. Dr., Delivers funeral sermon. 611, 616
 Pearson, Anna 62
 Pearson, Judge John J. 5, 62, 130, 622, 652
 Peck, Wm. G. 33
 "Penna. at Gettysburg," quoted 443
 Penny, J. P. 580, 584
 Philadelphia 276
 "Phoenix, John" 26
 Photographs, exchanged. 538
 "Pickett's Charge". 416, 446, 459
 Pickett, Lasalle Corbell, quoted 28
 Picket lines 340, 341
 Pierpont, F. H. 7
 "Pittsburgh Chronicle". 530, 658
 "Pittsburgh Commercial" 571, 611
 "Pittsburgh Dispatch," articles 621, 659
 "Pittsburgh Gazette"
 Articles 646-651
 Letters in 268
 "Pittsburgh Post"
 Articles 373, 541
 Letters in 258
 Pittsburgh Soldiers in Mexico 81, 82
 Poems, relating to Alex Hays
 By J. W. Calver. 631, 648
 By J. K. Holmes. 627
 By E. B. Houghton. 630
 By Peter Keil, Jr. 633
 By Caroline Mason. 628
 "In Memoriam" 629
 Porter, Gen. Horace, quoted. 602
 Price, Mrs. Margaret. 245
 Railroads
 Northern Central. 125
 Orange and Alexandria. 265, 347, 400, 471, 505, 570
 Warrenton and Alexandria. 557
 Rarey Method. 312
 Rebellion Records, quoted. 600
 "Red Patch," quoted. 144
 Refugees at Union Mills. 344 364
 Reid, Capt., account of Battle Fair Oaks. 224-229
 Removal of Ordnance. 115
 Reports
 Berry's 243
 Daily Report of 63rd Pa. (March 2, 1863) 320
 Hays' 207, 243, 244
 Heinzelman's 243
 Kearney's 242
 McClellan's 546, 547
 Provost Marshall 708
 Rickards Family 567, 567
 Ripley, R. S., quoted. 83, 146, 200
 Rives, Geo. L., quoted. 78, 83, 97
 Robinson, Fayette, quoted. 43 et seq.

Index

Rochester, N. Y. Newspaper
clippings441
Rodgers, "Capt".....
.....229, 231, 232, 233

REGIMENTS—UNION.

1st Del.....402, 411, 415
14th Conn.....
.....402, 411, 432, 443, 503
14th Ind.....403, 546
20th Ind.....236, 270, 312, 546
4th Me.....258
17th Me.....596, 601
1st Md. Cav.....130
1st Mass Sharp Shooters...438
13th Mass.....665, 666
1st Mich.....314, 322, 323
2nd N. Y.....405
4th N. Y.....402
5th N. Y. (Cav.)...325 326, 708
10th N. Y. (Batt'n)...402, 452
12th N. Y.....
402, 411, 432, 443, 503, 666
17th N. Y.....214
37th N. Y.....242
39th N. Y.....
293, 306, 337, 338, 339, 342,
371, 410, 412, 422, 503, 543
40th N. Y.....261
87th N. Y.186, 223, 225, 244, 252
108th N. Y.....
402 440, 441, 443, 668, 670
111th N. Y.....306,
371, 297, 412, 431, 432, 463
125th N. Y.....298, 299,
306, 371, 405, 406, 412, 541
126th N. Y.....306, 315, 369,
371, 374, 379, 412, 422, 425,
444, 503, 504, 538, 602, 637
169th N. Y.....349
1st Ohio Cav.....431
4th Ohio.....460, 462
8th Ohio.....417,
422, 439, 459, 460, 462, 466
1st Pa.....80
1st Pa. Cav.....123
1st Pa. Reserves.....
.....128, 172, 314, 315,
317, 322, 333, 335, 357, 387
4th Pa. Cav....124, 131, 150
5th Pa. Res.....66
9th Res.....66
10th Res.....22
11 Pa.....287, 410
12th Pa. Vols.....
121, 122, 335, 634, 698, 699
Field and Staff.....122
Officers (See under Officers)
Bonnafon, Sergt. Maj....
.....122, 123, 699
Denny, Capt. Wm. C....
....81, 122-124, 150, 699
McGiffin, Lt. Col.81, 122, 130

Morgan, Lieut. A. S. M.
(See under 63rd Regt, 698)
Stewart, Capt. J. H.....698
13th Pa. Cav.....120
13th Pa.....82, 133
23rd Pa.....22, 186, 248
28th Pa.....382, 383
13th Pa. Cav.....120
13th Pa.....82, 133
23rd Pa.....22, 186, 248
28th Pa.....382, 383
49th Pa.....264
57th Pa.....
207, 208, 228, 230, 234, 242,
245, 254, 262, 569, 574, 589
61st Pa.....81 186, 387
62d Pa.....155, 667
68th Pa.....574, 575, 589
69th Pa.....432
71st Pa.....403, 453
72nd Pa.....432
82nd Pa.....399
88th Pa.....438, 440
99th Pa.....143, 262
100th Pa.....270
101st Pa.....143, 262
102nd Pa.....82, 602
105th Pa.143, 186, 223, 225,
230, 270, 569, 574, 575, 580
139th Pa.....507, 602
155th Pa.....124, 125, 313, 314
16th U. S. Inf.....136, 272
U. S. Sharpshooters....575, 589
6th Wisconsin.....454
36th Wisconsin.....454
63rd PENNSYLVANIA
.....29, 81, 143, 144, 153,
178, 179, 182, 183, 184, 188,
191 194, 195, 198, 201, 202,
206, 208, 210, 223, 224, 228,
230, 234, 235, 242, 243, 244,
245, 247, 248, 249, 254, 270,
271, 284, 319, 320, 321, 385,
391, 397, 398, 615, 616, 634
Field and Staff Officers...139
Officers.....143 144, 153
Records of Officers of.....694
Officers discharged.....261
Song, "Bully Old 63d"....157
Bagaley, Capt....147, 192,
233, 238, 253, 257, 283, 699
Berringer, Capt. 224, 230, 233
Brown, Lieut. ...193, 206, 214
Chalmers, Capt.....
.....124, 176, 191, 699
Chapman, Capt...143, 173,
190, 191, 195, 201, 679, 699
Cochran, Lieut.....236
Danks, Col..141, 145, 152,
153, 156, 174, 201, 220,
222, 229, 230, 312, 298, 589
Dougherty, Capt.....398
Fulton, Capt.....241, 679

Index

- Gray, Lieut.....24, 279
 Gross, Lieut.192, 193 282, 283
 Hanna, Capt.....172, 208
 Haymaker, Q. M.193, 230, 398
 Kirkwood, Col.152, 171, 173, .
 186, 208, 220, 227, 230,
 231, 233, 236, 237, 239,
 245, 261, 267, 268, 273,
 319, 322, 383, 391, 398, 679
 Laufman, Lieut.....355
 Lysle, Lieut.....
 ...175, 190, 191, 201, 679
 McMorris, Surg.....261
 McClelland, Lieut.192, 193, 208
 McCullough, Maj.....679
 McGonagle, Lieut.....161
 McHenry, Capt.....139,
 171, 173, 174, 176, 212, 477
 Marks, Chaplain.....122,
 139, 141, 145, 168, 174,
 175, 190, 191, 197, 280,
 495, 513, 514 516, 517, 655
 Maynard, Capt.....
 321, 398, 514, 679
 Millar, Capt.....655
 Morgan, Lt. Col.....121,
 132, 139, 140, 153, 175,
 181, 183, 186, 190, 191,
 192, 198, 200, 207, 208,
 222, 224, 229, 263, 312, 699
 Ormsbee, Capt.....
 143, 180, 181, 182
 Reid, Capt.....
 155, 163, 185, 223, 225, 239
 Rogers, Surg.139, 160, 196, 212
 Ryan, Maj.....
 ...239, 319, 321, 322, 398
 Schonlow, Lieut.....
 160, 163, 165, 181
 Wallace, Maj.....
 ...121, 137, 175, 194, 210
 Williams, Lieut. A. G.605, 606
 Young, Adj.....176
 SOLDIERS 63rd PENNA.
 Calligan.....319
 Clark, Chester N.....262
 Crow, Eliphalet.....206
 Davis, William.....257
 Davis, Corp.....239
 Delo, Sgt.....226
 Dunmire, Corp.....224
 Elgin, Sgt.....226
 Emerick.....193, 229, 231
 Gibbon.....262, 405, 558
 Holsinger.....285, 288
 Irwin, Sgt.....206
 Keil, Peter, Jr.....632
 Kiddoo, Sgt.....124, 260
 Klinefelter.....181, 184, 201
 McKee, Robert D....190, 191
 Martin, Thos. H.....648
 Moore, Cyrus....190, 191, 192
 Morrow, W. H.....652
 Mowry, Sgt.....148, 156, 192
 Peters, Sgt.....311
 Rhees.....226
 Rodgers, John.....229
 Thomas, Corp.....171
 Thompson.....208
 Voerhauer.....284
 REGIMENTS—CONFEDERATE.
 Ala. 13th.....436, 461
 Miss. 2nd.....436
 11th.....436
 N. C. 1st.....501
 13th.....436
 16th.....401
 21st.....463
 52nd.....461
 Tenn. 1st.....461
 Va. 40th.....436
 47th.....436
 Rosier, Henry.....172, 183
 ROSTERS
 Field and Co. Officers
 4th U. S. Inf.....691-692
 8th U. S. Inf.....693-694
 Troops in Dep't at Washing-
 ton.....707
 Hays' Brigade, 22nd Corps.707
 U. S. Military Academy
 (Faculty).....682-686
 West Point Graduates
 (1841-1847).....686-689
 Russell, A. L.....318
 Sanitary Fair.....
 550, 567, 577, 583, 675
 Sanitary Reunion.....659
 Santa Anna.....74, 76
 Escapes capture.....88, 89
 Schaff, Morris.....601
 Tribute.....649, 650
 Scott Legion.....620
 Scott, Winfield, quoted.....94
 Sewickley Guards.....120
 Shannon, P. C.....580, 584
 Sherrill, Mrs. Col.....337
 Shields, David...15, 145, 149,
 150, 152, 155, 162, 174, 181,
 195, 213, 215, 216, 231, 234,
 239, 267, 279, 280, 282, 284,
 299, 301, 302, 306, 308, 309,
 310, 313, 316, 323, 325, 329,
 330, 338, 339, 340, 341, 343,
 346, 352, 353, 355, 356, 357,
 359, 360, 361, 363, 368, 371,
 373, 376, 382, 383, 384, 385,
 388, 389, 391, 393, 394, 397,
 404, 406, 410, 411, 414, 417,
 424, 425, 434, 436, 464, 465,
 470, 475, 491, 506, 533, 539,
 et seq., 544, 545, 547, 548,
 588, 589, 590, 592, 608, 647
 Shields Rebecca.....
 155, 156, 160, 169,
 185, 197, 213, 216, 287, 393

Index

- Shields, Thos. L.....588, 590
 Shields, Lieut. Wm. C...375, 382
 "Siege of Corinth," quoted....
 594, 650, 665
 Smith, J. M. Dr.....253
 Sobriquets96
 Spear's plow factory.....231
 Stanton, Sec'y.....151,
 256, 293, 370, 385, 528, 679
 Stanton, Mrs.....
 181, 182, 282, 294
- STEAMERS**
 Alexandria178, 194
 America199
 Aanaconda187
 Champion198
 Montreal264
 San Francisco, Lost.....96
 Stevensburg ..525, 526, 527,
 533, 534, 537, 538, 546-553,
 559, 562-565, 567, 569, 597
 Stewart, Rev.....181
 Stewartson160, 361
 "Story of a Cannoneer,"
 quoted567
 Stoughton's Bitters333
 Sullivan, Capt. J. S.....
 415, 416, 433, 437, 491, 506,
 521, 544, 546, 548, 569, 608
- SOLDIERS—UNION.**
 Bailey, C. S.....669, 671
 Carroll, Corp.....
 410, 417, 419, 431, 434, 435
 Dierst, Fred.....130
 Hitchcock, Sgt.....
 431, 432, 433, 434
 Peterman, Wm., orderly431
 Smith, Wm. H.....667
 Sloss, Sgt.....665
 Tanner, Corp. James.....186
 Thornton, J., orderly....431, 481
 Torrence, Ell.....268
 Wiseman, Joshua, orderly...402
 Swinton, Wm., quoted..435, 601
- SWORD PRESENTATION,**
 (Notes on).
 Acceptance by Alex Hays...532
 Contributors to.....532
 "Pittsburgh Chronicle"...530
 "Pittsburgh Commercial"...531
 "Sewickley Herald".....608
 Sullivan's account of.....609
 Tablets at West Point.....651
 Telegrams
 Stanton of Alex Hays' death.610
 Testimonials to Alex Hays...652
 Texas Rangers.....92
 Thompson Station, Pa.....638
 "Toledo Blade" (Nasby)....477
- Tomes, Robert, quoted.....97
 "The Trefails".....404
 "Tythables," Fauquier Co.502, 510
 "Under Red Patch"
 References to.....47, 157
 Quoted271, 598, 652
 U. S. Military Hospital at Pgh.621
 U. S. Service Magazine, quoted
 423, 634
 U. S. vs. Europe, Essay..155-118
 "Venango Spectator," quoted.119
 Victory Furnace.....113
 Victory Monument.....640
 Volcano Diggings.....108
- Walker, Gen., quoted.....
 402, 436, 440, 503, 504 598
 Watrous, Gen., Tribute of....
 660, 661, 678
 Watson, Madam.....369
 West Confederate Avenue....460
 West Point (U. S. M. A.)
 Bibliography of.....10, 26
 Classes—1840-1847..13, et seq.
 Cullum's Register..14, 18, 19, 23
 Curriculum13
 Graduates
 1840-1947; 16-40
 (See Appendix C).
 1840 and previous to...30
 History31
 Noted Professors.....14
 Routine and Studies..10 et seq.
 Weyman, Wm. P.150, 154
 White, H. A., quoted.....95
 White, Judge J. W. F.....6
 Whitesell, Dr.
 239, 241, 245, 247, 253
 Wilcox, C. M.,
 References to...14, 27, 43, 50
 Quoted.72, 78, 82, 90, 694, 695
 Williams, Thos....490, 528, 595
 Williamson, a scout....184, 191
 Wilkins, John.....188
 Willson, Arabella M.
 History, 126th N. Y., quoted
 299, 300, 637
 Woods, Jas. S., Lieut.
 Record38
 At Palo Alto.....45-47
 Wilderness, campaign
 569 et seq., 646, 647, 650
 Woernlie, H. E.....668
 York, Pa.....123, 136, 127
 Young, Rev. Jesse Bowman,
 quoted.....406, 441, 450
 Young, S. B. M.....124, 699
 Ziegler's Grove.432, 438, 439,
 440, 450, 451, 453, 459, 462
 Zouaves, Ellsworth's....122, 178



